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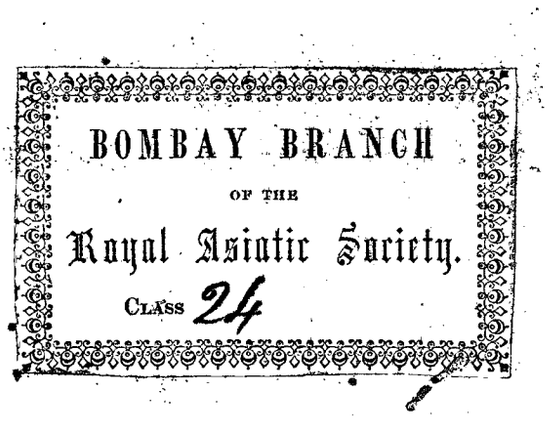

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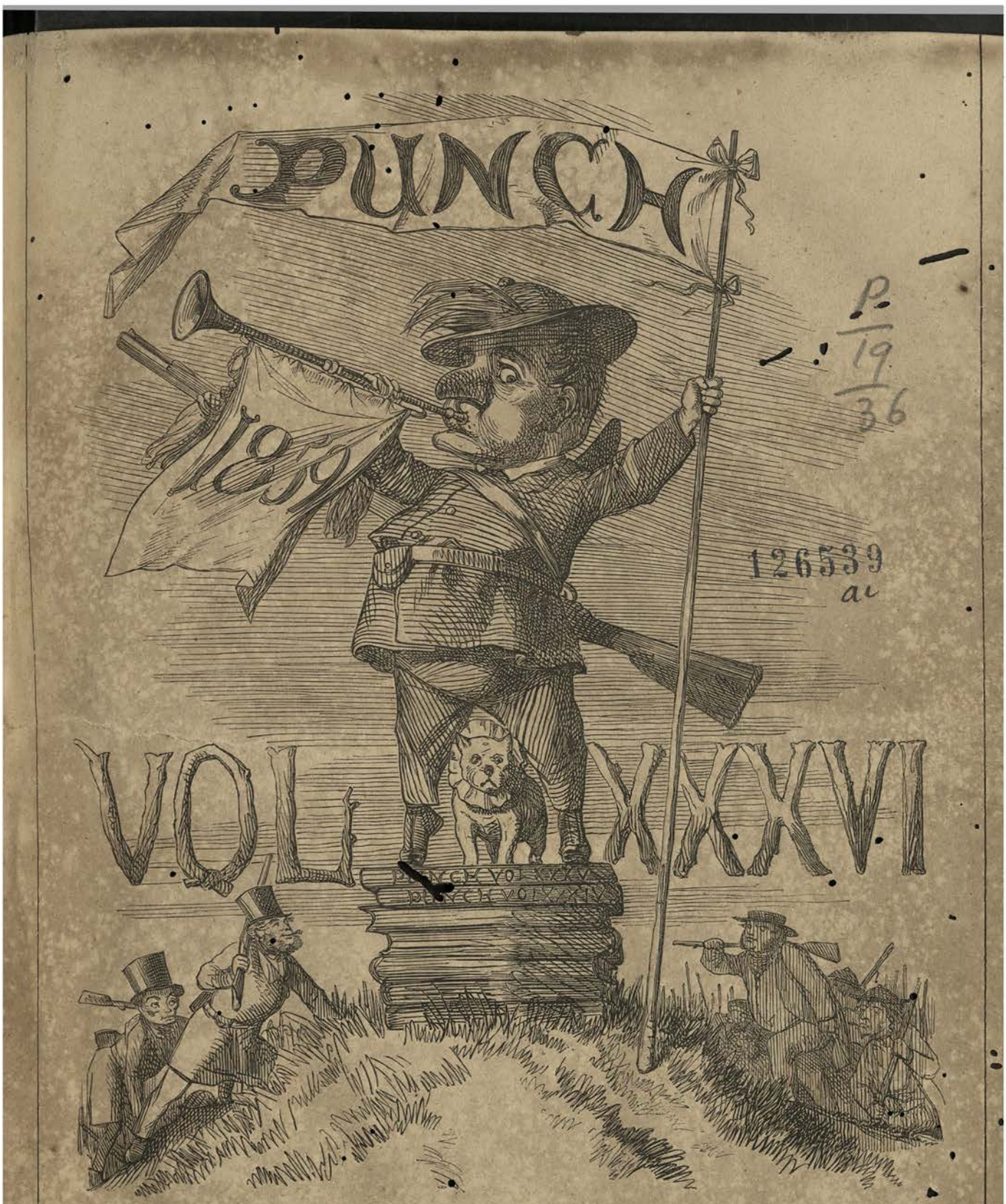

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

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1859.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE

YOU, who would truly be wise, discarding all cant and all humbug;
You, who would know what is what, and also its converse—what isn't;
You, who would see through a millstone without peeping in at the hole;
You, who incline to impart to your grandmothers skill in egg-suction;
You, who would be on a level with *tabac* in pulverisation;
You, who would manifest knowledge concerning the hour on the dial;
Down on the knees of your heart, and thank MR. PUNCH for this Volume.

Here you will find the true story, here, and in no other quarter,
(For all the historians but PUNCH are windbags, and blockheads, and boobies,
And further to quote T. CARLYLE, Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea,)
Of six most eventfullest months, first half of the year Fifty-Nine.
Year of the War in the South, and the winning the Derby by *Musjid;*
Year when the Oxford boat won, and Cambridge was merged in the billows;
Year MR. MILLAIS came out with those terrible nuns in the graveyard;
Year the great Ebrew composer, BEER, gave *Le Pardon de Ploermel;*
Year the first fountain for drinking was set up by GURNEY, near Newgate;
Year ALFRED TENNYSON uttered a trumpet-tongued warning to Arm us;
Year that KING BOMBA departed from out of the world he polluted;
Year that the Daughter of England gave a nice baby to Prussia;
Year that MISS CRAIG took the prize for her Ode at the London BURNS Festival;
Year that the young PRINCE OF WALES was received by the POPE in the Vatican;

Year MR. PUNCH, the Avenger, kicked MR. COX out of Finsbury;
Year that the new Temple chambers were marked with the name of SAM JOHNSON;
Year that the fashion broke out of abusing our wives for bad dinners;
Year QUEEN VICTORIA announced that India, subdued, was HER kingdom;
Year MR. OWEN, Professor, expounded the dreadful Gorilla;
Year that the Tories, in office, brought in another Reform Bill;
Year that such Bill was rejected, and DERBY appealed to the Country;
Year when the General Election ejected his Lordship from office;
Year that LORD PALMERSTON found himself Premier again on Whit Sunday;
Year that SAM WARREN the Poet was raised to be Master in Lunacy;
Year that the Westminster Clock began to have thoughts about going;
Year that the gay Floral Hall rose alongside of the Opera House;
Year the Welsh child in the Gallery howled while LORD STANLEY was speaking;
Year that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD entered Milan in triumph;
Year that the Thames smelt as bad as it did in the year antecedent.

Such the events which occurred in one-half of the year Fifty-Nine;
Such, and ten million beside, in the Volume before you are noted.
Noted, but not in the fashion of Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea;
But made texts for uncountable wealth of wit, ever blended with wisdom.
Down on the knees of your hearts, thanking great PUNCH for this Volume;
Rejoice that you live in a world that He condescends to enlighten;
Shout for your QUEEN and your PUNCH, and then all go and mind your own business:
Leaving Him Watcher, Protector, Censor, Curator, Chastiser.

PUNCH.

1859

January xxxi Days.

1	S	Circumcis.	17	M	Franklin b.
2	S	2 S. af. Ch.	18	Tu	Prince.
3	M	San. Bloom	19	W	Congreve d.
4	Tu	S. s. 4h 3m	20	Th	Fabian
5	W	[Twel. D.	21	F	Agnes
6	Th	Epiphany	22	S	Vincent
7	F	Ramsay d.	23	S	3 S.af.Epip.
8	S	Lucian	24	M	Fox b.1749
9	S	1 S.af.Epip.	25	Tu	Con.S. Paul
10	M	Plough Mo.	26	W	Hazell disc.
11	Tu	Hil. T. s. c.	27	Th	Mozart d.
12	W	Lavater d.	28	F	S.s. 7h47m.
13	Th	Com. L. T. b.	29	S	S. s. 4h41m.
14	F	Oxf. L.T. b.	30	S	4 S.af.Epip.
15	S	S. r. 8h 2m	31	M	Hilary T. c.
16	S	2 S.af.Epip.			

February xxviii Days.

1	Tu	S. r. 7h42m	15	Tu	S.r. 7h.17m
2	W	Purf. Cand.	16	W	[d. 1673
3	Th	St. Blaise	17	Th	M. Angelo
4	F	S. s. 4h52m	18	F	Luther d.
5	S	Agatha	19	S	Copernic. b.
6	S	3 S.af.Epip.	20	S	Septuag. S.
7	M	[Ru.-d.-Day	21	M	Ded d.1855
8	Tu	M.Q.S. shd.	22	Tu	[d. 1855.
9	W	Darnley m.	23	W	Prof. Goose
10	Th	Q. Vic. mar.	24	Th	S. Matthias
11	F	[1840	25	F	S. r. 6h.57m
12	S	Collini d.	26	S	S. s. 5h32m
13	S	6 S.af.Epip.	27	S	Sexages. S.
14	M	Valentine	28	M	C. L. T. d. n.

March xxxi Days.

1	Tu	St. David.	17	Th	St. Patrick
2	W	S. r. 6h46m	18	F	Ps. Lost.
3	Th	S. s. 5h41m	19	S	[1843
4	F	Somers b.	20	S	2 S. in Lent
5	S	Dr. Arne d.	21	M	Spring Q. c.
6	S	Quinqu. Su.	22	Tu	[d. 1829
7	M	Perpetua.	23	W	A. Weber
8	Tu	Shrove Tu.	24	Th	[Annun.
9	W	Ash Wed.	25	F	Lady Day.
10	Th	Schiller b.	26	S	Da. Com. b.
11	F	Tasso b.	27	S	3 S.in Lent.
12	S	St. Gregory	28	M	Russ. War
13	S	1 S. in Lent	29	Tu	[d. 1854
14	M	Byng shot	30	W	S. r. 5h43m
15	Tu	S. r. 6h17m	31	Th	S. s. 6h29m
16	W	Emb. Wk.			

April xxx Days.

1	F	S. r. 5h39m	16	S	Ox. L. T. c.
2	S	Harvey b.	17	S	Palm Sun.
3	S	4 S. in Lent.	18	M	J. Jeffries d.
4	M	S. Ambrose	19	Tu	Aipliege
5	Tu	S. s. 6h39m	20	W	[1783
6	W	Old Lt. Da.	21	Th	Bp. Heber b.
7	Th	Pr. Leop. b.	22	F	Good Frid.
8	F	Fire Ins. c.	23	S	St. George
9	S	L. Bacon d.	24	S	Easter Sun.
10	S	5 S. in Lent	25	M	Mark. Prs.
11	M	Canning b.	26	Tu	[Alice b.
12	Tu	Young d.	27	W	Gibbon b.
13	W	[b. 1857	28	Th	[1737
14	Th	Pre. Beate.	29	F	S. r. 4h39m
15	F	Ca. Lt. T. c.	30	S	S. s. 7h18m

May xxxi Days.

1	S	Low Sund.	17	Tu	Nap. L.dies.
2	M	[S.Ps.&C.Ja.	18	W	[Sch. 1804
3	Tu	[T. S.	19	Th	Dunstan.
4	W	O. & C. Ea.	20	F	Alb. Dover
5	Th	Nap. I. d.	21	S	[b. 1741
6	F	St. John	22	S	4 S.af.Eas.
7	S	S. r. 4h34m	23	M	[1819
8	S	2 S. af Eas.	24	Tu	Q. Vict. b.
9	M	Hil. Q. Day	25	W	Pyra. Hel. b.
10	Tu	S. s. 7h34m	26	Th	Trin. Term.
11	W	Chatham d.	27	F	K. of Hano-
12	Th	East. T. c.	28	S	[ver b.1819
13	F	Old May Da.	29	S	Rogn. Sus.
14	S	[Cuvier d.	30	M	S. r. 3h53m
15	S	3 S. af. Eas.	31	Tu	S. s. 8h 3m
16	M	St. of Alms.			

June xxx Days.

1	W	Nicomede	16	Th	Wat Tyl. s.
2	Th	Ascen. Day	17	F	[1815
3	F	[Holy Thur.	18	S	B. Waterloo
4	S	[C.E.T.d.m	19	S	Trin. Sun.
5	S	Sun. af. As.	20	M	Qu. Vic. Ac.
6	M	Ks. Bh. 10m	21	Tu	Proclamat.
7	Tu	S. r. 3h47m	22	W	[S. Q. com.
8	W	[to Tower	23	Th	Corp. Chris.
9	Th	7 Bps. sent	24	F	Jn. Baptist
10	F	Ord. E.T. c.	25	S	[Mids. Day
11	S	Barnabas	26	S	1 S.af. Tr.
12	S	Whit Sun.	27	M	S. r. 3h46m
13	M	Hastgs.bhd.	28	Tu	Corn. 1838
14	Tu	[Ox. T. T.b	29	W	St. Peter
15	W	Ember Wk.	30	Th	S. s. 8h18m

July xxxi Days.

1	F	S. r. 3h49m	17	S	4 S.a.f.Tr.
2	S	S. s. 8h18m	18	M	Sherlock d.
3	S	2 Su. af.Tr.	19	Tu	Petrarch d.
4	M	[Cam. c.	20	W	Margaret
5	Tu	Oxf. Act &	21	Th	R. Burns d.
6	W	Old Mid.D.	22	F	Magdalene
7	Th	Tha.-&-Bec.	23	S	Lyonet b.
8	F	Cam.E.T.c.	24	S	5 Su.af.Tr.
9	S	Oxf.T.T. c.	25	M	St. James
10	S	3 Su. af.Tr.	26	Tu	St. Anne.
11	M	S. r. 3h57m	27	W	[exe. 1794
12	Tu	Erasmus d.	28	Th	Robespierre
13	W	Bradley d.	29	F	S. r. 4h20m
14	Th	Battle des.	30	S	S. s. 7h52m
15	F	St. Swithin	31	S	6 Su. af.Tr.
16	S	Reynolds b.			

August xxxi Days.

1	M	Lammas	17	W	Ds. Kent b.
2	Tu	S. r. 4h26m	18	Th	Ld.Bal.bhd.
3	W	S. s. 7h44m	19	F	Edw. I. cr.
4	Th	Calais tak.	20	S	[1272
5	F	[b. 1844	21	S	9 S. af.Tr.
6	S	Pr. Alfred	22	M	Blackst.d.1
7	S	7 Su. af.Tr.	23	Tu	Wallace bd.
8	M	Canning d.	24	W	St. Barthol.
9	Tu	Dryden b.	25	Th	[b. 1819
10	W	Laurence	26	F	Pr. Consort
11	Th	Half Quar.	27	S	St. Augustt.
12	F	Grouse sh.b.	28	S	10 S. af.Tr.
13	S	Ob. Lammas	29	M	S. r. 5h. 0m
14	S	8 Su. af.Tr.	30	Tu	S. s. 6h.50m
15	M	Assumptn.	31	W	Bunyan d.
16	Tu	S. s. 7h20m			

September xxx Days.

1	Th	St. Giles	16	F	James Hd.
2	F	S. r. 5h15m	17	S	Lambert.
3	S	S. s. 6h41m	18	S	13 S. af.Tr.
4	S	11 S. af.Tr.	19	M	[1854
5	M	Comte d.	20	Tu	B. of Alms
6	Tu	Colbert d.	21	W	St. Matth.
7	W	Emmeline	22	Th	[Emb. Wk.
8	Th	Nat. B. V. M.	23	F	Autn. Q. b.
9	F	Sebastapol	24	S	Ordination
10	S	[cap. 1855	25	S	14 S. af.Tr.
11	S	12 S. af.Tr.	26	M	St. Cyprian
12	M	S. s. 6h21m	27	Tu	S. r. 5h.
13	Tu	Fox d. 1806	28	W	S. s. 5h42
14	W	Holy Cross	29	Th	Mich. Day
15	Th	[D. Well. d.	30	F	St. Jerome

October xxxi Days.

1	S	Remigius	17	M	Etheldreda
2	S	15 S.af.Tr.	18	Tu	St. Luke
3	M	S. r. 6h 5m	19	W	Kreller d.
4	Tu	S. s. 5h31m	20	Th	[gor 1805
5	W	Placidus	21	F	B. Trafal.
6	Th	Faith	22	S	B.Edgehill
7	F	[1754	23	S	18 S. af.Tr.
8	S	Pickling d.	24	M	[Balaklava
9	S	16 S. af.Tr.	25	Tu	St. Crispin
10	M	O. & C.T.b.	26	W	[1726
11	Tu	Old Mic. D.	27	Th	Cap Cook b.
12	W	S. s. 5h12m	28	F	Sim. & Jud.
13	Th	Ed w. Conf.	29	S	S. r. 6h49m
14	F	B. Hastings	30	S	19 S. af.Tr.
15	S	Murat shot	31	M	S. s. 4h34m
16	S	17 S. af.Tr.			

November xxx Days.

1	Tu	All Saints	16	W	Fergusson d.
2	W	All Souls	17	Th	Hugh. Bp. L.
3	Th	S. r. 6h58m	18	F	Rubens b.
4	F	[1854	19	S	S. r. 7h26m
5	S	Inkerman	20	S	22 S. af.Tr.
6	S	20 S. af.Tr.	21	M	Pres. Royal
7	M	S. s. 4h21m	22	Tu	[b. 1840
8	Tu	[b. 1841	23	W	St. Clement
9	W	P. of Wales	24	Th	J. Knox d.
10	Th	[a.May. D.	25	F	Mich. T. c.
11	F	St. Martin	26	S	[P. M. Ad.b.
12	S	C.M.T.d.m.	27	S	Adv. Sund.
13	S	21 S. af.Tr.	28	M	S. r. 7h41m
14	M	Leibnitz b.	29	Tu	S. s. 3h54m
15	Tu	Machutus	30	W	St. Andrew

December xxxi Days.

1	Th	S. r. 7h45m.	17	S	Ox.M.T.e.
2	F	S. s. 3h52m	18	S	4 S. in Adv.
3	S	Bloomfd. b.	19	M	S. r. 8h 5m
4	S	2 S. in Adv.	20	Tu	[Shortst. D.
5	M	Mozart d.	21	W	St. Thomas
6	Tu	St. Nicholas	22	Th	W. Q. com.
7	W	Flaxman d.	23	F	Storer d.
8	Th	C.B.V.Mary	24	S	Beddoe d.
9	F	Gen. sh. sn.	25	S	Christ. Day
10	S	Chalmers d.	26	M	St. Stephen
11	S	3 S. in Adv.	27	Tu	St. John
12	M	S.s. 3h.49m	28	W	[Innocents'
13	Tu	St. Lucy	29	Th	S. r. 8h. 8m
14	W	Ember Wk.	30	F	S. s. 3h.58m
15	Th	L. Walsm d.	31	S	Silvester.
16	F	C. M. T. c.			

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

January 8. My dear wife MARIA's birthday. She had been taking good care to remind me of it, by showing the dear children, in my hearing, things that I had given her on other anniversaries. Breakfast allusions to a new dress. Dinner allusions to ADELAIDE's bracelet. Later allusions to MRS. DE WINTON's coral wreath. I do not approve of this system, as it shows, I think, a want of that conjugal confidence in a partner, without which there can be no true matrimonial happiness; so I accidentally managed to forget the day. This was providentially a saving in two ways: first, in the price of the present thus evaded; and, secondly, in the hire of a brougham to a party next day at dear CHARLES's, to which dear MARIA was, I suppose, too sulky to go; but I did not inquire, for a husband should not be too curious. It is our duty to our dear ones to be economical where we can, without derogating from the station to which we are appointed.

A SIMPLE SQUIRE.—A master of hounds, hearing of the stoppage of a bank, goes out with his pack to find the fox.

A FROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

February 7. My dear brother JAMES's birthday. When we were children we used always to exchange tokens of friendship and affection on our natal days, and I think that the cold and chilling influences of the world should not be allowed to discourage these practices of fraternal regard. So I wrote him a very kind letter, reminding him that he was growing old, and that neither his health nor his intellect was what it had been; and that if I had prospered, I had claims upon me which would prevent my doing anything for him or his. And as mere advice without some actual token of regard might seem cold, I playfully reminded him that it was his birthday, and sent him as a present a cancelled note-of-hand for £10, which I lent him eleven years ago. May he never need more aid, dear fellow!

PROBLEM IN NAVIGATION.—Given, an average circumference of Crinoline—to box the compass.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

If you have unmarried daughters, take a leaf from the old Cookery-book, and "First catch your Heir." Having caught him, give your child instructions how to pot him. Encourage to your utmost her innocent allurements, and do your best to put the heir in your family preserves.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

March 24. My dear daughter LAURA's birthday. She has pleased me very much lately; for she has taken pains to break with some needy relations who were inclined to presume upon our relationship, and to visit us too often, and she has managed to offend them so gracefully that they cannot complain, and yet can hardly be so mean as ever to intrude again. Also, at my wish, she has discarded CAPTAIN HARDUP, and contrived to let my rich old friend GRUB MOULDYWORT see that his attentions are not disagreeable. I augur the very best for the dear child's future; and feeling that I ought to do everything for her, I presented her to-day with a pair of dumbbells, to improve her figure. They had belonged to my sister, deceased, but were nearly new. May they prove beneficial!

BEHAVIOUR IN THE BALL-ROOM.

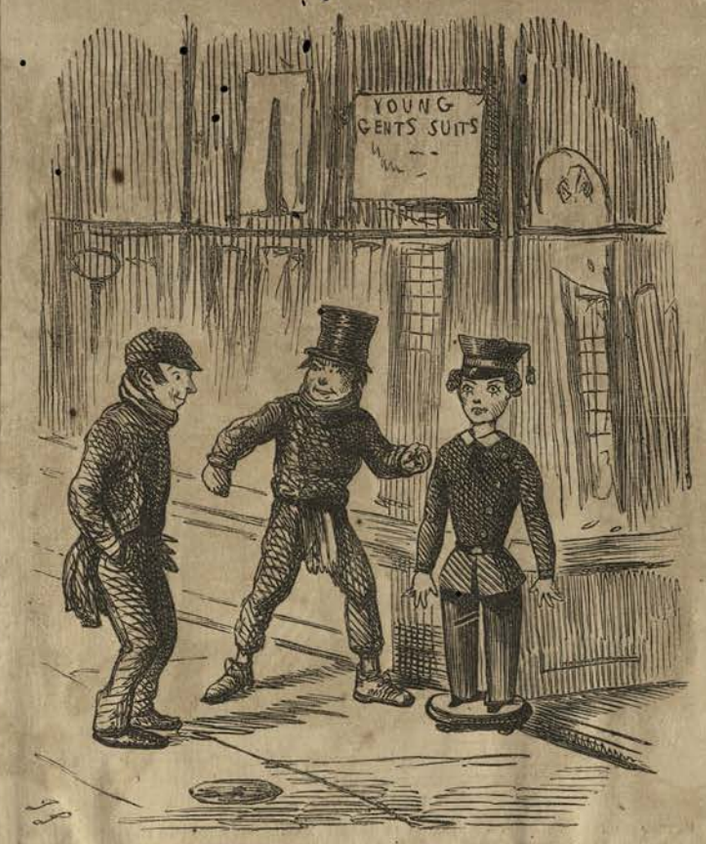
Do not, for the purpose of creating a sensation, accompany the musicians by a performance on your chin. It is a mark of vulgarity. If a dispute arises respecting priority of engagement to a partner, never offer to "go the odd man" for her.

AN UNACKNOWLEDGED PHILANTHROPIST.—A Stock Exchange humourist has observed, that every miser is, after all, a lover of his specie.

PHYSIC FOR THE PIGS.—A gentleman farmer, who has been inoculated with homœopathy, perseveres in attempting to cure his bacon with infinitesimal globules.

MONSTER MEETING.—A geologist assembles the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, the Labyrinthodon, and other contemporary reptiles of the ancient world, in his museum.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.—A member of the Swell Mob, having an addition to his domestic happiness, registers the little stranger with an *alias*. The mother of the infant sings it to rest with "*Alibi* Baby!"



Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, BILL! 'ERE'S A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT. THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING. LET'S PUNCH HIS ED!"

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

OF all kinds of knowledge there is none less backed by modesty than the universally claimed knowledge of the way to poke the fire. In every one's opinion there is but one right way to do it; and in every one's opinion that right way is their own. Were an Essay to be written upon *How to Poke the Fire*, nobody would read it without feeling quite convinced he could have written a far better one; and yet no one could get any one to coincide with that opinion, without every one's reserving that his own would be the best.

The fire makes a noise when something bright pops out of it. So it is with your Wits. They generally make noise enough when they have shot out something brilliant.

Many say they love a fire for its companionship; but it will not do to be on too close terms with it. Like a certain class of men, a fire is pleasant company, but to be so one must keep it somewhat at a distance.

If the fire be not poked it will get dull and dead. Poking stirs it into life and wakes it to a blaze. In like way too the fire of genius might die out, were it not stirred to action by the poker of Necessity. The brightest of ideas have in this way been poked up, and the dullest minds so stirred that they have shone forth flamingly.

"ADJOURNED *de die in diem*."—To-morrow.

A DELICATE FLOWER.—The rose blushes: no wonder, considering the things that are done under it.

A BRUTE.—MRS. MOPES says she should so like a little change. MOPES offers her two-and-sixpence for half-a-crown.

THE CONTRADICTORY SEX!—A young girl at school wishes she could have two birthdays in every year; as she grows up she wishes that she had but one birthday in every two years!

PENNY-WISE PHILOSOPHY.—Is not always to be despised. For instance, ROWLAND HILL is the first philosopher, who, being "penny-wise," proved himself not to be, also, "pound foolish."

Lady Flora. "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, INDEED! FOR MY PART, I THINK YOUNG MEN OF FORTUNE MIGHT EMPLOY THEIR TIME MUCH BETTER THAN DRIVING HORSES TO GREENWICH! DON'T YOU, ALICE?" *Alice (with a tremendous sigh).* "OH, YES! DEAR!"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

April 9. My dear and worthy partner Stoggings's birthday. He has been with me for many, many years, and from his having been a faithful and attached clerk, I raised him to his present condition of partner, nominally, it is true, as regards profits, but with the advantage of associating with me on equal terms (though I cannot cure him—why should I?—good fellow! of the respectful "Sir"), and of knowing that in the little word, Co., is embraced, though the world is not to know it, the word Stoggings. Our truest joys are those we lock up in our own breasts, and I am sure I do not grudge him this. Having bought myself a new pencil-case, I presented him with my old one, which, if he repairs it, will serve him well, and he was pleased to see I remembered the day. May he long be spared to serve me

LONDON HARBOURS OF REFUGE (IN STORMY WEATHER).

The Lowther and Burlington Arcades, the Soho and Pantheon Bazaars, the British Museum, the Opera Colonnade, and the National Gallery. In addition to the above, there is the Exeter Change Arcade; but the latter is seldom resorted to, excepting in very severe storms. The pastrycook shops also may be looked upon as Harbours of Refuge, but as those who run in are bound to take provisions on board, it is only such superior craft as have a purser with them, who venture inwards.

A Sensation for the Serious.—The *Record*, in observance of the First of April, comes out with a report of a horse-race and a steeple-chace, a notice of a new farce, and an account of a prize-fight.

The Extreme of Folly.—The biggest fool of a frog that tries to puff itself into an ox is a bullfrog.

Chemistry of the Constitution.—When Parliament is dissolved, it quickly evaporates.

Paterfamilias, whose pet Aversion is Street Music, goes to the Sea-side, hoping to escape from the Nuisance. He is at Breakfast,—Beautiful View, New-laid Egg, &c. &c.—when—

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

B.C. 99. Temple Bar erected by Lord Christopher Columbus, under the direction of the Last of the Goths.

B.C. 2. Building of St. Paul's Cathedral by George Robins. *Si quæris monumentum, Sir, come, spy, see.*

A.D. 55. Siege of the Tower by the Roman and French fleets, under the command of the Admiral, or Admirable Crichton.

A.D. 177. Opening of the Coal Exchange by Edward the Black Prince, as the proxy for his father-in-law, Old King Cole.

A.D. 234. Invasion of London by Julius Agrippa, after his meeting with Wat Tyler at Philippi.

A.D. 300. Opening of Smithfield as a fashionable watering place and alderman's resort.

A.D. 421. Sir Robert Whittington elected first Lord Mayor of London. Feast of mice given in the Guildhall to his cat.

A.D. 505. Founding of the Blue Coat School by the Man of Ross, as an asylum for the refuge of the Whiteboys.

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Don't take any trouble whatever to please your acquaintance; for the attempt will be unsuccessful; and nothing that you can say or do to ingratiate yourself with them will save you from being ridiculed and traduced behind your back. If you wish to be generally respected, treat other people with calm contempt, and the majority of them will worship your serene Highness. Aristocracy is commonly revered.

AMIABLE CONVERSATION.

Wife. If you go on in this way, Mr. Jones, I'll sue for a separation, that I will!

Husband. Have a care, Madam, for Divorce is a game that two can play at!

A Time to Sell.—An old bachelor, hearing a report that he was going to get married, purchases a pound of wedding-cake, and sends pieces of it around to his acquaintance on the First of April.

OH, HORROR!

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

May 16. My dear old MOTHER's birthday. Gladly would I have made her a costly present, but that as she is entirely taken off my hands by my brother-in-law, whose means are not very large, it would perhaps cause invidious comparisons to his disadvantage, did I lay out any large sum in testimony of my love and affection. Nor would she wish it, with her sense of family duty, she having nothing to leave to my children in return for what their father's liberality might take from them. Yet I thought of a silver urn, or Sèvres ornament, to be restored to us when my beloved parent's interest in sublunary things should cease; but I have not, alas, that confidence in JANE's honour that would make me certain of the restoration, and we should not tempt the weak. So I sent my dear parent a photograph book-mark, representing a sacred subject, for her Prayer-Book. Bless her!

EXASPIRATION.—The H-bone of contention.

POSITIVE EXISTENCES.—Pigs, like facts, are stubborn things.

HOW TO DESCRIBE A CIRCLE.—Wait till your wife has put on her Crinoline.

LEGAL REMEDY FOR LOVE.—No sensible young woman whose sweetheart has proved false, will ever die of a broken heart. Having taken the precaution to secure a promise of marriage, she will always recover in a court of law.

THE OPERA.

Lizzy. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SELINA, LOOK THERE! THERE 'S THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN AGAIN DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO ABSURD?"

COLD CREAM INTERNALLY.

COLD CREAM is an excellent remedy for hot coppers. It is much resorted to by young ladies during the London season after late dancing, lobster-salad, and champagne, being taken the next day, under the name of Ice. This is a wholly incorrect expression; ice is frozen water: and water-ice is surplusage. Every young lady who minds her science will ask the pastrycook for cold cream.

THE END OF CELIBACY.—Sigh!

THE HEAD OF ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.—MONSIEUR *Connaître*.

HOW TO PLAIT HAIR.—With port wine, if it is jugged; with currant jelly, if it is roasted.—*Mrs. Glass (of Fashion)*.

THE LISTS OF LAW.—It is good fun to witness rival solicitors tilting at each other in a County Court. The contest may be described as attorney-ment in the modern time.

WHICH IS THE WAY TO THE BANK?—"What is the meaning of that, Papa?" said an inquiring youngster to his Papa, who was busy crossing a cheque. "That, my dear, is a crossing that leads to the Bank."

HOW TO FIND THE DIAMETER OF A CIRCLE.—Measure from the centre parting of your wife's hair to the extreme edge of the circumference of her dress. Double that, and you will have your diameter to a nicety.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

HAVING ascertained by measurement the exact number of persons that your rooms will hold, proceed to issue invitations for precisely double it.

Sow all your seedy-looking hats and great-coats in the cloak-room, that you may reap the benefit of some one possibly mis-taking them. Exchange is no robbery, and may be an advantage.

In hiring your musicians accept the lowest tender, without making inquiries about their antecedents. It is possible you may but get some Gravesend-boat Green-baizers: in which case, like SWIFT's bear, your guests will dance to none but the "genteelest of tunes."

REFORM MEASURE. (*The only True One.*)

1 Salmon Dinner	*makes*	One's Head Ache.
1 Headache	,,	One Repent.
1 Repentance	,,	One Surly.
1 Surliness	,,	One Quarrel.
1 Quarrel	,,	One's Home Uncomfortable.
1 Unhappy Home	,,	One's Wife Cry.
1 Wife in Tears	,,	One Rush Out.
500 Rushes Out	*make*	One Serious Illness.
1 Serious Illness	*makes*	One Reform.

[*The Reform Measure lasts one or two Sessions, according to the House in which it is brought, and the constitution that has to be reformed. However, in a House where there is no opposition, and the members are in good working condition, the Reform will last a long time.*

ECHOES OF 1858.

THREE CHEERS FOR CHINA.

CHING a ring a ring! we 're at peace with China:
Ring a ting the bells, and bang the gongs!
The Treaty has been signed, LORD ELGIN was the signer,
So of triumph now our tea-kettles may sing songs.

In future to all customers the China shop is open,
And all the world may pop in there and see what it can see;
With the Mandarins in vain we tried kootooing and soft soaping,
But now they 've smelt our gunpowder they 'll suit us to a T!

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 666. JOAN OF ARC beheaded upon Tower Hill, for having conspired with COLONEL BLOOD and AUBER the composer to make away with the Crown Jewels.

A.D. 790. Erection of the Monument by SIR JOSHUA LAWRENCE, to commemorate the burning of the Dutch ARMADA.

A.D. 868. News of the decease of QUEEN ANNE reaches London: her Majesty having died of a surfeit of stewed lampreys.

A.D. 900. Execution of LADY JANE GREEN at Newgate, for having told the Speaker of the House of Lords to "Take away that Bauble," meaning the Long Parliament.

A.D. 1001. First attempt made in the City to set the Thames on Fire, with the view to purify it.

A.D. 1065. The famous March to Finchley by the Aldermen of London, prescribed to them for exercise by the Court physician. Feast at the Guildhall after it: average consumption, half a haunch of venison each, and two tureens of turtle.—(*See Pepy's Diary of a Late Physician.*)

CARBONIC ACID.—BROWN's reply, at breakfast, to MRS. BROWN's remark, "My dear, we're out of coals."

PYROLIGNEOUS ACID.—Ditto, when she reads an advertisement of wonderful beechwood logs—and of course immediately wants some.

Busby. "AH! THERE SHE IS, BLESS HER! AND LOOKING THIS WAY TOO. OH! IT 'S AS CLEAR AS POSSIBLE SHE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO ME!"

RIBALDRY REBUKED.

A GREAT deal of wit has been wasted on the reluctance of ladies to tell their age, and stupid men often wonder why women object to name their time of life? The reason for that objection is, that every lady dislikes unnecessary words, and feels that she has no occasion to tell what she is sensible is written in her countenance.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

WHEN the dancing at all flags, solicit some young lady to oblige you with a song. This will greatly add to every one's enjoyment, and you will find the dancers set to again most vigorously, and give no second loophole for the chance of such an infliction.

If you happen to have any reputation as a wit, get up fine old crusted jokes about tongue and fowl, and trifle; and let them off at intervals of not more than two minutes to any one who is unfortunate enough to be in earshot.

When your guests are going and their carriages are announced, it will be paying them a delicate vehicular compliment to bid the band strike up the air "*Wait for the Waggons!*"

A QUESTION EVERY MAGISTRATE OUGHT TO ASK HIMSELF BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP?—"I wonder if I have committed myself in any way to-day?"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

June 23. My dear boy ROBERT's birthday. I think that as a loving father, it is my duty to make a record of my gratitude that my children are likely to reward me for my affectionate care of them. ROBERT's school is, it is true, costly; but I do not think that I could maintain him much more cheaply at home, while he is rapidly acquiring knowledge which will soon entitle me to point out to him, dear fellow! that he must provide for himself. He is at home for the holidays, and I am thankful to say, that at a very slight suggestion from me, he abandoned all ideas of fishing parties and other frivolities, and attends at my office from nine to six every day, dusting, sorting, and cataloguing my papers. He will complete the work by the time he returns to school. Gave the dear fellow a brass seal with his initial, R, which I expressly bought or him. Bless him!

A CHALLENGE TO THE MILLION!

WITH fearlessness *Punch* challenges the million—that is to say, the million readers of his Almanack,—

To find a young gentleman, who fancies he's a poet, of sufficient self-command to keep his nonsense verses to himself when he is in chat with you.

To find an alderman so absent-minded as to go without his dinner.

To find a West-end pavement whereon one can walk ten yards without meeting a perambulator.

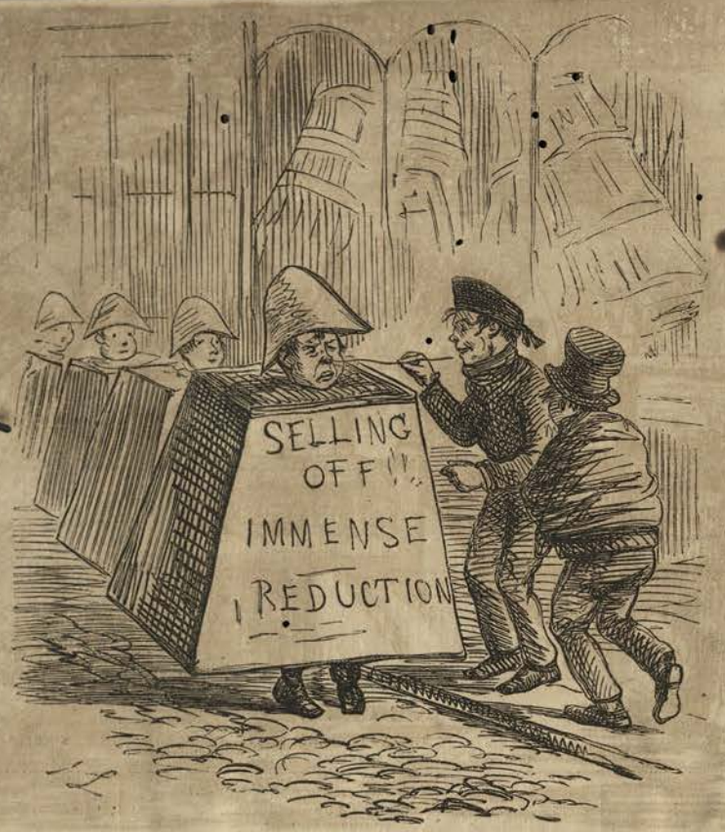
To find an argument which will convince the mistress of a lodging-house that you have found a flea in it.

To find an amateur photographer, or member of an etching club, who, in his pursuit of art, can any how contrive for half-an-hour to keep his hands clean.

MEDITATION FOR MIDSUMMER.

THE Longest Day
Is called the Quarter;
That's not the way
To make it shorter.

METEOROLOGY.—Ozone may be said to be the Irish element in the atmosphere.



"TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

Advertising Medium. "COME, NOW, YOU LEAVE ORF! OR I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

July 19. My dear Aunt MARY's birthday. I am always much perplexed how to act upon this occasion; for she is blessed with wealth, and it is my duty to my children to neglect no lawful means of pleasing her; but then she is occasionally liable to be evilly influenced by the worldly family of my Cousin WALTER, and might so allot her property that I should have thrown away the seed I had sought to sow. Happily, a middle way was shown to me. A client who had deposited with me a large picture was distressed, and accepted a small sum for it, and I presented it to my beloved relative. If it be worthless, the blame be with him who sold it to me; but I am unlearned in such things, and it looks imposingly. May it providentially prosper my cause!

SHOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

ABOUT a peck of the wild oats which were sown by *Prince Henry* whilst he fraternised with *Falstaff*, are still treasured in a Granary on PRINCE ALBERT's farm at Windsor.

The man *Macbeth* called "whey face" was in reality a Kurd. (*Vide* fly-leaf of Princess's play-bill.)

A TAIL FOR THE MARINES.—The American Sea-Serpent.

CHARACTER OF A COOK.—She makes a hash of everything—except mutton.

SENTIMENT OF VEGETABLES.—We prize the cabbage for its heart, the cauliflower for its head.

CAUTION TO SERVANTS.—Let no one who undertakes a situation agree to find himself. He who makes that engagement is a lost man.

THE CHILD THE MOTHER OF THE WOMAN.—Said little MINNIE to her admiring Mamma, "I don't care how foolish I am, Ma, so long as I am pretty."

THE MIND OF THE GROWN MAN.—MR. HEAVYSIDE, who weighs twenty stone, has arrived at the conclusion that he is too big to go to the play. MR. BUFFER complains that the Opera gives him a singing in the ears.

HUSBAND-TAMING.

On arriving at the best part of your Fishing, you are of course charmed to find that Old Muffins and his Little Boy have been Whipping the Stream all the Afternoon.

THE PICNIC.—OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

August 22. My dear Niece ALICE's birthday. Unguardedly, in early days, when one does not feel the responsibilities of life as one should do, I assented to become godfather to my dear brother CHARLES's eldest child. Custom has grown up between us that I should always present his first-born with some token on her natal day, and Heaven forbid that I should break that pleasant compact, so long as circumstances make it right to maintain it. But I have observed with regret certain indications that CHARLES has not the same command of money that he had; and as he stands in sponsorial relation to my little POLLY, he might be induced, in making a present to her, to exceed his means in order to equal my gift to dear ALICE. So, with reluctance, restricted myself to a silver thimble for her. May her industry be blessed!

CURRICULUM FOR THE LADIES' COLLEGE.—Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves.

A SUN STROKE.—Every one who sits for his photograph for One Shilling, is liable to receive a most fearful attack of *Coup-de-Soleil*.

RARE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.—A mounted policeman takes a fence.

Bathing Woman. "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY OF COURSE I CAN!"

SHOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

(*The Weapon may be inspected in the Armoury of Mr. Punch.*)

THE old Bow Street Runners were a police force set on foot by MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL SCARLETT, and from him they took their title of the SCARLETT Runners.

FREDERICK THE GREAT stood eight feet in his stockings, and his fighting weight was upwards of five-and-twenty stone. (MR. CARLYLE will, if required, supply the vouchers for these facts.)

The far-famed *Letters of Junius*, it has been proved, were written by a MR. SMITH, who lived in London sometime within the last six centuries. (For further identification see the Post-Office Directory.) They were called *Junius's Letters* because they were all dated in the month of June.

The antiquity of Coachmen may be argued from the fact that the first thing in creation is believed to have been a cha-os; which in the spelling of the period is written otherwise a shay-oss.

Contemporary proofs are extant in the Vatican that the Roman Augurs were so called because they were great bores.

The costume of the Beefeaters in the year 1001 consisted of a pea-green coat, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and mustard yellow trimmings. Their trousers were of cherry colour, turned up to the knees; and their boots were of the kind which is now known as Balmoral, which they were allowed daily six hours to lace.

WORD PAINTING IN WATER COLOUR. The flesh-colour of the Sepoys is Sepia, but that pigment is not extracted from those creatures. It is the ink shed by the cuttle-fish to darken the water between it and its pursuers, and must not be confounded with Indian Ink, although it may afford some inkling to the naturalist in quest of a specimen.

CRAM FOR COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.—*Q.* Exemplify *Religio Loci*. *A.* Worship Street.

CAUTION.—Be careful to keep a guard constantly before the fire of a room in which there are ladies. The present extensive dresses were made to catch sparks, and are also liable to be caught by red-hot cinders that are apt to leap out of the grate.

THE ECONOMIST ABROAD.—SAVEALL, who has gone to Paris to live cheaply, sitting by his dear and bad wood fire, remarks that he has found King Log worse than King Coal.

THE LANGUAGE OF LADIES.—Plain is the strongest word in the feminine vocabulary to express ill looks. Some think it mild, but it is powerfully though delicately expressive. That which is plain is conspicuous. It means, therefore, remarkably ugly. A lady never calls a bull-dog plain, or a baboon. That would be too severe.

GASTRONOMICAL.—MR. ALDERMAN GARBAGE defines green fat to be a gluttonous substance.

BY MUCH THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF SEA-BATHING IS TO TAKE A BOAT, AND HAVE A GOOD SWIM IN THE CLEAR BLUE WATER—AND ISN'T IT NICE SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT AGAIN! EH?

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

September 4. My dear MOTHER-IN-LAW'S birthday. Consulted with my MARIA upon the subject of showing her any attention, which I should naturally be glad to do, but that there are duties of self-respect we owe to ourselves. My dear wife was entirely opposed to my presenting MRS. BLABBER with any thing. It would appear that she is divesting herself of many articles which might naturally be expected to come to us, or to ours. Many choice books have been given to her godson WILLIAM, two China jars, liked by MARIA, have gone to HESTER BROWN, and the newly married SPARROWS have, it seems, promise of the rosewood table. Still, we must not be small or spiteful, and as we may yet save something by being on good terms with my dear wife's mother, I decided on giving her the large print Prayer-Book, which I found so unaccountably in my carpet-bag, after stopping at the Birmingham Hotel. May its teachings do her good!

CON. BY A LETTER-CARRIER.

WHAT is the Postman's Knock now-a-days?

A Knock under.—Didn't LORD COLCHESTER suspend arf-a-dozen on us, 'acos we wentered to grumble.

ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.—If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

TOMKINS RETIRES TO A SECLUDED VILLAGE, THAT HE MAY GROW HIS MOUSTACHES, AND SO CUT OUT HIS ODIOUS RIVAL, JONES. JONES, IT SO HAPPENS, HAS COME TO THE SAME PLACE WITH THE SAME OBJECT—FRIGHTFUL MEETING!

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1111. Laying of the first stone of Old London Bridge, by the Deputy Grand Master of the Court of Arches.

A.D. 1212. State Interment in St. Paul's of the body of KING HAROLD, discovered on the field of the Battle of Corunna.

A.D. 1250. Burning of the Royal Exchange in the LORD JOHN GORDON Riots, as a bonfire to celebrate the Peace of Amiens.

A.D. 1555. Great debate among the members of the Common Council, as to the defenceless state of the City. Resolutions passed to keep the Lord Mayor's Showman constantly in armour, and to dress the beefeaters in so horrible a guise, that their appearance should strike terror to the hearts of any enemy.

PHILOSOPHY AND FLUNKEYISM.—If BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who drew electricity from the clouds, had been fool enough to adopt a livery, what would have been the colour of the plush? Of course, thunder-and-lightning. — *Note.* That FRANKLIN'S countrymen now fly the kite without bringing down the electricity.

MYTHOLOGY.—Saturn devoured his offspring, to get them off his hands. He did not consider that, after having eaten a child, he might nevertheless be forced to bring it up.

HINT TO THE HIGHER CLASSES.—For a fashionable old lady to paint her face, is to butter bacon.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL BREECH-LOADER.—A small rustic riding a donkey.

TO SOFTEN THE BRAIN AND DETERIORATE THE COMPLEXION.—Take brandy-and-water—until the desired effect is produced.

"THE BILL! THE WHOLE BILL! AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL!"—*Shakspeare.*

A PRIZE WOMAN.—Why, it 's downright nonsense, just as if every woman wasn't in herself a Prize!

HINT ON BUSINESS.—If you wish to become Lord Mayor of London one of these days, habitually take stock. That is the basis of turtle-soup.

OUR FAIRY QUEEN.—Why is QUEEN VICTORIA like *Queen Mab?* Because, during a royal progress, HER MAJESTY often gives Aldermen a Knight-Mayor.

ELYSIUM IN A NUTSHELL.—A Squirrel making its nest inside a Cocoa-nut.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"NOW THEN, DARLING, PUT AWAY YOUR PAPER, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG WALK, AND THEN COME BACK TO TEA IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE, AND BE AS HAPPY AS TWO LITTLE BIRDS!" SAID THE FAIR BRIDE— "OH! HANG IT!" MENTALLY EJACULATED THE CAPTAIN.

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1299. The Company of Cobblers wait upon the Government, with a petition for the passing of the Bill of Rights—and Lefts.

A.D. 1303. First Lord Mayor's Show. Thirteen thousand citizens split their sides laughing at it.

A.D. 1372—1398. Great Fire of London, lasting 15 years, 11 months, and 7 days: during all which time Pope Nero played upon the Jew's harp.

A.D. 1440. Opening of Billingsgate. Inauguration Speeches made by Lord Chesterfield, Beau Brummell, and Sir Roger de Coverley.

A.D. 1490. Deputation of distressed women petition the Lord Mayor to obtain them some employment from the Chief Commissioner of Sewers.

A.D. 1666. Attempted blowing up of the Mansion House by Charles Guy Fox, on the occasion of King Bolingbroke's visit to the City.

A.D. 1700. Great Plague of London. Introduction of street hand-organs by the minstrel Blondel.

THINGS WHICH DO NOT HAPPEN ABOVE ONCE IN A COMETSHINE.

The discovery in a lodging-house of a knife that will cut, a spoon which is not bent, and a fork which possesses its full complement of prongs.

The detection in a cabman's countenance of a look which is indicative that what you have paid him has contented him.

Character of (too many) a Servant.—The bearer has no one good quality but her appetite.

City Proverb.—You may take your kites to the City, but you cannot always fly them.

To Fry Gold Fish.—The best way is to do them *en papillote* consisting of bank-notes. But as Mrs. Durden remarks, this seems, as you may say, almost like eating money.

Temperance and Taxation. — The Chancellor of the Exchequer need never be afraid of raising the duties on distilled drinks. The heavier they are, the higher will be the national spirits.

Some like one thing, and some another.—For example, Jack likes a Blow on the North Cliff—

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

October 25. My dear daughter Eleanor's birthday. She called on us with her husband, whose business on the Stock Exchange prospers, and who is every way worthy of the dear treasure I have confided to him. Samuels seems to have been lucky in time bargains, and indeed time is ever blessed to those who know the value of it. He is perfectly able to present dear Nelly with any elegancies or comforts which she may require, and there is no wisdom in expending money needlessly. So I playfully taxed her with having come to us to-day in the hope of getting a present, as when she was a little girl, at which I thought she showed some irritation, and therefore told her, that to punish her, her husband should have the gift, not she; and I gave him some shares in a railway I am promoting. May it be privileged!

HINTS TO ARTICLED CLERKS.

To acquire the practice of Highway-rating.—Get into a row with a Turnpike-man.

How to acquire a ready legal phraseology.—Use the language of the Law on all occasions, as *e.g.*: If your cold mutton goes faster than it ought, threaten your landlady with *impeachment of waste*, and tell her she has no right to *estovers*, or what is over of your butcher-meat.

If you see a rat with his tail caught in a trap, you may call attention to him as "tenant in tail, with possibility of issue extinct."

If, in your examination on British History, you are called upon to describe the Battle of Bannockburn, and the death of De Bohun at the hands of the Scottish monarch, you may put it neatly in legal language as follows: "De Bohun, as leader, moved first in this action, but was at once put down by Knight Bruce."

The best text-book for you to study.—The *Comic Blackstone*. It will make you a learned legal *pundit* at all events.

Impartial Criticism.—You cannot say that the Divorce Court is a good Court on the whole, for *it is always doing things by halves.*

WHILE CHARLES PREFERS A QUIET CORNER OUT OF THE WIND.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

November 12. My dear sister ADELAIDE'S birthday. This vale of life is thickly set with thorns, and few of us escape them. Dear MARIA is continuously dissatisfied that I feel it right not to let a sister's love and faithfulness go unmarked, and a bracelet which once I bestowed on ADELAIDE has often been matter of reproach. Yet did either MARIA or ADELAIDE know that I found that bracelet, dropped in my office by an unworthy female client who is transported, neither would grudge it to the other. To-day we had an altercation, MARIA having a fatal memory for dates, and I was asked how much I had laid out on my precious sister. Reproved MARIA with severity, and left her in tears. It is not for me to tell her that ADELAIDE knows more of certain past transactions than I could desire the world to know. Called on dear ADELAIDE, and gave her Aunt BETTY'S garnets, on the understanding she got them reset, and was silent on the subject. May she keep so!

THE GLORIES OF NOVEMBER.

GUY FAWKES rides about this time,
Borne by boys in chair sublime,
Next step is the Lord Mayor's fuss:
Which is most ridiculous?

DEFINITION. By a Lady.—Tyranny is Man's prerogative—submission Woman's destiny.

PUNCTUALITY.—With kings, a politeness; with men, a business; with women, a past-time.

SUGGESTION FOR THE STUPID.—Never think of saying Bo to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

A FORWARD CHILD.—An infant two months old, taken an airing, crowed at a "Caution to Trespassers" on a board in a plantation. The nurse remarked that it was beginning to "take notice."

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Never refuse assistance to a friend in distress, unless you are quite sure that you will never be in a position to require his aid in return, or if you are, that you won't get it.

PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton. "HAH! THEY MAY LAUGH! BUT I MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BEARD IS A GREAT ORNAMENT, AND GIVES DIGNITY TO THE HUMAN FIGURE!"

ADVICE TO EVENING PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

RAKE up crops of visiting cards which happen to have fine names on them, and plant them out conspicuously in a bowl in the back drawing-room. If you chance to have a lord or two among your card-leaving acquaintances, you may be sure your wife has treasured up their pasteboard; and you will of course take care to sow it broad-cast on the surface.

Be sure you have your ice-room as remote and unget-at-able as possible. You may make a very little ice go a long way, if you make those who want it have a long way to go for it.

In planting out your Wall-flowers, be sure you set them out in the least eligible places, and where they will be certain to be most in the way.

If you get the chance of choosing a partner for a swell, take pains to introduce him to the dowdiest of the dowdies. The coupling probably will prove a pleasing novelty to both, and may perhaps afford some amusement to the company.

In order to prevent your "band" from getting tipsy, take care not to give them anything that can by any accident get into their heads. In return they may indulge you with HANDEL'S "*Water Music*," but don't yield to such sarcasm, or they may signalise their victory by playing "*Drops of Brandy*."

PROOF OF A HELPLESS OLD BACHELOR.

"I ALWAYS know a helpless old Bachelor (says a clever lady) by looking at the corners of his pocket-handkerchief. If I notice in them any little pieces of red, blue, or yellow worsted—such as washer-women run in to identify the property of each separate customer,—I know at once that he has no one at home to mark his linen, and that he must be a poor, pitiful, misanthropical, friendless, helpless old Bachelor."

MEMORANDUM ON MARKETING.—The freshness of fish may be judged of by the brightness of their eyes. The eye is the window of the sole.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.—In the very finest November, the fog is much mist.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Frederick. "BUT I ASSURE YOU, DEAREST—"

Emily. "OH, NONSENSE, FREDERICK!—DON'T TELL ME! I JUDGE BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS; AND I AM SURE YOU CANNOT REALLY LOVE ME, OR YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT HORRID MISS CLAPPERTON THE WING OF THE CHICKEN, AND ME THE LEG. BESIDES, YOU HANDED THE STRAWBERRIES *first* TO FLORA GIGGLES, AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE HER."

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

My Son, there are two ways of putting coals upon the fire. Where Extravagance takes the shovel, Thrift uses the tongs. So is it with money. Many use a handful where a pinch would be sufficient.

From the time of the Old Romans the hearth has been held sacred. It had then its proper deity, and woe betided those who dared to treat it with irreverence. So is it now with us. The Bright Poker is the deity of many a British fireplace, and woe betide the husband who irreverently handles it.

The cynics hold opinion that all friendship is deceit, and their opinion may be backed when they stand upon the hearth-rug. A fire is decidedly the warmest friend man has, and yet man often suffers from coming into contact with it. Unless he keep a guard on it, like other of his friends, a fire may make him burn his fingers.

A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TASK.

Mr. Punch. "Now, Boys and Girls! You must Find out the Use of these Globes before you go back to School!"

How to Treat Servants.—Give them a holiday at Christmas, and a few shillings to go and see the pantomime.

"How we are Governed?"—Why, by the ladies, to be sure.

Punch's British Birds.

How can you transform an Owl into a Black-Cap?
By the letter C, which makes him a Cowl.

Advice by an Alderman.—Never go to a picnic, Sir, if you wish to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

A Burning Shame.—The City-Tax on Coals.

The Game of Laws: the Law of Game.—Possession is nine points of the Law—excepting at Long Whist, and then it requires ten points to take possession of the game.

How to make a Fire.—Stand with your dress, my fine lady, as close to the bars of the grate as possible.

Recreation in Entomology.—The Game of Cricket.

Wonderful Self-Denial.—An author, whose servant had gone out for the beer, answers his own door, and tells the caller, who has come to chatter, that he is not at home.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

December 31. My own birthday. We are not to be over-careful about creature comforts, but they are intended for our use; and as I knew the dinner at home was colder and simpler than I cared for, I sent my clerk to order me a private room, a good fire, and a comfortable repast at the Blue Posts. I was privileged to find all snug, and the soup, the fish, the cutlets, the *salmi*, the omelette, the parmesan, the dessert, and all the wines and liqueurs were, I hope, blessed to me. And in looking over my diary, as I drank my 20 port, I felt thankful that I had not only done my duty to those near and dear to me, but had been able to show them kindness and generosity. Having intimated to Maria that there was necessity for my sleeping in town, I was undisturbed by the thought of having to move, and I must have dozed into the New Year. May it be a happy one!

A Clown's Conundrum.—Why is there never any such thing as one whole day? Because every day begins by breaking.

TO KILL RATS AND MICE.

Take lozenges, carraway comfits, peppermint drops, or any other of the opaque sweetmeats commonly sold in the shops. Mix with meal, and place in the way of the rats and mice. The sweetmeats consist chiefly of "daff" or plaster of Paris, which, being swallowed by the vermin together with the meal, will form concretions in their insides and kill them.

A Young Lady's Reference.—"Ask Mamma!"

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

MR. PUNCH,—You were good enough last week to insert in your pages my lamentations on the downfal of Christmas. They have been, I regret to say, fulfilled to the very letter. We have all by this time been martyrised in the matter of Christmas-boxes; and I, for one, have suffered very severely from having been obliged to close my establishment on Boxing Day. I don't know, by the bye, what these extra holidays are coming to. First of all, Christmas Day comes on a Thursday; then it is, 'Oh, you'd much better close on Friday and Saturday, and give your people a holiday.' Very good. It was done. Then it falls on a Friday; 'Of course, you close on Saturday.' Of course. And now it comes on Saturday, and I had to close on Monday, and was considerably inconvenienced thereby.

"But these are minor matters, my dear *Mr. Punch*. The greatest blow and most signal discomfiture I have suffered was under the shadow of my own roof, amongst my household gods, and was, in fact, my Christmas dinner.

"Now, you must know, in the first place, that I am blessed with a curiously large family of brothers and sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, and all the rest of it. My own personal family, so to speak, consists of myself, MRS. GRUMBLER, my eldest boy (a fine youth of about five-and-twenty, with luxuriant whiskers, perpetually smoking, and with a taste for port wine beyond his years), my eldest daughter SOPHIA (whom I have introduced to you in my previous letter in connection with a little mistletoe episode), and my second daughter JANE, and a small boy who is immaterial to the story, being still in the nursery.

"I am fond of having my family about me on Christmas Day, and always do the orthodox indigestible dinner business. I procure the fattest sirloin of beef which money will buy; I spoil my turkey by boiling him; and, furthermore, deliver myself with assumed cheerfulness to the monster Indigestion, as represented by plum-pudding. I make my rooms perfectly dark and chilly with great damp boughs, and endeavour, in short, to persuade myself, in the orthodox way, that it is a highly jolly affair altogether, that I am an old English gentleman, and that all the discordant elements in my family are brought together, and all animosities healed on the auspicious occasion. How stands the real case? What is the miserable fact?

"The first arrivals were my amiable mother-in-law, MRS. M'NAGGER, with her obnoxious husband. For the lady, of course, my sentiments are simply gratitude and affection; for M'NAGGER, horror and aversion. He is simply and solely a bore. The next party consisted of my brother WILLIAM, with whom I have been quarrelling any time these twenty years. We rarely meet, except on Christmas Day, and the manner in which MRS. WILLIAM and my wife embrace and "dear" each other is perfectly charming. Unfortunately, I happen to know from a mutual friend what MRS. WILLIAM remarked about my wife's new bonnet; and I also know my brother's opinion on the subject of the pamphlet I published some six months ago, *On our Foreign Policy in Mesopotamia*.

"A crowd of relatives followed these last arrivals, and for one moment—for just one moment—while the hand-shaking was going on, there was a gleam of cheerfulness; but this, alas! was of brief duration, and misery shortly reigned supreme.

"All the M'NAGGER family, of course, hate the GRUMBLER family; and, not content with tacit hostilities, my various guests, by expressive sniffs and shrugs, began to indicate their contempt for me and for each other. Not only, indeed, do the families cordially detest each other, but every individual member of those families hates every other member with firm and determined perseverance.

"I was getting into a dreadful state of mind when dinner, to my great relief, was announced. As in duty bound, I took down MRS. M'N., and left the rest to follow as best they might. My spirits were not at all raised by hearing a slight scuffling going on behind me, which proceeded from the eagerness of my various relatives to take precedence of each other; and it was with great difficulty that I prevented myself from bolting out at the street-door as we passed it, and flying from the melancholy banquet which I knew awaited me.

"And a melancholy banquet it was, indeed. The conversation was limited, and confined chiefly to the *Great Eastern*, the weather, and the price of the funds. Nobody dared to introduce any debateable topic, as that would have been at once the signal for a denial from somebody, and general hostilities on all hands. We dined. I won't say what tortures I suffered—I am naturally delicate—from having to eat the fearfully heavy comestibles which were presented to me, and which, it being Christmas time, I felt bound to devour. I don't think mock-turtle soup, boiled cod, roast beef, and plum-pudding, are quite the things for a dyspeptic subject. I know that I felt compelled, by prescriptive custom, to partake of them all, and I further know that MRS. M'NAGGER not only consumed these dainties, but also several unconsidered kickshaws besides. What the state of her health must be now, I cannot imagine.

"The penitential meal at last concluded, and MRS. GRUMBLER having

grinned and bobbed at the other ladies, they retired. I subsided into my own thoughts, and I didn't like them at all. My eldest hope being deprived of his smoke, slept the sleep of indigestion, accompanied by night-mare, and M'NAGGER began one of his stories which lasted till tea-time.

"SOPHIA, my nephew CHARLES not being of the party, sulked in corners for the remainder of the evening, and my son eventually retired into his apartment with a view to the enjoyment of tobacco.

"My guests shortly afterwards departed in dudgeon; this was the melancholy end of my Christmas dinner.

"To what am I to attribute this failure? I don't know, I am sure, as my other dinner-parties are cheerful, and indeed convivial. Christmas Day is the only 'sell.' I believe, the fact is, that we try to be too demonstratively jolly on that day, and that if we were only to let ourselves alone, and not overdo and force the hilarity and joviality quite so much as we try to do, we should get on much better, and Christmas Day would be socially, as it ought to be and naturally is, the happiest and most blessed day in all the year.

"I write this under the influence of several forms of illness, which, I trust, will excuse any shortcomings on the part of

"Yours, indigestibly,

"*The Growlery, Grafton.*" "CRUSTY GRUMBLER."

A SHORT PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF A HEAD

(COMMONLY KNOWN AS SIR FRANCIS).

HIS Head is extremely bumptious. It is unlike all other heads. Vanity is extremely developed. Self-esteem unusually large. The organ of facts and dates proportionately small. Causality altogether wanting. Combativeness not bad, but rather inclined to be on the wrong side. There is one organ that is extremely *prononcé* and forward, and as it is not an English organ, we lean to the belief that it must be a French one. For the want of a name, we will call it the *Moniteur*. This organ is so overlaid with matter, not of the healthiest description, that it has usurped the place of nearly all the intellectual faculties. It is said that "two Heads are better than one;" but we can only say, from a cursory inspection of the curious specimen before us, that we decidedly prefer the head we have on our own shoulders.

THE PITH OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

TOWARDS almost all foreign nations
Our outlooks ain't no ways fust-rate;
There 's most of our foreign relations
In an unsatisfactory state.
With the Britishers, through our high-mettled
Diplomacy, guess we have got
The Right of Search Question well settled,
The Central American, not.

With Spain we 're in a condition,
Of which we hante nothin' to brag;
Her folks in official position
Has insulted our national flag,
Done our citizens one wrong and t'other
In their persons and property too;
And she won't pay our Cuban Claims, nuther,
Which is now fourteen year overdue.

Peculiar I reckon the natur'
Of the sort of relations we bear
To Mexico—not wuth a 'tatur
Can't pay if they would—them coons there.
I can only lay one plan afore ye,
By our own from them critturs to come;
To drop down upon their territory,
And seize, for a pledge, on a some.

Then there 's that air Panama's Isthmus,
We must there clear the transit, in course,
And, if not exactly this Christmas,
Still, sooner or later, by force,
New Granada, Nicaragua,
Costa Rica, have all got to pay
For damages done, more or fewer,
And I 'spects we must whip Paraguay.

Pacific as is all our labours,
I 'm consarned for to mention how ill
Is the tarms we are on with our neighbours,
Pretty nigh the whole world but Brazil.
As a pattern of peace, cotton-spinners
In the old country quote us; but now
I expect we 're a caution to sinners,
With a'most all the airth in a row.

Boxing Day.

Spiritualist. Who is that rapping at the door, JAMES?

James. Can't say, Sir. They 've been a rapping, Sir, ever so long. If you ask me, Sir, I think it 's the Spirit's Medium, Sir, that 's called for a Christmas-Box!

THE GREEN MEN OF THE CHURCH.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON condemns with much propriety the practice of wearing green vestments by the Puseyites, as being a departure from the habits of the Church. Nevertheless, we would not have the usage discontinued; because, on second thoughts, we think there is some use in it. Being on the brink of departure from the Church, the Puseyites are of course fast departing from its practices. Now, their wearing of green garments is a very harmless habit, and it serves by way of signpost to point the road they are going. Clergymen who have a Romeing disposition show us where they are bound for when they put on their travelling suit. We see them in their true colours when they are thus "*With Verdure Clad.*"

Many regard the Puseyites as wolves in sheep's clothing, and are naturally on the look-out for the marks whereby to know them. This knowledge the colour of their cloth would supply, supposing them imbued with peculiarly dyed vestments. Rome is not reached in a day; and perhaps the reverend travellers may be in need of some refreshment to sustain them on the way. There ought to be established a half-way house of call for them; and we suggest in all humility that "The Green Man" be the sign of it. The man who would exchange a living here in England for a priestship under Rome can in no light be regarded as otherwise than green; and we think, if he be clad in it, the state of mind of those who listen to him will be most correctly typified, inasmuch as it will be impossible for any to look up to him, without their having, in coarse phrase, a little green in their eye.

THE EXTREME ANIMAL.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

WHY do you abuse the aristocracy with so much violence? There are more than fools enough among them, Wisdom knows; but so there are in every degree. Old SQUIRE BOOTS-AND-BREECHES abuses you in just the same spirit as that in which you vituperate the squires and the nobility. He calls you Cotton-spinner, and other such names, preceded by epithets unquotable in these columns. BOOTS-AND-BREECHES is an old fool, an extreme fool, a fool at the remote end of that line of which Reason is fixed in the middle. There is BOOTS-AND-BREECHES out at the right end of the line, there is Reason in the middle, and where are you? How far on the other side of Reason? how near to the left end of the line? Pray, JOHNNY, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, and begin your reform by reforming your own eloquence; if but to please your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

P.S. Read *Horace;* I think you know what I mean.

Fragment of a Witty Conversation.

(*Overheard in the Presence of* COLONEL PEPYS.)

"I SAY, what capital English LOUIS BLANC writes?"

"Yes, and if his prose is so good, it is but fair to conclude that his BLANC verse would be even better!"

[*Roars of laughter, only checked by the entrance of the* PRINCE.

AURICULAR CONFESSIONS.

BY A DEVOTEE AT ALMACKS.

WHAT a rude creature you are! How *dare* you ask me that? Pray, what is it to you, Sir, whether I go to Confession? You merely wish to know? Indeed! *do* you? And pray why? O, you'd like to hear the sort of questions that they put to one. Now, really, MR. CURIOUS, what a *monster* you must be! You promise not to tell? Oh, yes, I dare say you do. A man can keep a secret, eh? Well—I'm not so sure of that, Sir. Who told CHARLEY POLKINGTON that ADA WALTZLEY wore false—Spare you? no, I won't, Sir. There, you needn't look so pitiful. May you be my Confessor? Well—just for this quadrille. But mind, it's quite between ourselves, you know. I don't mind telling *you*, but I don't want CHARLEY to know everyth— Well, I *will* have mercy. But you needn't squeeze my hand so.

"Do I not love waltzing? Yes, your *Reverence*, I do. Better than I do flirting? *C'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas?* Can I waltz and not flirt? Please, your Reverence, I've never tried. Will I for your sake? No, your Impudence, I won't.

"Who is that girl opposite? What makes your Reverence want to know? Don't I think she's pretty? Oh, *I'm* no judge of *dolls*, your Reverence: you must ask my little sister. Am I ever jealous? Well, n-n-no: at least—that is—not *often*. * * What! jealous of a *doll*, your Reverence! he! he! no, not exactly: he! he! this child not quite so silly—he! he! he!

"Where did I learn to giggle? Ask Mamma, your Impudence. Do I think giggling pretty? Y-y-y—, that is, n-n—. Well, I shan't say. Do I think girls ever giggle to show they have white teeth? N-no, that is, I don't know. You should ask *that girl opposite*.

"Who sent me this bouquet? Please your Reverence, my Aunt. My Grandma? No, your Reverence; I have no Grandma', as you call her. What used I to call her, then? Your Reverence, I gave her the full complement of syllables. But perhaps your Reverence likes to hear girls call Mamma their 'Ma.' If you do, I rather think you'd better talk to *that girl opposite*.

"How long upon the average do I take to put my things on? *Cela dépend*, your Reverence, on what I'm dressing for. Does 'what' stand for 'who' sometimes? Well—yes, if you like. * * How many times a-day do I see whether my bonnet's straight? Can't say, and won't. Could I ever pass a looking-glass without taking a sly peep at it? Won't say, and can't.

"Do I like the country? Yes, pretty well, your Reverence—that is, where it's populated. Do I flirt there too? What does your Reverence mean by *too?* You know one must do something *pour amuser les paysans*. * * *Paysans* I said, your Reverence; 'parsons' is not French.

"How often have I been bridesmaid? Not so often as I've wished. Am I well up in the Service? Well, y-ye-yes, perhaps so. * * *Non mi ricordo.* I can't answer your last question. I really don't remember if it's stated in the Rubric, that when the bride is above fifty the clerk has the first kiss.

"Have I any little brothers? Yes, your Reverence, and big ones. Are they ever troublesome? Oh, yes, they are *such* bothers! What do they do to me? Oh, you know, they tease one terribly. How? Oh, why you know, they hide one's letters so, and they upset one's drawing-box, and they scrawl nonsense in one's album, and they muddle up one's music so, and get one's crochet in a mess, and lay crackers in one's bedroom, and interfere with one's flirta—with one's partners, and they steal the hoops out of one's pet—one's dresses, and—and—. Do I ever box their ears, then? I wish your Reverence were one of them, and your Reverence might find out then.

"Who is that at the piano? I think it is MISS SQUALLINGTON. Am I quick at nicknames? I can't say; ask my governess. Has MISS S. a nice voice? Oh, yes; quite delicious;—that is, *what there is of it.* But, isn't it a pity? she always tries songs *much* too high for her; and then, isn't it a pity? she almost always squeaks!

"Have I a good appetite? Well, y—yes, as much as most girls. * * Well, n—no; I don't care much for meat. Am I fond of sweet-stuff? What *does* your Reverence mean? * * N—no, I don't think I *could* eat more than fifty macaroons at once.

"Do I know KATE AUBREY? You mean the girl with the red ringlets? Oh, you call them *auburn*, do you! Then you'll say she has auburn elbows, I suppose. He! he! he! Sweet Auburn! You've been reading GOLDSMITH, haven't you? What is it some one says about the pleasures of the *plain?* * * Jealous again? Not I, Sir. What! of little *red* KATE *AUBURN!* A likely thing, indeed.

"Am I fond of playing charades? Oh, yes! when they are *nice*. What do I mean by nice? Oh, I mean when there are love-scenes in them. * * No, I've not heard a good riddle lately. Do I know why Crinoline is like a pack of hounds? Dear, no; I can't imagine. Something dreadful, is it? Oh, then, please your Reverence, *do tell!*

"Am I not glad that the quadrille's over? I shan't answer leading questions. Would I walk into the Conservatory? Perhaps I might, if I were asked. Your Reverence knows the way to it. * * * No, I *won't* give you that rose. There! now, you see, you've pricked yourself! Oh, do, *please*, sit further off. There's MRS. LYNXEYE watching us. * * Yes, I *do* walk in the Gardens; but I shall have my *brother* with me. * * N—no, your Reverence, not the *big* one. There, you needn't squeeze my fingers off!"

FOGGY THOUGHTS.

Written in a very Foggy State on a Foggy Day.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

A DINNER without the presence of ladies is like a Clown without paint.

The ungathered violet is not less a violet for that!

Mind you, a child is not a wooden top, that you can make come round, as you will, by whipping it.

You should not blame the coals because the chimney smokes.

Happy the mind who is content with a good dinner that he has paid for himself!

Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets-full, so you should not argue over much.

A little man in a passion is sometimes a most dangerous thing!

It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others!

If you meet with a misfortune, it is best to meet it half way, and to give your arm to it, as though it were a friend instead of an enemy. It helps you on the road, and shortens the distance wonderfully; whereas, to try to avoid your misfortune is wrong for it is sure to overtake you in the long run, and then the chances are that you will no longer have the pluck to face it.

Life is a singular problem. We begin life without a single tooth, and we end life, too, with scarcely a molar that we can call our own. By Gum! it would seem as though, in life's pilgrimage, our childhood were, after all, but *le commencement de la fin.*

Metaphysics are the GODFREY'S Cordial of the mind, with which old women talk young children to sleep.

Some one must be the last to put the candle out.

The barometer is not proud, because it is up to-day, nor will it be low, should it happen to be down to-morrow. Man, if he were wise, would take a lesson from this!

Don't scold a woman, lest she should scold better than thee.

Troubles are dreadful bores, so long as we are visited by them; but it is pleasant to laugh at them as soon as they are gone.

A headache is the hatband of some departed pleasure.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CITY.

WHAT amount of fraud committed constitutes any man a rogue?

Is there anybody who deserves to be called a rogue in a dyslogistic sense?

Admitting fraud to be discreditable in its concentrated form, when limited by the personality of one individual, is there anything to be ashamed of in it on the part of any member of a joint-stock company, over the whole body of which it is diffused in a diluted state? Of how many shareholders must a company consist to attenuate to insignificance a fraud which, if it were not spread over a plurality of parties, would be gross and palpable?

Why is roguery like gold? Because it is extremely malleable.

Why is roguery not like gold? Because, by extension over a certain breadth, it ceases to be roguery.

Q. WHAT must the HEAD be that produces a *Fagot of French Sticks?*

A. A French Block-HEAD.

A RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION-MASTERS.

Porter. "NOW, THEN, BILL! ARE YOU OFF?" *Cab Ruffian.* "NO; WHAT SORT OF FARE IS IT?"
Porter. "SINGLE GENT, WITH SMALL BAG."
Ruffian. "OH, *HE* WON'T DO! CAN'T YER FIND US A OLD LADY AND TWO LITTLE GALS WITH LOTS O' BOXES? I'M GOOD FOR A PINT!"

JURY TORTURE.

A GRAND Thing for Great Britain is trial by jury;—an inestimable blessing for a people to possess; a bulwark to the nation which is fortunately blessed with it. Public orators and writers concur in saying this of it, and in claiming for it a first place among the birthrights of a Briton. Nevertheless, there are few Britons who do not grumble at their lot when they are called upon to exercise their "inestimable privilege." Not one Briton in twenty goes with anything approaching to a cheerful face into the jury-box, when summoned to take part in keeping up his bulwark. We should like to see a photograph of the juror who could take his oath and seat without a scowl, and could look as though he took delight in the birthright he is blessed with.

It is constitutional, we know, with Englishmen to grumble; but a man may be excused for making a wry face, when he knows that such a fate as this may be in store for him:—

"* * * The jury in this case, not being able to agree upon their verdict, were locked up all night. * * The jury did not go out for refreshment at 1 o'clock yesterday, and consequently had had no food since breakfast yesterday morning. * * The jury now came into Court, and as they took their seats in the box, the majority looked extremely discontented, and one or two appeared very pale or ill."

To be locked up for the night with only gas for supper is a bad enough look-out; but a juror has the chance of even a worse fate befalling him. In his parting benediction to these "discontented" jurymen, LORD CAMPBELL kindly comforted their minds by telling them that—

"Now they stated they were not agreed, he had a discretion as to the time when he should discharge them from giving a verdict. At the Assizes, according to the traditional law, a jury which could not agree were to be locked up during the Assizes, and then carried in a cart to the borders of the next county, and there shot into a ditch."

Cruel LORD CAMPBELL! We can imagine the blank looks which were caused by this announcement. We can picture the poor jurymen, supperless and breakfastless, upon learning that it was in the "discretion" of the judge whether or no they were to go home to their dinner, or to be carted off to the next county, and there shot into a ditch. How relieved they must have felt to hear his Lordship adding—

"But as the jury had sat up the whole night, and had already been exposed to great inconvenience, he should now discharge them."

LORD CAMPBELL, in conclusion, stated his intention to bring in a Bill next session to amend the present law as to the torturing of juries, and he trusted that, in civil cases, the lock-up plan might be dispensed with. As lovers of liberty, we hope his Lordship's Bill will pass; and, as summonable jurymen, we will do all we can to forward it. As it is, trial by jury is, in fact, trial by torture. Confinement and starvation are the *peines fortes et dures* by which we force our jurors to determine on their verdict. Now, this may be law, but it is doubtful justice. If there be two sides of thinkers in a jury-box, that side proves triumphant which can hold out the longest. Cases are decided not by argument, but appetite. Robustness, more than reason, will influence a verdict. The weakest case will get the better of the strongest if it be supported by a juror of sound stomach and more than average power of physical endurance.

A Pleasant Christmas-Box.

THE pleasantest of Christmas-Boxes must be a Jury Box, that contains a disagreeable Jury, who cannot, or will not, agree, and who, consequently, are locked up all night, and all the next day. It must be vastly pleasant to pass one's Christmas Day in a cheerless room without fire, food, plum-pudding, cigars, songs, or friends!

LIFE AND DEATH BATHS.

MONSIEUR DE MONTALEMBERT says that coming to a free country like England is as good as a "*bain de vie.*" There are many gross Englishmen who go to France for a soaking of a very different kind—the object with them being to have, as it were, a "*bain d'eau-de-vie.*"

THE BRITISH JURYMAN PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

WIFE OF HIS BOSSUM. "THERE, MY LOVE, I THINK WITH WHAT YOU HAVE HAD, AND THIS BOX OF CONCENTRATED LUNCHEON, YOU MAY HOLD OUT AGAINST ANY OF 'EM!"

ODE ON A PORK PIE.

BY A CRUSTY OLD CHRISTMAS-KEEPER.

Oh, that Pork Pie!
What had I done, hard-hearted friend,
That up from Yorkshire thou should'st send—
Freighted with Indigestion dire;
And Heart-burn's acrid ire,—
In fortress-crust of golden dye,
Tempting to nose, and gladsome to the eye,
Engrailed with scallop, and set round with spire
Of heaviest paste, made heavier yet with fire—
That Christmas mockery?
So came within the walls of Troy,
Greeted with blind acclaim of joy,
The Grecian horse that held
Within its womb concealed,
The warrior band whose hostile ire,
Did with Minerva's hate conspire
Proud Ilion to destroy!
But no LAOCOÖN raised a warning voice,
Shrieking "Lament!" when others bade "Rejoice!"
Over this porky snare,
Within whose trait'rous lair—
Bedded in golden yokes, and forcemeat choice—
Stood stalled the ghastly Mare
Of Night, that lifts the hair,
When, by the hag Dyspepsia bestrode,
Across the sleeper's breast she draws her crushing load,
Or drags him at her tail
Through park and over pale,
Or, down the precipice's awful steep
Or, in the briny bosom of the deep,
Till Terror doth o'er sleep prevail,
And starting up we quail,
And goose-skin rigors rise, and o'er our members creep!

Such dreams to-night were mine:
Their source, oh friend! too surely I divine:
It was this flaky death, this Christmas gift of thine!
If before Bosworth's fight,
The crook-back RICHARD passed a night
As bad as mine, or worse,
'Twas that the haunting curse
Of murdered victims poisoned sleep's sweet source.
But I—what had I done,
To porcine sire or son,
Whose greasy limbs within that crust repose,
That ghostly pettitoes
Should trot my duodenum o'er,
Like the familiar floor
Of the low stye which, when in life, they trod?
That phantom snouts should root, and tusks should prod
My stomach's inmost hold?
That gristly tails should fold,
And mottled sausages entwine,
In still-beginning, never-ending line,
This scorched œsophagus of mine?
Wherefore meseemed the bed whereon I lay,
Was with polonies stuft and saveloys?
Why that continual noise,
Of swinish grunts, that vexed the slow sad night away?

Friend of the fatal gift,
'Twas thou the hand didst lift
Against the porkers of that pie accurst;
And thine the penance should have been,
The Indigestion keen,
Heart-burn and Flatulence, and—worst—
The dead dull weight, that all night long has been
Burd'ning my midriff, bred of fat and lean,
And still like lead doth hang—
The fevered pulses that like hammers clang—
The Night-mare's gallop, urged by dire Dyspepsia's gang—
Not mine, not mine the Pie—Oh, wherefore mine the Pang!

And yet I needs must own,
Out of my groan,
How cunningly 'twas spiced; combined how well,
Of luscious fat and firm grey lean;
How from each jellied dell,
White-globed, and gold-yoked pullet-eggs did swell,
Lightening what else too heavy would have been;
How rich, how flaky, yet how firm the crust;
Sprinkled how tenderly the pepper's dust;
The seasoning how sage, the force-meat how ameue!
At breakfast, with what grace,
It showed its golden face;
Nor yet at luncheon was superfluous deemed;
Nor even at dinner was it out of place,
We seemed our friend still in his gift to trace,
As if out of the crust his kindly features beamed!
We all ate of the Pie,
But none so much as I,
Ah, little of the consequence I dreamed!
Though of the Pope that holds ST. PETER'S chair,
Little I know, and less than little care,
Still, "Pie? oh! no—no!" since last night has been my cry,
And "Pie? oh! no—no!" still—while life shall last—say I!

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

FOR a reason we shall mention, we think the same young gentleman is interested in each of the two following advertisements, which we find next to one another in the *Times* of the 18th:—

EXCHANGE OF INVERNESS CAPES.—London Dining Rooms, Dec. 15.—The GENTLEMAN, who lost a short clay pipe and piece of toffee, may receive them, with his CAPE, by sending the one TAKEN by MISTAKE, to Messrs. S—— AND R——, &c. &c.

DOG.—LOST, a full-grown IRON-GRAY SCOTCH TERRIER, long hair, short legs, a white patch on his breast, and a capital beggar. Any person who will bring the same to the Hermitage, B——, or to 23, ————, shall receive a REWARD of TWO POUNDS.

Of course we *may* be wrong; but we really can't help fancying that a gentleman who wears, or, as he would rather phrase it, "sports" an Inverness Cape, and carries a short pipe and bit of toffee in his pocket, would be just the boy to keep an ugly "beggar" of a dog, with long hair and short legs and a white patch on his breast, and having lost his precious pet, would be green enough to advertise it.

After all, however, we must not be too hard on him. Down in the mouth as he now must be, we should refrain from making hits at him. Let us pity his small weaknesses, and grieve for his great sorrows. Poor fellow! Only think, ladies, what a loss he has sustained! Cape and cutty, dog and toffee, all are lost now! Like *Macduff*, he is bereaved of all his pretty ones at one fell swoop. Alas, misfortunes ne'er come singly. Let us trust that in his Cape there is Good Hope of recovery, not only of those valuables, the pipe and piece of toffee, but of the white be-patched Scotch pet, whose preciousness is moderately valued by his master at a price which is equivalent to the purchase-money of one hundred and sixty of our Almanacks.

Striking and Kicking.

IN the *Halifax Courier* we are sorry to see the following announcement:—

"STRIKE NEAR TODMORDEN.—The mule spinners employed at MESSRS. ORMEROD'S new factory, Walsden, turned out on strike on Thursday morning."

We trust that the mule spinners will not discover that in turning out on strike they have rejected the better part of their nature, and made asses of themselves.

PETTICOATS *v.* PYROTECHNICS.

(A REMONSTRANCE.)

"*Dearest* MR. PUNCH,

"YOU are really *too* hard on us poor *weak* wearers of *Crinoline*. Positively, to read what you *write*, one would *never imagine* you had taught us *to shudder* at the *Miss Weazles*, in their odious limp petticoats, without the least *soupçon* of a line of *beauty* about their figures, either *natural* or *artificial*.

"I am SURE, from your *drawings*,—you *horrid sly* old roguey-poguey—that you *admire* the new fashion, and that you would no more *like* us to throw off our steel tubes, than you would wish us to give up our darling round hats with the pheasant-breast plumes, and our *smart* little military-heeled boots, and all the other *attifes* which you give every week.

"I am bound to say, though, you do us *justice*, as far as *good looks* go; and we are all *very* much *obliged* to you.

"But I am *so* sorry you give way to all the *ridiculous* exaggeration of the *day* on the subject of Crinoline. About its *liability* to catch *fire*, now. *Depend* upon it, *we* know *perfectly* well how to guard against *sparks*, and are not half so liable to *play* with *matches* as you *Lords* of the Creation,—I *really* didn't mean those for *puns*—and that *you men*, in your absurd *peg-tops*—as you call them—are far more likely to catch

fire from our Crinolines than *we* are. Yes, *Mr. Punch*, you may shake your head; but the *real* danger lies in *that* direction. I know at least *three* young men, who have been very severely *scorched* in this way, in *our own* drawing-room (there are four of us, you must know); and they *suffered* all the more, by not following the newspaper directions 'for persons *catching fire*.'

"*Instead* of *rolling* on the *carpet*, they only *knelt* on it; and when they should have allowed *us* to throw *wet blankets* over the flames, they only made *desperate* attempts to throw *their arms round us*, and so *involve us* in the *conflagration*. Happily our *jupes saved* us from such a *dreadful* fate. So you see, it was Crinoline that *fired* the gentlemen, and *saved* the ladies, and *not vice versâ*.

"I remain, dearest *Mr Punch*, your devoted reader,

"FANNY FULLBLOWN."

ROOTI-TOOIT—I 'VE GOT CHER!

APOLLO AMONG THE DRAPERS.

FROM the subjoined advertisement in the *Northern Daily Express* we rejoice to infer the prevalence of early closing among our north countrymen:—

TO JOURNEYMEN DRAPERS AND OTHERS.

ONE or more Gentlemen can be accommodated with comfortable LODGINGS, with the use of a Pianoforte, in a healthy situation. Apply at the Office of this Paper.

As a correspondent remarks, the foregoing is evidence that the schoolmaster is abroad among the linendrapers' assistants. Some may propose to say, rather, schoolmistress; and for journeymen and gentlemen to read shopwomen and ladies, considering that pianos are things rather in the way of Crinoline than of Pegtops. The fingers, however, that ply the scissors and the shop-yard in hours of business, may, with perfect consistency, rattle over the ivory keys during the moments of leisure. Not that we would insinuate that piano-playing must needs be an effeminate amusement; it may be a manly recreation, and the best restorative of the spirit that has been depressed by the drudgery of the counter. But then the performance must consist of spiritual music; and for the right article the musical young man may be recommended to the establishment of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, & Co.,—the Co. being all the other composers whose works appeal to the superior sentiments. If any journeyman plays casino music in his lodgings, he will be deservedly insulted if the party in the room below, disgusted with the vile tune hammered over his head, should knock the ceiling and cry, "How much is that a yard?"

Amusements of the Season.

WE are not astonished at the Letters of SIR FRANCIS to the *Times* being so dreadfully cut up at most of the breakfast and dinner-tables, where they have been discussed, as it is not at all an unusual thing at this festive period of the year, to meet in large houses that have any pretensions to taste with a Boar's Head, that is kept as a standing-dish for the entertainment of one's friends. It only wants the addition of a lemon, and the likeness would be complete.

"THE BRITISH FREE PRESS."—On Boxing-night there is but little doubt that the Press was exceedingly free, especially outside the gallery-doors.

HELP YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN OF THE JEWRY.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. J. P. DOBSON, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, and affectionately begs to be excused from publishing the correspondence accompanying MR. DOBSON'S note concerning the MORTARA case. The abduction of the young MORTARA from his parents was no joke; and the readers of *Punch* would regard the publication of the letters of SIR C. E. EARDLEY and SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, together with MR. DOBSON'S extract from the minutes of the Evangelical Alliance, in the same serious light. They are all perfectly well convinced that the Holy Office ought to be served with a writ of *Habeas Corpus* for the surrender of the child of Israel, enforced if necessary *vi et armis*. They think it is very desirable that the said Office should be converted into an old clothes' shop, its inmates having been all turned out and relegated to Jericho, a city to which they, moreover, would be glad if the chair of St. Peter, and the POPE in it, were transferred. But these results of the supremacy of common sense are hopeless, so long as the intelligence of Europe upholds that of his Holiness, and prostrates itself before winking pictures and fictitious apparitions of La Salette. Superstition is still too strong for justice; that is, the Roman Catholic Powers of Europe have strength and stupidity enough to prevent the Protestant from serving the POPE with a *Habeas Corpus*. All *Punch* can do is to advise MR. DOBSON to advise SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE to advise DR. ADLER, to take the necessary steps, if any Jew, of whatsoever station, lends the POPE any money, on any pretence whatever, and no matter for what interest, till his Holiness shall have restored young MORTARA, to cut that Jew off from the congregation of Israel.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.—If so, do not fail to purchase *Punch's Almanack!!!* It removes baldness, and is an infallible specific for strengthening, comforting, and beautifying the hair. It restores to pristine vigour weak and failing hairs, and imparts to them a gloss which far surpasses that of nature. Ladies using it for curl paper will derive an instantaneous advantage from the act. It renders curling tongs unnecessary, and entirely supersedes the use of bandoline and fixings. Such is the luxuriance to which it stimulates the tresses, that any lady using it may wear her own hair all her life without needing other people's to make it look exuberant. Young gentlemen will likewise find it of great service in promoting the growth of premature moustachios. It prevents the gooseberry-like appearance of newly-bearded chins, and engrafts a manly bristle on the juvenilest countenance. One trial will in general be found to prove the fact: but if that be insufficient, be advised to try one hundred.

Cure, No. 1,000,001. "I have bought one *Punch's Almanack*, and find my hair curls beautifully. Please send me ninety-nine more, for fear it should grow straight again. (Signed) MARIA FOLLY, London."

Cure, No. 66,666,666. "I have applied *Punch's Almanack* to my moustachios, and have now as fine a crop as any fellow in our office. No less than eleven hairs are now distinctly visible (with the help of a strong microscope). (Signed) ALFRED DE GOOSE, Bury."

ROEBUCK IN FRENCH!

He would have been amused in hearing M. Chaix d' Est Ange speak against the appeal of M. de Montalembert. Says the *Times'* Correspondent:

"He read a passage from the speech of Mr. Roebuck (whose name, by the way, he made several attempts to pronounce, and at last gave it up in despair)."

What a Frenchman would make of the name of the Hon. Member for Sheffield it is difficult to imagine. Rebuke is, perhaps, the nearest approach to its pronunciation that could be made by French organs of speech; and, considering the tone which characterises Mr. Roebuck's oratory, most people will allow that version of his name to be a not very inappropriate perversion of it.

MORE POINTS TO THE CHARTER.

What do people expect to get by Universal Suffrage? being a frequent question, the following points may be named as the principal objects which are contemplated by its consistent advocates:—

1. Abolition of the National Debt.
2. No Taxation of Working Men.
3. Expenses of Government to be exclusively sustained by Capital and Landed Property.
4. Sympathy with Insurgent Populations, and Nationalities, and War with Despots.
5. No Standing Army.
6. No Channel Fleet.
7. No Militia.
8. No Aristocracy.
9. No Compulsory Payment of Debts.
10. No Paupers.
11. No Police.
12. No Punishment.

Real Honesty.

The extreme candour of the following announcement has greatly pleased *Mr. Punch*. We all know that cigars *are* made of dock-leaves; but few manufacturers have the courage to announce, as an advertiser did the other day,—

"Havannah Cigars direct from the dock."

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

"I Don't exactly know, *Mr. Punch*, how the Legitimate Drama would suit Furzebrake; but nevertheless I will tax my imagination, and see what we should be likely to do, if events, which are familiar to us on the stage, were to occur amongst us in our rural village.

"I was at the Shakspeare Theatre last winter, and saw *Othello* most admirably performed, and on my return home sat up far into the night with my friend young Lively discoursing on the moral good which the excellent lessee had effected by clearing a dirty suburban theatre of a noisy rabble who were only contented with such pieces as *The Death's Head and Cross Bones, or The Lonely Occupation Road and the Murder at Bellows Farm*, and supplanting them with a quiet and respectable audience who could appreciate the works of our immortal bard. I remember, moreover, that I indulged in that savage triumph which is peculiar to fogeys, and which counterbalances the inconvenience of incipient grey hair (I am ten years older than Lively), by remarking, 'Ah! Lively, my boy, you *should* have seen Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbet in *The Merry Wives of Windsor, that* was acting.'

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, to return to *Othello*. In the first act, where *Roderigo* calls out 'Thieves! Thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!' *Brabantio* came to the window of a three storied house, which was only fifteen feet high at a liberal computation, and when he put his head out of the first-floor, he almost barked his chin against the top of *Roderigo's* head. Now, I fear, if this had occurred at Furzebrake some wag would have cried out, 'Take your legs out of the coal-cellar, old fellow:' and again, when *Roderigo* says in a measured tone—

> "'Straight satisfy yourself:
> If she be in her chamber, or your house,
> Let loose on me the justice of the State
> For thus defrauding you.'

"The same wag would have said, 'If she has not made a clean bolt of it, I'll eat my hat.' I must own, *Mr. Punch*, that Shakspeare's is the most elegant way of expressing it, though our homely manners at Furzebrake would convey the same message in fewer words. To which *Brabantio* replied very solemnly:—

> "'Strike on the tinder, ho!
> Give me a taper; call up all my people;
> This accident is not unlike my dream,
> Belief of it oppresses me already:—
> Light! I say, light!'

It so happens that I can draw a comparison between what occurred to *Mr. Brabantio*, and an incident which took place at Furzebrake. Diana Rattlebones, whom we all remember as the celebrated cross-country beauty, fell in love with Charley Dasher, of the Rifles, and flitted by moonlight. Tom Soft, a neighbour of Mr. Rattlebones who was sweet on Diana, got wind of the affair, and gave the alarm—and I will tell you what he did—he rushed up to Rattlebones' Hall and rang the alarm-bell. Instead of holding a long consultation at the first-floor window, and telling his people to 'strike on the tinder, ho!' the Squire jumped out of bed, lit a lucifer match, 'looked to his bags,' for he instantly put them on, seized his revolver, and rushed downstairs. Tom Soft told his story in half-a-dozen words, and instead of wasting time, Mr. Rattlebones saddled his horse, galloped to the Cross Roads Railway Station, and telegraphed to London, Liverpool, and Southampton. As it turned out, it was no-go, as by the afternoon train next day a parcel arrived, containing the marriage certificate. For the benefit of your Lady readers, who I know will be curious, I may add that the old gentleman forgave them, and asked them to Rattlebones Hall, where Charley enjoyed his honeymoon and the pheasant-shooting, and what is better still, sent me a brace of pheasants. But this wouldn't do for the stage, *Mr. Punch;* such rapid action as this would finish a play in ten minutes, whereas our old Legitimate, bless its conventionalities, is so jolly slow, that we can enjoy it for three hours at a time, and I hope to go again, and hear *Mr. Brabantio* talk out of the first-floor window, this winter.

"You see, *Mr. Punch*, there is nothing like bringing the case home to parallel cases in domestic life, to get at the real view of the case. If, for instance, I was to play *Macbeth*, I should like to be sure that the man who takes the part of *Seyton* felt his part. True it is, that *Seyton's* part is not a very onerous one, but still he has to announce the death of *Lady Macbeth*, immediately preceding that wonderful soliloquy, 'She should have died hereafter,' &c., and I can assure you that I have had the announcement of her Ladyship's demise in every tone by a walking gentleman—sometimes after the style in which Jeames calls out, 'Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson' at an evening-party—and sometimes after the manner of a sea Captain speaking through a trumpet; though I once remember at a Country Theatre, a most worthy gentleman, a theatrical wax-chandler, delivered the message with such a startling effect, that he brought the house down, and made a part of it, and bowed his acknowledgment; in the midst of which a vulgar man in the gallery cried out, in allusion to his every-day calling, 'Whose candle's out, old boy!'

"Now, let me address the Legitimate Drama as if it were an individual. Sir, I would say, you are a most excellent gentleman, I admire you vastly, though I fancy I see a mole on your nose, and a wart under your left eye.

"To this remark he probably would answer, Take the beam out of your own eye, and look to the conventionalities in your domestic life, of which you boast the reality. When you wrote to your former friend, Nobbs, this morning, a letter which you knew would terminate your friendship, did you not sign yourself, 'Yours, my dear Nobbs, very faithfully, Charles Muff.' And when Nobbs replied, repudiating your further friendship, and signed himself, 'Your very obedient servant, Tobias Nobbs,' did not he mean, instead of being 'your very obedient servant,' he should like to kick you—and when you went to Lady Kickshaw's *soirée*, and she addressed you as 'My dear Mr. Stooks,' having forgotten your very name, did not you smile and bow, at the same time feeling a desire to pull off her wig and throw it on the fire. Look at home, Sir, look at home, and consider whether all the bows, and smiles, and pretty speeches in *your* real life, are not as unreal as some of our little misinterpretations. *Nous verrons, Monsieur Punch!*"

SMART, FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

Old Lady. "*Oh, you bad Boy! where did you get all that Holly from? Don't you know your Catechism enjoins you to keep your hands from 'Picking and Stealing?'*" Boy. "*Yes, 'm, and 'yar' tongue from evil Speakin', Lyin', and Slanderin', tew!*"

A REAL SCOTCH ROMANCE.

THE reader whose idea of Scotch romance is derived from SCOTT's novels, may be glad of an opportunity of contrasting it with the romance of real Scottish life. The *North Briton* relates an interesting tale, which may enable him to institute that comparison. Our northern contemporary thus commences his appropriately headed narrative:—

"A ROMANCE.—On Thursday evening, while sauntering down Leith Walk, Edinburgh, my attention was attracted by a remarkably sweet voice—quite uncommon to the serenaders who generally infest our modern Athens and suburbs—pouring forth, in rich melody but faltering cadence, '*We may be happy yet.*'"

Scottish minstrelsy does not include either the words or the air in question—unless, like most of our English music and poetry, they were both borrowed from the Scotch. Was the singer a wanderer from the comparatively sunny south—from the mild fumes of smoky London to the stronger reek of Auld Reekie? We shall see.

The narrator proceeds:—

"On approaching I discovered a female of the middle stature, thinly clad, her features partly enveloped in the remains of what once might have passed for a shawl. Her general appearance bespoke one that had seen better days—her shawl, falling from its adjustment, displayed features whose beauty riveted my attention."

This is a poetical way of saying that she had a fine forehead, eyes, and perhaps nose; features enveloped by the shawl that had fallen from its adjustment. Of course she could not have sung "*We may be happy yet*" with the shawl over her mouth.

"Her auditors were some few reckless and apparently callous-hearted fast young gents, whose inclination seemed no way bent to give a mite to cheer that sad heart who strove 'to be happy yet,' but whose scoffs and rails were re-echoed with such unfeeling wantonness that the street songstress's pretty voice was checked, and she suddenly burst into a passionate flood of tears. Whilst this was taking place, a young man, who had just before joined the crowd, stepped forward, exclaiming, 'Heavens! is it possible? And are you, then, so reduced?'"

Deus ex machinâ, apparently. What follows? "Come to these arms!" &c. Not exactly.

"He doffed his hat, and thus addressed the crowd who had gathered round:—'You will forgive me, but this is a lady I have known for many years; I can vouch for her integrity and unimpeachable character.' He told us that she had belonged to a good family, and must indeed have suffered much hard fortune ere she could condescend to sing upon the streets. His words had the desired effect of melting the listeners to contribute liberally. He gave the sum collected to the fair singer, with the words, 'God bless you, JESSIE,' and bounded off amid the general shouts of those who had witnessed the affecting incident."

And, the prosaic reader will probably expect to hear, was out of sight before the arrival of an approaching policeman? Not so. It is true that the young man is not described as putting any money of his own into the hat which he had doffed, and sent round for the relief of the reduced young lady. But the recorder of the affecting incident does not state, or even intimate, that the street-vocalist and her generous benefactor at the expense of the public, were in collusion. The story is told, and is to be taken for a genuine Scotch romance of real life; JESSIE, surname omitted, for the parallel of *Jeannie Deans*. Never mind the surname of JESSIE; and trust that she had only one; and no *alias*. The conclusion of the story; the hero relieving a distressed damsel, his acquaintance, perhaps his love, of auld lang syne, by the alms of other people, may seem rather weak to those who have money in their pockets as well as hearts in their bosoms. Natures at once prudent and generous, however, will understand the elasticity with which he "bounded off" in the flush of both feelings combined; and would have been inclined to join in the shouts, if not in the subscription, of the crowd who witnessed the affecting incident.

TO THE SCHOOLMASTER, WHO IS SAID TO BE "ABROAD."

You are requested to return home immediately, and see if you cannot make the postage-stamps *stick to their letters* rather better than they have lately done. They have been falling off dreadfully of late, and perhaps they might be taught to apply themselves more effectually to their lettered pursuits, if occasionally their backs were rubbed with a thin coating of gum. Some strong adhesive measures are decidedly wanted, as the public correspondence is no right to be put upon in this loose and careless manner. At present the stamps are of such a vagrant turn, that scarcely one out of five is to be found at his post when wanted, and it is believed they "go out on the loose." The Schoolmaster's attention is earnestly requested to the above subject, as no postage-stamp has a right to turn its back on the public in this impudent manner.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, January 1, 1859

TRYING IT ON.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On a Tear which ANGELINA *observed upon my Nose on Christmas Day at bed-time.*

WHAT, though a silent tear may fall
Adown this chiselled nose,
Deem not that I past griefs recal,
Or weep for present woes:

A future sadness bids me mourn,
And pangs of anguish feel,
As when one finds one's favourite corn
Beneath some fat man's heel.

Think not in what has caused my grief,
That thou hast any part;
I would not suffer that belief
To wound thy loving heart.

Think not a too tight boot my toes
So cramps I fain would cry;
It is not this that gems my nose,
And dims my glistening eye.

A heavier cause, 'tis meet you hear,
O'erwhelms my aching breast;
I 've eaten too much pudding, dear,
And fear 'twill spoil my rest!

DR. EPPS'S INFINITESIMAL FEBRIFUGE.

MISTAKES will happen in the best regulated families; mistakes in medical as well as other matters. Mistakes, for instance, might be made in taking precautions against scarlet fever. That, if possible, there should be no mistake on this point, the celebrated physician DR. EPPS has written to the *Daily News* a letter on the subject, thus commencing:—

"SIR,—In your paper of this day is a letter from a medical gentleman, containing suggestions as to the course to be adopted in relation to the social parties of children at this season of the year, these suggestions having reference to the fact that many children have returned home from schools where the scarlet fever has prevailed."

DR. EPPS does not approve of the suggestions to which he alludes; because children—thoughtful little things—are dangerously alarmed by the solicitude which they betray; for

"The suggestions given would tend, by exciting fear, to create the very evil which they seek to prevent, as all inquiries respecting the fact, whether this or that child has been exposed to contagion, will have a depressing tendency."

Indeed, DR. EPPS does not approve of any suggestions of the kind, —that is to say, of any suggestions that could be afforded by common science or common sense. He affirms that,

"Besides, all these suggestions are needless; since every one who is acquainted with the medical literature of the age must be aware that a globule of belladonna, taken night and morning, is as perfect a protective against the attack of scarlet fever as is vaccination against the attack of small-pox."

This is a very wonderful statement. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that DR. EPPS verily believes in the virtues of infinitesimal globules, and really thinks that such a globule of belladonna taken into the stomach is sure, first, to be absorbed into the system, and next, to have so powerful an effect, when it gets there, as that of a preservative against scarlet fever. DR. EPPS may possibly believe all this, which he asserts; but how can he believe, what he also asserts, that every one who is acquainted with the medical literature of the age must be aware of it? The great majority of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, consider themselves aware of quite the reverse. They are, indeed, aware that the fact asserted by DR. EPPS is alleged in homœopathic treatises,—the Apocrypha of medical literature. Some of them think it a falsehood; the others, fudge. They would be divided in opinion whether the author of the ensuing assertion ought to be confined as an impostor or as a lunatic:—

"All that is required is, that, where scarlet fever is prevalent, the individuals in the families in that neighbourhood should take a globule of belladonna once or twice a day, and they will escape."

All that is required! No flushing of sewers; no scouring of drains; no abolition of filth; no abatement of nuisances? Swallow your infinitesimal globule of belladonna, and never mind the indefinite quantity of infinitesimal particles of sulphuretted hydrogen which you breathe into your lungs! Never mind regimen; eat and drink as much as you like, and as little as you must. Gulp only your belladonna globule, and, robust or weak, plethoric or emaciated, in good or bad condition, you will be equally insusceptible of scarlet fever. For, adds that confident physician, DR. EPPS,—

"I write this as a fact established by the experience of multitudes, and also by the experience of myself. "I am, &c.,
"89, Great Russell Street, W.C., Dec. 29." "JOHN EPPS, M.D."

Wherever scarlet fever rages, the majority generally escape it, whether they take globules of belladonna or no. Anybody who has been in the way of scarlet fever without catching it may assert, as a fact established by the experience of multitudes as well as his own, the infallibility, as a preventive remedy of scarlet fever, of nothing whatever.

The foregoing remarks are not likely to do much good, for none of our readers are probably fools enough to be persuaded by DR. EPPS to neglect every precaution against scarlet fever, except that of taking an infinitesimal pill of belladonna night and morning.

MR. BARNUM, the other evening, obliged the British Public with a new definition of Humbug, which he described as the puffery of that which was wholesome or harmless in itself. Perhaps he will see reason to amend that definition in the letter on homœopathy which has been published by DR. EPPS.

MORALITY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

MR. BLACK has been addressing a commercial audience at Glasgow, endeavouring to impress upon his hearers the commonest principles of morality and the plainest maxims of prudence. Such lectures are much needed in the commercial world, and calculated to do a vast amount of good if those who hear them would pay much attention to them. To preach prudence, however, at Glasgow may seem somewhat like carrying coals to Newcastle; but even caution appears to have deserted the commercial mind of Scotland itself. A series of discourses on crime and its consequences, which would be more practically interesting than the inculcation of mere precepts, might have a salutary operation if delivered in any of our great centres of business, Scotch or English. If, for example, any competent speaker and moralist would read the *Newgate Calendar* in our principal Town Halls —the reading duly illustrated by diagrams and designs relative to penal discipline, much fraud and embezzlement would probably be nipped in the bud. Were the task undertaken by any lover of his species, anxious to reclaim the wanderer, and gifted with the requisite talents and endowments of heart and head, we should cordially wish him good speed.

AVOID AND DISCOURAGE HOT SUPPERS. Promote the serving of Tea at an early part of the evening. Avoid Card-playing. Rake out the Fire before you retire up-stairs. Don't Read in bed. Wind up your Watch, and Blow out the Candle, before you go to sleep. N.B. Retire half an hour earlier on Saturday nights, or as often as you take a hot footbath.—EARLY-GOING-TO-BED ASSOCIATION, Clapham.

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

MELODRAMA, FARCE, AND PANTOMIME.

THE title which I have chosen for the commencement of this paper, *Mr. Punch*, is a snare and a delusion, as instead of talking about Melodrama first, I am going with malice prepense to touch upon Legitimate Comedy, including under that name SHAKSPEARE's Comedies and the old 'Five Acters,' which have become part of our national dramatic works, such as the plays of GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, *et id genus omne*.—Well, Sir, what is to be said about the conventionalities of such pieces as *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, &c. &c. When I think of such names as VESTRIS, NISBET, GLOVER, FARREN, HARLEY, and the like, it makes me tremble to think even of turning into fun the great lessons which they have taught, so I am sure you will applaud my discretion when I boldly state that I put my tail between my legs and walk away, leaving the field open to others who have the hardihood to attack them.

"Under the word Melodrama, *Mr. Punch*, I do not include 'the Cut and Thrust and brick-dust boots School,' as I mean to reserve my remarks on the last named class of dramatic works, until I have a good broad-nibbed pen and two or three glasses of brandy-and-water; so let me go back to where I might have commenced, and touch upon the Melodrama, keeping it distinct from 'the Nautical Proper,' of which also hereafter.

"The last Melodrama which I happened to see, was fraught with strong characters—there was a wicked and fashionable Baronet, a Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk, a pattern Milliner (daughter of the Baronet's bailiff), a gay Widow—*Lady Sparkle*, and a glorious Villain compared with whom *Bill Sykes* would be a perfect CHESTERFIELD, and several other characters of minor importance, including of course the Comic character. I forget whether it was in London or the Provinces that the Melodrama of *Hollow Hall, or the Revenge of Woman* was performed when I saw it, but I distinctly remember that the Baronet, *Sir Leonard Lovelace*, was not exactly like the specimens of Baronets in real life whom I have been acquainted with. He was not so stupid as our Furzebrake Baronet, SIR JOHN CORNCRAKE—nor so fat as SIR TOBY TUBBS, late Alderman and Cheesemonger, though he was quite as vulgar—nor was he so dashing as SIR JACK LIGHTFOOT of the Hussars—but he was a stout old young man of fifty, and either his or the Costumier's idea of a Baronet's dress was a tight green cut-a-away coat with gilt buttons, drab trousers strapped very close over a wide pair of patent leather boots (which by the bye were made roomy about the corns), and as regarded his upper man, a red silk neckcloth with splinter-bar pins, and a white hat, the whole being set off by a pair of dirty white kid gloves. The white hat and the gloves considerably assisted the Baronet in an easy deportment, as I observed whenever *Sir Leonard* made a speech to *Lady Sparkle*, at the conclusion of each sentence he elevated the white tile, and when perplexed by the Widow, after an aside of 'Soft—I must dissemble,' he concealed his embarrassment by playing with the buttons of the dirty kids.

"It may be remarked *en passant*, that the taking off of the hat forms a considerable portion of the stage effect in some of the demi-French pieces where the men are dressed in velvet coats and ruffles and broad-topped boots trimmed with lace, and three-cornered hats edged with swan's-down, like the prize coachmen's on a drawing-room day, and when all the characters, except the servants, are either Marquises or Marchionesses. The scene of these pieces is always laid at Versailles, and I know for certain when *M. le Marquis* addresses *La Marquise de Queenoftromps* with that pure Anglo-Parisian accent peculiar to our nation, in this style:—'And permit me, Madame, to remark, that to have had all the blood of the *Charlermangs* in one's veins, is not equal to have had the *on-tray* of the *sallongs* of the *Markwees de Queenoftromps*,' that he will conclude with a low bow, with his right foot pointed, and his hat touching the ground—and that the *Marquise* will raise quite a small cloud of dust with her sweeping curtesy.

"Turning again to the Melodrama, I have a perfect recollection of the Heroine appearing in all weathers in and out of doors in a low dress and a smart muslin apron, and moreover that she displayed a dazzling array of jewellery, and I further remember a long soliloquy of the wicked Baronet, when he was vacillating between a pure affection for the Widow or an illicit attachment to the Milliner, and the latter prevailing, the Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk was sent off to Australia by his supposed benefactor, and the Villain, aided by a gang of smugglers, soon after the departure of the Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk, attempted to carry off the Milliner, who with loud shrieks of 'Unhand me, Villains!' flourished a crowbar so lustily that her ravishers were kept at bay, until *Ben Topsail*, a brave Tar, jumped in at the window, and 'scuttled their nobs larboard and starboard, and blew the scoundrels to the Devil with a flying sail.' After this terrific encounter, the Virtuous Milliner takes a touching farewell of home to the sound of slow music, with a determination to seek her faithful lover in Australia, where she appeared in the Second Act, and although three years were supposed to have elapsed, to all appearance she had never changed her clothes, as she was discovered in the same low dress and muslin apron, the only addition to her costume being a straw hat with cherry-coloured ribbons, and a red cloak. We had the scene of the discovery of her lover, who, having been informed by the Villain in a letter that the Milliner was living in great style with *Sir Leonard Lovelace*, is comfortably married and blessed with a family. Hereupon followed a violent paroxysm of rage and jealousy, crimination and recrimination, which ended in a touching *tableau*, to slow music again, of the Virtuous Milliner going on her knees and blessing her rival's children. What the conclusion of this Melodrama may have been, *Mr. Punch*, I must leave to the imagination of your readers, as being rather out of spirits on the occasion of my witnessing the two first acts, I was rendered so profoundly wretched at seeing so many people made unnecessarily uncomfortable, that I left the heroine to go home and drown herself in *Sir Leonard Lovelace's* duck-pond, or marry him as she pleased. I rather fancy she did the former, as the playbill announced the last scene to be '*The Duckpond of Lovelace Manor by Moonlight.*' The Catastrophe!

"But the Farce! *Mr. Punch*, hurrah for the Conventionalities of the Farce, and long life to them. Thank you ten thousand times, MESSRS. MATHEWS, BUCKSTONE, KEELEY, and all you good gentlemen, who have so many times sent me roaring with laughter home, when I have been surly and ill-tempered before seeing you. Oh! if the Conventionalities of the Farce could only be practised in real life, what a merry life it would be. Shouldn't you like, O BROWN, you who are reading this at your Club, or TOM'S; LANGUISH, you who are moping in your Chambers, and crying over old love letters to find a pretty girl with £20,000; meet her once at a ball—whistle under her window—be let in by the pretty lady's-maid—(to whom of course you would give a kiss and ten guineas, with no further remonstrance than, Oh fie! *Captain*,)—hear 'that dear *Miss Laura* has been crying about you all night'—be shown into the drawing-room, and have a long *tête-à-tête* with *Miss Laura*—be disturbed by the angry *Old Uncle*, and be hid in the closet—hear the conversation between *Miss Laura* and *Admiral Thunderbolt*—listen to the young lady's remonstrances against marrying her cousin, *Mr. Soapy*, interspersed with the oaths of the gallant seaman—be fished out of the closet, and arrange a runaway match with *Miss Laura*, aided by *Ribbons*, the maid—re-appear with *Miss Laura* as *Mrs. Brown* or *Mrs. Languish*, and find the *Admiral* in deep conversation with *Soapy* about his intended marriage—go down on your knees and confess the relationship between the Admiral's ward and yourself—and after a broadside from the old gentleman, hear the noble *Soapy* declare that he strikes his colours; and as a finale, receive the £20,000 down in a pocket-book, with 'an old sailor's blessing,' and a promise that 'he will shake a leg at your first christening,' and an indirect hint 'that there may be a shot in the locker to buy a silver cup for the young scoundrel.' Oh, *Mr. Punch*, if we had but the money and forgiveness which is given away every night on the stage, how rich we should be in Christian charity and three per cents. It staggers one to think how single men, who adopt the stage as a profession, and who get so lightly over their love affairs there, do not remain bachelors for life. How do they ever manage to face that awful institution in marriage preliminaries, the British mother. Our play-writers are too sharp to try to introduce that character in runaway matches, as to make the story at all like nature it would be necessary to have a hundred acts. I think, Sir, if any one was to try the game of whistling under a window in Belgravia, he would learn a good many tunes before *Ribbons* would admit him, even though he was the most virtuous man in Europe. A pretty face with £20,000, or a very ordinary one with the same money, is always at a premium in London; but if you, BROWN, or LANGUISH, have a title or a rent-roll, or either (both preferred), go boldly up to the door, and you will be received with a smile, and it will be your own fault if you don't have a Bishop to marry you, with six parsons to assist, and full choral service, besides having the wedding speeches reported in the *Morning Post*, and all the happiness which—which *you have bought, and no more.*

"As to the Pantomimes, *Mr. Punch*, there are no Conventionalities about them. I believed in

them when a boy, and I choose to do so now. I firmly believe that (were it not for the unusual number of Policemen) the side of the Theatre is knocked out, and that I sit in the boxes and look into the street. The *Clown* and *Pantaloon* to me are only eccentric gentlemen in funny clothes—they are quite right to steal that goose out of the Poulterer's window, and to butter the pavement when the Pawnbroker's assistant runs out to see who has smashed the window and taken the watches. I am glad the shopman has slipped up on his back, and I hope he has hurt himself, and I applaud the *Pantaloon* for giving him in charge for robbing his own shop, and the *Clown* for bonneting the Policeman who takes him away. Ah! *Mr. Punch*, if I had had my own way at the early age of seventeen, I would have married *Columbine*—that beautiful *Columbine* of my youth—out of hand, and who knows but that I might have been the Father of a long line of *Clowns* and *Harlequins*, but—(*cetera desunt*)."

CUSTOMERS' PROTECTION CIRCULAR.

LONDON tradesfolk have established an elaborate sort of spy system, for the purpose of protecting themselves against bad customers. There is regularly prepared, and circulated among tradesmen, a Black List, in which the names and histories of any persons who are supposed to be undesirable patrons of trade are duly printed, with any information that can be picked up about the parties; and the subscribers to this work, when a new customer presents himself, search the list, with a view to see whether he may be trusted. It has been felt that this is an excellent system, but should not be one-sided in its operation; and, inasmuch as for one dishonest buyer there are at least ten dishonest sellers, it has been thought that the purchasing public may well employ the same method of self-defence. *Mr. Punch* has been requested to publish the following specimen page, and to edit the *Customer's Protection List*. He has acceded to the first request; but his numerous avocations, and the probability that, on the fall of LORD DERBY, he will be obliged to accept the Premiership, compel him to decline the latter. He will, however, be happy to lend his aid to a project which appears to him a fair one.

CUSTOMERS' PROTECTION LIST.

Specimen page.

A.

ADDLEHEAD, Jehoshaphat (Chemist). Very ignorant, and has poisoned several persons by mistake in chemicals. Clever at sending in bills that have been paid, and rapid in County-courting you unless you have preserved receipts.

ADIPOSE, Samuel (Draper). Confirmed habit of giving servants and children bad money in change, and bullying when asked to make restitution. Either he or his father absconded with the rates of St. Habbakuk, Norwood.

APPLEBITE, Cruncher (Linendraper). Professes to sell cheap and good articles, but mind that the goods put up for you are those you bought, if you take away the parcel yourself. You may be quite sure they will not be the same if you let him send the things home.

APPYCHOP, Peter (Cheesemonger). Has been fined eleven times in one year for giving bad weight.

B.

BILKY, Loafer M. (Perfumer). His favourite habit is that of supplying servants with articles set down against their employers, and as soon as the servant leaves demanding payment, and making it worth the ex-domestic's while to swear that she procured the articles for her master or mistress. Has been in America, and several prisons.

BLADDERBY, Maria (Milliner). Addicted to leaving her last address without giving a new one, and taking with her materials sent her to make up. Has changed her name several times, and passed for some time as MADAME VAURIEN, of Paris.

BLOBBINS, Amos (Schoolmaster). Formerly small coal merchant, previously general agent, previously photographer, previously attorney's clerk, previously treasurer to a benefit society with whose funds he bolted. Knows nothing; but does not ill-treat the children much, except when he is drunk, which is generally.

BLOSSOMNOSE, Tobias (Licensed Victualler). Said in the trade to be the most adroit adulterator it can boast. Look carefully at any change given from his bar. Is thought to be trading on money of which he defrauded his brother's orphans.

C.

CHOKERINI, Elise Mathilde (Lodging-house Keeper). Her name is Sarah Choker. Not a bad manager; but beware of leaving any article of value where she can get at it. She has sent several servant-girls to prison on charge of stealing lodgers' property, of which her brother, a pawnbroker, could give a good account. She drinks.

CHUBBLEFORD, Wiggins (Watchmaker). Old established house, and can therefore afford to play tricks. Do not believe that your watch wants two guineas' worth of repair, merely because he looks at it superciliously, and tells you to call in a month. And do not let him lend you a watch, to be used while your own is under repair, unless you wish to be charged with repairs to the former in consequence of injuries he will discover that you have done it.

CIMMERING, Alfred Jobble (Solicitor). He is only a tradesman as a scrivener, but none the more honest for that. Leave no money in his hands, if you are his client; and if he is against you, beware of trusting any promise, and never see him except with a witness taken by yourself. He lends money of his mother-in-law's, who keeps a marine store. You had better not borrow any of it.

COWPOCK, Pump (Milkman). Nothing known against him, except that he adulterates all his milk, and invariably charges families with a third more than they have had.

D.

DANDELION, Barnabas (Proprietor of Houses). Be particularly careful in examining your agreement; also, that non-existent fixtures are not set down; also, that articles said to be in the house are there when you go in, as they certainly will have to be left there when you go out. And pay your rent to the day, or he will set a dirty little attorney, his nephew, to screw the price of a lithographed letter out of you.

DEADBIRD, Carney (Undertaker). Let some friend, who is not too much afflicted to remember exactly what he orders, deal with this party; and look after greatcoats and umbrellas while his carrion-crows, with their big bags, hover about the house.

DE PORTMENT, Vestris Chesterfield (Dancing Master). Kept a drinking-house, under the name of a dancing academy. Was horsewhipped for trying to entrap a young lady pupil into a marriage with an Irish billiard-marker. Good manners and address; but if you employ him for private lessons, see that there is nothing in the school-room on which he can lay hands. Has been fined for beating his wife, but is a good instructor.

DOO, Abimelech (Pawnbroker), brother to Mrs. Choker. If you live within half a mile of him, you are pretty safe in sending a policeman to him after any goods you may miss. He "never asks questions."

[*Subscribers' names may be sent to Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street.*]

Fashions for January.

THE New Year is heralded with a pretty novelty. On collars, cuffs, jackets, the robe, the skirts, and the fashionable red stockings now so much worn (without wanting to be darned) is splendidly embroidered, in the most attractive colours, the figure at which the article was purchased, and the name of the establishment by which it was supplied. Thus any mistake about the superiority of the costume is effectually precluded, and the draper's shop is advertised into the bargain. The patterns are considered very pretty.

SERIOUS INCONSISTENCY.

THE Exeter Hall May Meetings are limited to the month, or what is called the Season. Yet the frequenters of these assemblies are people who profess to make a point of asserting their peculiar views in season and out of season.

School Boy (to Farmer, who has come out to protect his fields). "NOW THEN, OLD TURNIP-TOPS! *WARE WHEAT!*"

PASSING FOR A CORNET.

(*See Alloa Advertiser.*)

THERE was a young gallant, of strong martial bent,
A juvenile hero, on glory intent;
The blood of a warrior ran hot in his veins;
A full heart was his, but he bore empty brains.

This hero that would be, since now some twelve moons,
A Cornetcy sought in a troop of dragoons;
But he first had an examination to pass.
For now a horse-regiment can't let in an ass.

So what did our hero in such a hard strait,
Impassable quite with his ill-furnished pate?
He just went and borrowed another man's head,
A substitute hiring to pass in his stead.

The substitute stood the ordeal at once,
And passed in the name of our valiant young dunce,
Who obtained thus by proxy a first class degree;
His commission he bought, and gazetted was he.

The knave he had been fool enough to suborn
Soon fixed in the young dragoon's saddle a thorn;
The threat of exposure hard bought off, and then
Renewed, and bought off, and repeated again.

Ten months of this life the bold stupid youth bore,
Until he could buy off the rascal no more,
Who, his avarice now sopped no longer with pay,
Peached forthwith on the dupe that had ceased to yield prey.

From head-quarters down word of question prompt speeds;
Fact can't be denied, and dismissal succeeds.
The price of Commission escheats to the Crown,
And the red coat is doffed, and the wearer done brown.

Oh, gallants, whose valour your wit doth excel,
There's no longer a chance for a dense dashing swell;
You must now learn and labour to furnish your brains,
Before you can have them blown out for your pains.

In the eating's the proof of the pudding, 'tis said;
Some think fighting the proof of your good pudding head;
The head that reflects like the pudding, when hot,
And is fit to supply food for powder and shot.

But trust we that boobies do not fight the best,
And scholars won't fail when they come to the test;
And though, ere in war they can venture their luck,
They must take a degree, will show no want of pluck.

Lines Written in Christmas Week.

(*With the Point of the Forefinger on the Window.*)

HERE 's a merry Christmas—neither frost nor snow,
Not a pond to skate on—all the rivers flow.
Hedge-sparrow keeps warbling; thrush and blackbird sing;
You may call this Christmas; I should call it Spring.

AN ACT OF GRACE.

Montalembert Pardons the Emperor.

THE DREAM OF JOHN BRIGHT.

'Twas on the closing of the year,
About the time of Yule,
Came four-and-twenty loose M.P.s
Tale-telling out of school;
There were some that raved, and some behaved
Like old Lords of Misrule.

They talked about with reckless minds;
Reformers thick and thin:
All old-world caution laughed to scorn,
Called moderation sin:
Bade folks kick British notions out,
And Yankee ones take in.

Such gen'ral shying ne'er was seen
Since knock-me-downs began;
They turned to mirth rank, wealth, and worth,
As but mob-flatterers can:
But the leader sat apart from all,
A melancholy man!

His broad-brim off: his vest apart:
No tie his neck to squeeze:
In *négligé* unquakerlike,
And with spirit ill at ease,
As a tar who finds he 's raised a gale
By whistling for a breeze.

Tired of distorting facts, to fig-
-ures tired of playing cook,
He fumed, he fretted: springing up,
Some moody turns he took.
When lo! he saw a small M.P.,
That pored upon a book!

"In what book read you, thus intent?
Progress's Tale, by PHILP in ?*
—Progress! Oh, happy they, their faith
Who on the word can *still pin*!—"
The small M.P. looked up, and said,
"I 'm reading *Johnny Gilpin*."

The leader took six hasty strides—
(To such strides he was prone:)
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Six hastier back anon:
And down he sat by the small M.P.,
And talked to him of JOHN.

And how the tale that COWPER wrote,
And all the world doth know,
Deep allegoric meaning veils,
Its mask of mirth below;
How few that start to ride can tell
How far they 'll have to go.

And how JOHN GILPIN is a type
Of Agitator kind;
The calender's hot, hard-mouth'd horse,
A hobby of the mind;
Whereon who mounts by no means can,
Pull up when so inclined.

And he told of Revolutions wild,
And things that then befall;
How there are times, when public men
Turn JOHNNY GILPINS all:
To whom, at speed, mobs shout "well done,
As loud as they can bawl."

While they have much ado to hold
The saddles they bestride,
Nor more control the steed they sit,
Than vessels do the tide:
It is the team has bolted: they
Are passengers inside.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme;—
Stokers, who find they 've stopped the valves,
When they wish to shut off steam—
For why—methought I was such an one
But last night—in a dream.

"A Brummagem CROMWELL I would be,
And to the Speaker's face
As a fool's-cap treat his reverend wig,
As a bauble mock his mace.
Yes: now, said I, the old House shall die,
And a new House take its place.

"Two monster meetings at Birmingham,
At Manchester but one;
A talk at Glasgow and Edinburgh,
And then the deed was done:
There lay the old Parliament defunct,
And I was the great gun!

"There lay the old Parliament defunct,
And I had drawn the bill!
But, oh! the pricks and qualms I felt
When I had wrought my will:
There seemed a life in the Old House,
Not even I could kill.

"I thought of all my triumphs there,
In Corn-Law fights of fame;
Ten thousand thousand memories
Seemed to be crying 'Shame!'
I took my COCKER in my hand,
But the figures went and came.

"And now for my new Commons' House
The writs went through the land;
Which I had parcelled out in squares,
Symmetrically planned:
With household suffrage and ballot-box,
That numbers might command.

"The new House met: a motley set:
The place I hardly knew:
What with COXES multiplied by ten,
And the POPE's brass band by two.
The old House had few working men,
But none at all had the new!

"Yet where the one [illegible] hill,
The new one, it passed three:
For as all were of one way of thinking,
They didn't disagree.
And the know-nothings and the have-nothings
Worked well in companie.

"And first they voted each Member
Should have his pound a-day;
And then they voted the National Debt
Should be sponged clean away;
And they organised labour on the plan
Of 'no work and good pay.'

"I urged them to clap on the break;
I swam against the stream:
But was called a bloated aristocrat,
Puffed out by blood and steam—
My good M.P., remember, this
Was nothing but a dream.

"They voted the peoples of the earth
What the French call *solidaire*;
Went in for oppressed nationalities,
Big or little, dark or fair;
I called for diminished armaments,
But I found myself nowhere.

"The Income-Tax they doubled soon
In country and in town:
Why should not the rich, they asked, pay up
A shilling in the crown?
I quoted M'CULLOCH and ADAM SMITH,
But was instantly coughed down.

"The old Trade-Combinations
Next reared their heads and thrived;
The statutes 'against Forestallers
And Regraters' were revived:
I saw Protection's old flag brought out,
And for shame 'neath the benches dived!

"O Lord! to think of *their* wild schemes,
And *mine* so right and fair;—
Retrenchment, non-intervention,
Free-Trade, and *Laissez faire!*
Where were my hopes from the House I had made?
And Echo answered, 'Where?'

"I had raised a power I could not guide;
Like GILPIN, of whom you read;
I meant to stop at Birmingham,
And got Lord knows where instead.
And the more I pulled at my horse's reins,
The straighter he kept his head.

"I couldn't appeal to Knowledge;
Household suffrage drown'd her cry:
I couldn't appeal to Wealth or Worth,
Or Rank their power to try;
The ballot to all such influences
Had given the go-by.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And did my best to weep:
And I wished the Old House alive again,
And the New One fathoms deep—
But 'tis easier to lose the road,
Than back to it to creep!

"Oh, me—that frothy, fussy House
Besets me now awake—
COXES and WILLIAMSES by scores,
With each a speech to make;
And [illegible]s at intervals,
The monotone to break.

"And still no peace to my tortured soul
Will night or day allow;
That dreadful New House haunts my life—
I'm sitting in it Now!"
The scared M.P. looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while his platitudes
That M.P.'s audience hissed,
A stout Quaker took train for Rochdale,
And resumed the spinning of twist.
And if JOHN BRIGHT bring in no bill,
I can't say 'twill be miss'd.

* See "PHILP's *History of Progress*;" very nice reading for M.P.'s of an inquiring turn of mind.—ED.

Interesting to Debating Societies.

SUPPOSING that we Englishmen had been born in France, and that the Frenchmen had been born in England, what effect do you fancy it would have had on the course of the world's history? We cannot help thinking ourselves, and it is without the least vanity we say it, that we should have driven the French out of England, and have made a colony of the island, long ago!

Liberality of a Landlord.

WE feel great pleasure in giving publicity to the fact that GEOFFRY COVERDALE, ESQ., with his accustomed liberality, and consideration for the juvenile branches of the community, this year, on the Monday holiday following Christmas Day, threw open his extensive and well stocked preserves to the rising generation of marksmen home for the holidays, and out shooting. This is as it should be.

A KEEN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

"Help a poor broken-down Tradesman, Miss. My two last Razors a bargain—her 'em both for a Shilling."

MITCHEL AND MADNESS.

MR. MITCHEL, celebrated for the oil of vitriol which he used to pour on the troubled waters of poor old Ireland; for being transported, escaping to America, and trying to make the country that shelters him too hot to hold him, declares himself, according to the *New York Times*, the sole member of his party, and calls himself the United Irishman. The constitution of this truly Irish party will inevitably break up. The belly and the members will disagree, the head and the heels will want to change places, the whole system will become disorganised, and go to pieces. Before that consummation arrives, however, the party ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat; because it is a man beside himself: lest one side of it should throw vitriol on the other side, or run it through with a pike, and thus the United Irishman should commit suicide with the view of saving his own life.

The Results of Hippophagy.

A BERLIN gentleman has eaten so much horseflesh lately, that his nature is becoming rapidly altered. He went to a farrier's the other day to be measured for a new pair of shoes. He has grown so wild and restive, that his wife finds the greatest difficulty in reining him in. It is supposed that the horse, of which the poor man partook so largely, must have had a great deal of the *Cruiser* in its composition. At the advice of her friends, the distracted wife has decided upon sending her husband to MR. RAREY, with a view of seeing whether he cannot be tamed.

A WOMAN OF REAL NERVE.

A VERY pleasing and instructive exhibition recently took place at the private residence of PROFESSOR BLANDE. This was a woman of real nerve (species almost extinct, and not classed by CUVIER or OWEN), whom the Professor had discovered among the Lakes of Westmoreland, and had secured by a matrimonial knot, after long and severe wooing.

Having introduced three of his bachelor friends to the lady, she received them with unaffected affability, though no previous intimation had been given by the Professor of his having invited them to dinner!

On sitting down to dinner, the lady was attired in morning dress, of which, however, beyond a smiling allusion to the inconvenience of having painters in the house, she betrayed no consciousness!

Wine and filberts having been placed on the table, PROFESSOR BLANDE produced a box of cigars, and requested his bachelor friends to help themselves. The Professor observing that, if smoking was not injurious to meat, it could not possibly affect the muslin curtains—a philosophical remark in which the lady entirely concurred!

During tea, the Professor, winking at his bachelor friends, informed them that he had been elected a Director of the "Royal Sand Bank," and that in performance of his duties he should be obliged at least once a week to sleep upon the premises, at which announcement the bachelor friends were much concerned. The lady, however, composedly observed that business must be attended to, and hoped that "EDWARD" (meaning the Professor) would take his nightcap with him, and ascertain that the beds were well aired!

A very pretty servant maid waiting at table, the Professor took occasion in her absence to comment upon her personal appearance, the lady confirming his favourable opinion, and adding that PHŒBE was an excellent servant and a very good girl, and regretting in one respect that she was soon about to be married!

The exhibition concluded by PROFESSOR BLANDE ingeniously dropping a letter from his pocket, which the lady picked up, and found to be a Valentine highly coloured. PROFESSOR BLANDE feigned to be much disconcerted at this discovery; but the lady was so amused by his guilty countenance that he was at length constrained to admit that he had written and posted it himself. On hearing this confession the lady pleasantly observed that a little innocent diversion was not dear at a penny, and that it might have been less usefully spent—for example, in snuff, which never made people laugh, though it often made them sneeze. At this mild expression of a feminine prejudice the bachelor friends lifted up their eyes with one consent, and married hugely.

Before their departure the bachelor friends warmly congratulated PROFESSOR BLANDE upon his invaluable acquisition; and requested him, if he should hear of another specimen, to let them know as soon as convenient; which PROFESSOR B. promised to do, archly observing, however, that he rather flattered himself his exhibition was unique.

STRANGE COMPANIONS.

MR. PUNCH has had his curiosity aroused to ascertain the principle on which a contemporary, one of the pirates of an original idea, selects his portrait gallery of Eminent and Illustrious Individuals. The curious mixture of preachers, politicians, Indian princes, philosophers, and Lord Mayors, which has hitherto made up the "Gallery" is remarkable, but puzzling. PRINCE ALBERT and MR. WALLET "the Shakspearian Clown and Jester," may be fitting companion portraits, but the fitness is not apparent to the popular mind. However, that is the business of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and we shall not be surprised if the gallery list should proceed in this way:—

SPLENDID PORTRAITS IN THE HANDS OF THE ENGRAVER.

201 Louis Napoleon
202 The Wizard of the North
203 Mr. Benjamin Caunt
204 The Archbishop of York
205 The Tipton Slasher
206 The Head Waiter at Joe's
207 Baron Rothschild
208 Paddy Green
209 The Duke of Wellington
210 Miss Gilbert
211 Mr. Rarey
212 The Chancellor of the Exchequer
213 Herr Von Joel
214 Earl Grey
215 Mr. Jack Sanders
216 The Princess Alice
217 Wiljabber Frikkle
218 Lord Macaulay
219 The Christy Minstrels
220 Rev. Dr. Cumming
221 Mr. Ernest Jones
222 *Mr. Punch.*

RANK LUXURIANCE.

THE number of titles one meets with abroad, where every one, from the Landlord down to the "Boots," is a Count.

"LETTERED EASE."—The ease with which the postage-stamps fall off the letters for the want of a little gum.

A COURSE THAT IS NOT MEAT.

THE following parallel is advanced by the *Morning Post*:—

"We don't see why greater unanimity should be demanded of juries in questions of damages than of judges in questions of law. In either case facts are the bases of decision. It appears to us, that it would have been rather a senseless indignity if, in the case of the Braintree church-rate question, where eight judges of Exchequer Chamber insisted on one view, and seven on another, the whole fifteen had been transported in a cart, and had been left to settle their differences in the mud of the Thames."

We thoroughly agree with our humorous contemporary. What is good for a box full of jurymen should be equally good for a bench full of judges. We think great benefit might arise from locking up fifteen big-wigs. After fasting four-and-twenty hours,—after being denied wine, filberts, coffee, whist, music, for an entire evening,—after the inconveniences of a strange room, separated from the warm fire and the easy chair by the side of it, to say nothing of the other nice comforts of one's happy home,—perhaps our judges would have a little more compassion on jurymen, and do their utmost to get the absurd law altered. Supposing the death of a juryman were to ensue in consequence of this cruel treatment, would the presiding judge be answerable for it? Could he be indicted for manslaughter? and is it necessary for some such calamity to occur before our lawyers will see the necessity of having the present system materially modified, if not repealed? As it is, the juryman in many cases is treated with less mercy and consideration than the prisoner at the bar; and perhaps wishes, at the time he is feeling the sharp pangs of hunger, that he could only change places with him. Were the jury composed exclusively of aldermen, or men whose consciences lie in their stomachs, we should see no great hardship in the matter; for the lot would instantaneously agree, sooner than run the risk of losing a dinner. But with conscientious men, whose souls do not float in a tureen of turtle, the trial is somewhat severe. The maxim of "Fast bind, fast find," may be perfectly correct; but we cannot believe that so much fasting is at all binding, simply for the purpose of finding a jury unanimous. The cart, too, in our opinion, is most savagely dragged forward. It is only adding insult to injury, to bring up the *carte* to a set of starving men, when they are not allowed the option of choosing anything!

CORN AND CHAFF.

WE clearly must look out. Our success is encouraging a whole swarm of copyists. Imitation is, we know, the homage paid to genius; nevertheless, we cannot say that we feel altogether pleased by it. *Punch* has so long held the post of joke-purveyor to the nation, that it is painful to imagine his having to retire from it. Yet, if the practice of facetious writing spreads much further, the time cannot be far distant when we must put our shutters up. Every man is now becoming his own *Punch*; and, as everyone, of course, thinks more of his own jokes than of anybody else's, there is the fear that *Punch* may soon be nationally dispensed with.

To show that this calamity is really getting imminent, we beg to cite a passage from a corn-factor's Price Current, which has been sent for our inspection by a country correspondent:—

"SIR, Being rather of a musical turn, a variety of airs often intrude themselves on our meditations, but it is long since that the air of '*There's a good time coming, only wait a little longer,*' has been chaunted, and '*Thou art gone from my gaze*' substituted, accompanied by the '*Light of other days:*' still our tone is not so subdued that we would not listen to '*Come, cheer up, my lads,*' although the prospect of the wheat trade is not over-cheering; if we get a glimpse of sunshine one week, it is overcast the next, no redemption of the lost shilling or two on Monday last, during the week, a few more frosty days may give a little more life to the trade, but till the turn of the year we cannot expect much revival in anything. * * Nothing could be much worse than the wheat trade this morning, except the weather, which was very foggy and gloomy; only dry parcels taken; and these were at a reduction of 1s. on the terms of this day week. Foreign scarcely heeded. Flour very irregular. * * Oats in dull demand. * * *

"Faithfully yours, &c."

This circular has been issued by certain MESSRS. GROVES, who, though their place is in Mark Lane, must be viewed as close connections to the famous Groves of Blarney. The object of their circular being to excite a laugh, we have no objection to admit it to our columns, where, as matter for hilarity, it more fitly finds a place than among the business papers of the merchants it was sent to. At the same time, however, we must caution MESSRS. GROVES that it is only for its novelty we publish their facetiousness.

As tending to relieve the monotony of business, the writing comic circulars might be excused, if it were not for the fear that they may injure *Punch*. At the same time, we feel little apprehension on that score, so long as their facetiousness is not more convulsing than that of MESSRS. GROVES. The joke they crack about the weather may be cited as a proof of the mildness of the season. Indeed, we cannot avoid thinking that, in coming out as joke-factors, these corn-factors forget the old "*Ne sutor*" principle.

"A PRESS OF HIGHLY IMPORTANT MATTER."

ALTHOUGH reporters of the press are in general to be commended for the circumspection of their language, slips of the pen will yet occasionally occur; and one of these we notice in a passage which was printed in the *Times* the other day, having reference to an Evening Service at St. Paul's:—

"The Vice-Chancellor SIR W. PAGE WOOD was an occupant of one of the reserved seats, on which there was more than ordinary pressure."

To make "more than ordinary pressure" on a seat, the sitter must of course be more than ordinarily ponderous; and to readers unacquainted with SIR W. PAGE WOOD, the above words would convey a quite erroneous impression of him. They might picture him a man of aldermanic ponderosity, and might conceive that if he had had regard for the fitness of things, he ought by rights to have been seated among the Corporation. But we, who know SIR PAGE WOOD personally, know him to be spare in person, and therefore think he should be spared from such an imputation.

In making such allusion to the weight of the Vice-Chancellor, we cannot say the *Times* speaks with undue levity. The gravamen of our charge is, simply, that the language undeniably is personal, and it cannot be alleged that it is founded upon fact.

It is quite right that a judge should be looked upon and spoken of as being a man of weight; but in such case we infer that the weight which is imputed to him is not bodily but mental. We do not think that one's ideas of the importance of a Chancellor would be heightened by one's picturing him as ponderous of person; and as in this instance the imputation of obesity is in substance incorrect, we certainly can see the less shadow of excuse for it.

PETTICOAT PROTECTION.

IF ladies *will* wear Crinoline, clearly something must be done to protect them from its consequences. We must either adopt the Russian plan, and give up burning open fires, or else prevent the chance of female suicide through contact with them. As it is, we never see a lady on the hearthrug, without fearing she will make an *auto da fé* of herself. We have put down in India the practice of *Suttee*, but in England wives and daughters are consumed as well as widows. Clearly, if we wish to see advancement in our census, we must stop these female sacrifices on their idol Fashion's altar. Lives enough are lost through their shoes and tight-lacing, without our adding Crinoline as a depopulating influence.

Unless dresses are made fire-proof, no one, while the present stuck-out fashion lasts, can wear them safely. As a deterrent from wide petticoats, we should pass an Act of Parliament to regulate their sale, and should permit none to be worn without being marked "DANGEROUS!" The chances of incendiarism are so numerous, that, were a Crinoline Insurance Company established, it could not possibly withstand the constant claims that would be made on it. Fire-escapes should be provided in all drawing-rooms, by which ladies when alight might be rescued without scorching. As an additional precaution, the air-tubes of the petticoat might all be filled with water, and fitted with the means, when needful, to eject it. Every lady thus would, in fact, be her own fire-engine, and could play upon herself the moment her dress caught. At a moderate computation, a properly-spread petticoat contains some thousand feet of tubing; and such a reservoir as this would hold enough to put out any common-place conflagration. The more cold water that is thrown on Crinoline the better; although we fear the rage for it burns with such a heat, that no cold water we can throw through our columns will extinguish it.

The Jury Starvation System.

Q. WHAT foreign institution does Starving a Jury approach the nearest to?

A. The Diet of Hungary.

JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack. "MAMMA DEAR! NOW ISN'T THIS CALLED KISSMAS TIME, BECAUSE EVYERBODY KISSES EVYERBODY UNDER THE MISTLETOE? ADA SAYS, IT ISN'T."

ASTROLOGY FOR IRISH BLACKGUARDS.

TAURUS in the Cusp of the Tenth House. LOONEY MACTWOLTER joins a Riband Society.

Mars in Square with Saturn. LOONEY purchases a blunderbuss.

Aries in Trine to Cancer. The lot to assassinate a Landlord falls upon LOONEY.

Retrocession of proud Jupiter in the Crab. LOONEY loads his blunderbuss with slugs, and sneaks behind a hedge.

Mars in Leo. LOONEY fires his blunderbuss at somebody else's Landlord, and shoots his own Priest by mistake.

Mercury in Square with Libra. A reward being offered for the apprehension of the murderer, LOONEY is betrayed by several of his associates, tried at the Assizes, found guilty by a jury of his country, and sentenced to death.

Occultation of Jupiter by the Moon. LOONEY MACTWOLTER is hanged.

HOT WATER WITH AMERICA.

ANOTHER serious complication with America is unfortunately to be apprehended. Yesterday an individual arrayed in an ample blue coat of broad cloth, with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat and drab breeches; his legs encased in top boots, his upper storey surmounted with a broad-brimmed hat, his hands in his pockets, and a cudgel under his arm, calling himself JOHN BULL, was conveyed to the Police Office on a charge of swindling. In his pockets were found abundant evidence that his real name was OBADIAH BRUM, of Brumville, N. Y.; on the manifestation of which fact he "cut up rough," and declared that the British constabulary officials had in his person violated the privileges of an American citizen by exercising the Right of Search. Correspondence on the subject has taken place between MR. DALLAS and LORD MALMESBURY.

Classical Conundrum.

Picked up near St. Paul's.

Q. IF a gent wished to invite another to his house, and wanted to remind him to put on his best toggery, in what one Latin word could he express both wishes?

A. "*Circumspice!*" (i. e., *Gentice*, "Sir, come spicy!")

ULTRA-CREPIDATORS.

COLERIDGE, in one of his letters to SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, says:—

"That I was a well-meaning suitor who had ultra-crepidated with more zeal than wisdom!! I give myself credit for that word 'ultra-crepidated;' it started up in my brain like a creation."

Yes, it is a fine cobbled word. We like the notion of ultra-crepidating as little as we like the race of men who, if we may be allowed to coin at the same mint, may be called "ultra-crepidators." And society is full of these abominable busy-bodies, who make it their business to attend to everybody else's business but their own.

A builder, who will persist in being his own architect, is an Ultra-crepidator, to whom we are indebted for the heaps of mushroom villas and fungi mansions, that, in wild luxuriance, are stuccoed over the suburbs of London.

The apothecary, who presumes to give advice as if he were a medical man, is also an Ultra-crepidator, who causes an infinity of mischief by going beyond the boundary of his pestle and mortar. The bills, as well as the pills, of mortality, (by which we mean all Life-Pills,) are largely indebted to him for their increase.

The manager of a theatre, who fancies he can write just as well as any practised author, and will persist in thrusting on the stage his own puny farcelings, that are so weak that there is no chance of their making a stand, much less having a run, is another ugly phase of the Ultra-crepidator, whose attempts at wit are so atrociously bad, that it would be a real comfort to know he had stuck to his "last."

The man who ventures to interfere in a matrimonial quarrel between man and wife, is a rich specimen of the Ultra-crepidatorial class, whose folly is generally rewarded, as it deserves to be, by his "catching it" severely on both sides.

The patriot who abuses the power of his influence by setting class against class, is in his way an Ultra-crepidator, who generally finds out his mistake by the time that the popularity, upon which he has been trading, has all but left him, when the chances are, he is the first to fall the victim to the prejudices he has created.

The country, that makes a practice of intermeddling on all occasions with the private affairs of other nations, is guilty of Ultra-crepidation of the saddest and most ruinous nature, from the effects of which it rarely ever recovers. A National Debt is the mildest punishment of such practices; for they likewise involve a painful loss of life and character, for which the instigators of the wicked folly should be held legally, as they are morally, responsible.

Circumlocution is an indirect form of Ultra-crepidation, for the last business it attends to is mostly the one it has taken in hand. It shines particularly in minding everything but its own business; or if it does by accident attend to it, it turns out by the time it commences, there is no further occasion for its services. The business in the meantime has quietly settled itself.

And lastly, any one who is guilty of aiming at an excellence he is disqualified by nature and education from attaining—for instance, any one who is vain enough to compete with *Punch*—is an arrant Ultra-crepidator, whose impertinence is deserving of our heartiest contempt, which we accordingly award to him in the most liberal manner.

If only for the last reason, all future dictionaries should be enriched with the addition of the word "Ultra-crepidator," to which should be appended the classical names of COLERIDGE and *Punch*.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN PORTUGAL."

WE read a paragraph in a newspaper with the above heading. We only wondered what could have occurred to an Earthquake on the road to make it *late*. We always laboured under the idea that an Earthquake was always up in a crack, and waited neither for time, tide, man, woman, or child. Did the Earthquake hesitate before it took its huge meal, fancying that there might be Naples, or the Tuileries, or some other place worthier of its dainty swallow? However, let an earthquake come ever so late, we should think it must always be on the ground very much too early.

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SCARCELY A DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Swell Bagman. *"Now, what's the smallest sum I can give you without being considered mean?"*

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF WHALES.

We have been informed by our Æsop, that a meeting of Whales took place the other day off a large iceberg in the Arctic regions to take into consideration the probability of their speedy extinction in case of the much longer continuance of hoop and spring petticoats. The meeting was rather thinly attended, in consequence of the number of *Cetacea* which have been lately destroyed for the sake of the Whalebone which they supply for the manufacture of Crinoline, or some of its machinery. A great bottle-nosed Whale stated that the price of whalebone had risen to full four times the amount which it cost previously to the outbreak of the Crinolinomania. According to a *Physeter macrocephalus*, spermaceti had risen as high as whalebone for the same reason, and there would very soon be an end of ointment if the ladies went on causing the existing consumption of Whales. Several Whales complained bitterly of the Empress of the French for setting the fashion which is threatening to destroy them from off the bosom of the ocean, and threw torrents of ridicule on the ladies of England for the servility and sheepish or gooselike gregariousness with which they imitate her. A Narwal wished his horn was in the Crinoline of her Imperial Majesty, with her Imperial Majesty in the Crinoline. He added, that he derived some consolation for his bereavements and bodily fear, from the fact, that if the hoop-fashion was deadly to the Whales, it was also suicidal to the wearers; and that it was better to be harpooned than burnt to death. A suspicious looking craft here heaving in sight, the Whales ceased spouting, and broke up their assembly with a sagacity which was very like a whale.

The Defenceless State of England.

Amongst the number of Scotchmen, who will be probably attracted to London from Scotland, to witness the Burns festival at Sydenham, how many are likely, we are curious to know, to take *return tickets?* The railways should be compelled to take them back; or else the Crystal Palace Directors ought to be indicted for not supporting them, after having lured them into this country. If not, all the Refuges that we at present have, or may expeditiously build, will be absurdly insufficient to meet the dire emergency.

THE PEERS CONDEMNED BY THEMSELVES.

We doubt if Mr. Bright has said anything against the Peers that could reflect upon them half as badly as their own actions. In truth the Peers (many of them, at least,) are their own enemies. If we wanted two formidable witnesses in favour of some of the choicest attributes of their order, we should summon the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Lindsay. The Duke should testify to the nature of the refined sports of the aristocracy; the Lord should give evidence as to the average range of their intellects. The Aunt Sally could be called as a witness to give a character to the one; while no stronger affidavit in favour of the intellectual attainments of the other could be wished for than reading out openly in Court one of his printed letters. We wonder whose noble turn it will be next. The Peers are so scandalously decried, that we should like one of their calumniated order to make a glorious exhibition of himself every week. Clanricarde might generously rush forward to give simple-minded commoners an opportunity of judging with their own impartial eyes what aristocratic purity was; and Lords Cardigan and Lucan could venture afterwards into the public arena, and give interesting as well as convincing examples of what a Lord, when put fairly to the intellectual test, is capable of doing. If at a loss for assistance, they might call in the talents of Lord Ingestrie, whose *début* at Cremorne proved that he was a Peer of the very first water; so much so, that we wonder the one on the banks of the Thames, that leads to the Gardens, has never, out of compliment, been called after him. With such a Macedonian phalanx of ability, the exhibition would be, not only instructive, but amusing.

The Sea-Scoundrel's Sanctuary.

The honour of a vessel sailing under the American flag is more sacred than that of Cæsar's wife. She must not even be inspected. The Stars and Stripes cover a multitude of slave-traders and filibusters, and it is better that any number of those rascals should escape than that one honest Yankee merchantman should be examined.

A BULL AND A PIG.

In its report of a case tried in the Sheriff's Court the other day, we find this curious statement made by a contemporary:—

"Some questions then arose as to a disease to which the pig had been subject, and it was elicited that slaughterers frequently killed pigs to save their lives."

Do they, really? Well, very possibly in Ireland they may; but surely not in England; eh, Mr. Reporter? Pigstickers in Paddyland may kill pigs "to save their lives;" but we can scarcely imagine Englishmen would have the wit to do so. Indeed, were the pigs themselves allowed a squeak in the matter, we can conceive an Irish pig might fancy it would save its life to have its throat cut, but we question if an English one would run the risk of trying it. If, to please the pigs, it were put to the grunt whether, to save their lives, they would consent to being slaughtered, very likely in a mixed assembly of pigs, those from the Green Isle might submit to the experiment. But supposing that the Britishers were asked to squeak their acquiescence, there would be no need to caution them: "Now, don't all squeak at once!" for we have a strong idea that there would be unbroken "Silence in the pig-market."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

Our contemporary, the *Standard*, in a late leading article, had the following suspicious-looking passage:—

"Our public journals, too, have the tact not to exalt the acts of delinquents into deeds of heroism, and so they fall to their proper degrading level; what this level is, no one can conceive who has not passed some weeks *practically* in a gaol."

We are, however, bound to say that the context of the above quotation quite dispels the suspicion which the text may possibly excite. The whole of the article, indeed, indicates such a preponderance of the higher sentiments as to show that, if the author ever was in gaol on any charge, either he was innocent, or else has become a wonderful example of the reformatory effects of prison discipline.

DINNER TIME. PART II.

TAKING our way in the direction of Cornhill, on leaving the American, we enter upon a perfectly different atmosphere, as it were, and meet a different class of men altogether. St. Paul's Alley is the locality we choose next to explore, with your kind permission, *Mr. Punch;* and traversing that defile under the shadow of St. Paul's Church, Cornhill, we reach an old-fashioned queer-looking house, cheerfully situated exactly opposite the churchyard, through the windows of which (the house, not the churchyard) we discern a good deal of eating and drinking going on; and an inscription on the door informs us that it is the "Woolsack;" and a savoury smell further informs us, that the said Woolsack is apparently full of good things. We will, if you please, walk in and enter the dark, quiet, comfortable dining-room, on our entering which, WILLIAM, the head waiter, immediately hands us a volume of several pages, containing a catalogue of the goods of the establishment. The head waiter here is always called WILLIAM, I don't know why, the present incumbent, so to speak, being a foreigner, and evidently MAX, or FRITZ, or some such outlandish name. You will find the refreshments good, and the company generally calm, deliberative, and quiet; the notable exception to which is to be found in that box at the far corner, which is occupied by those very stunning swells in the whiskers. They are representatives of a class which is very large indeed in the City; and if you will take the trouble to listen for a minute, you will at once recognise the peculiarities of their school. "Well, JACK," says one, "What did you do over the Leger?" "Why, backed the *Hadji*, and lost, of course. Just my luck. That 's the fourteenth time I 've run second this year. Gave FRANK a commission, too, to back *Sunbeam* at twenties, and the beggar couldn't get on." "Well," says the other, "you 're down on your luck, that 's clear. Hallo, here 's TOM! Why, TOM, how are you? where have you been? Haven't seen you for an age." "Been? oh, I 've been down at the Oval just now. Match on at rackets. By Jove, I 'll back BOUCHER against any man out. Here, WILLIAM! where 's the book? Let 's have a cider cup. Seen *Bell*, CHARLEY? What 's the latest odds?"

You know them now, I dare say. Yes, you 're right; sporting characters these are, and very well known. They go to RAFAEL'S sometimes; and wherever they go, they take care to let all the company know all about the state of their books; whether TOM is likely to play in the Surrey and All England; and all about that last little fight down Erith way.

A curious race these men, and almost entirely indigenous to the City. West-End sporting men are less demonstrative, as a rule, and growl out their remarks as if they are rather ashamed of what they are doing. Your City man, however, delights in it, and takes care to have it well known. They mostly have very dashing little gigs and other traps to trot about in. They always know a man who can be backed to do anything against any other man; and are continually being "put up to good things," which, curiously enough, never seem to "come off." They are specially great in Gracechurch Street, where they may be seen at all hours, greedily reading telegrams, full of the most atrocious lies, from Newmarket, Epsom, where not, with the big time-keeper of the omnibuses in that charming locality. The scratching of this horse, the weighting of that filly, seem to take up all their time; and how, in the name of wonder, they manage to find leisure to attend to their proper businesses, is a marvel. Still, we suppose they do, as they always seem to have plenty of money; and "backing horses," you are perfectly aware, *Mr. Punch*, never did pay yet, and never will.

But you must not suppose the Woolsack is a sporting house. Far from it. Intense respectability is the order of the day; and you may see good "warm" men continually at the "Sack." It is essentially a dining and not a luncheon house (though, if you like sitting in a fiery furnace, there *is* a little chop and steak room), and boasts of a large spectral smoking-room, once the delight of churchwardens, and in which parochial balls and dinners without end have taken place. There is a queer little pigeon-hole next the roof, where the band used to be; but however the drum found room, let alone the trombone, we don't pretend to say.

There is a queer customer twice a week in the smoking-room here, who smoketh not, but spends his time in paying and receiving untold sums of wealth, and apparently makes his office here. The Sack is quiet and comfortable, *Mr. Punch;* and if we had not our work cut out for us, much would I like to smoke several calumets with you; but "*die Kunst ist lang, und kurz ist unser Leben;*" and we must be off down Cornhill, past the terrific passage of the Mansion House, where omnibus nursing nearly sends a pole into the small of our back, and thus puts a stop to the present series, and plunge into narrow Bucklersbury, and dive with all speed (as it is getting late, and if we are not quick, we shall not get a seat) into ISHANT'S establishment, the most famous slap-bangery in London.

The first impression that will naturally occur to your mind will be, that you are in a lunatic asylum; the second, that you are an Eastern potentate, being lulled to repose by the soft melody of the *bul-bul*.

The first idea is caused by the wild and excited gestures of the waiters, who, in light holland frock-coats, go flying about the place to the number, as it appears to your excited imagination, of several hundreds; and the second, by a soft murmuring sound, a sort of gentle humming, which you can't, for the life of you make out. You sit down, finding an unoccupied seat with considerable difficulty, and look about you with a good deal of astonishment. This is the very superior class of slap-bang, indeed; in fact, you can hardly call it a slap-bang at all. Everything is as clean as can be expected, the waiters are nimble and civil, and the company vastly superior to the general run of customers at places of the kind. The reason for this latter fact will be at once obvious to you, if you will proceed to have your dinner. You call that beneficent-looking individual with a very Tower of Babel of plates and dish-covers in his hands, and inquire, "What have you got?" Then you understand the reason of the dulcet sounds you heard on first entering the building, as he begins blandly and unctuously pouring forth the bill of fare. He generally begins with "Roast gewse, roast mutton and onion sos, boiled veal and ham, roast beef." Then a crowd of delicacies come knocking each other's heads together, and tumbling over each other, until you fall into a state of utter delirium, from which you are at length aroused by "Jugged-er-hare, ox-tail, and mock turtle." You generally make a shot at something, it being utterly impossible to remember the whole catalogue; and it is about ten to one you will be right, it being a favourite boast of ISHANT'S regular patrons that boiled hippopotamus or jugged elephant and asparagus tops, would certainly be forthcoming if they were asked for. How this may be, we don't know; but this we do know, that the plate of beef we consume is perfect, that the beer is all that can be desired, and that the charge is very small.

These two boys who have just come into our box will give you some idea of the kind of light in which your juvenile clerk who patronises ISHANT, looks upon him. One of them is evidently new to the place; and we should think, from his general appearance, has only very lately come into the City. He is very proud of being a "City man," and of his forty or fifty pounds a-year, which he thinks a fortune; and is not quite certain yet whether he will be a partner in ROTHSCHILD'S, or the beadle at the Royal Exchange, a functionary whom he looks upon with the greatest respect. His friend is quite *blasé*, and is, like almost all clerks of the present day, a great swell. He exchanges a good day with JAMES, the waiter, bespeaks the paper with an air of great authority, and proceeds to enlighten his companion somewhat to the following effect: "Yes, oh yes, JAMES has been here for a great many years; in fact, before I went into ROBINSON AND JACKSON'S." The speaker is about fifteen. "He gets five hundred a-year, and does it for his amusement. He is very well off. Oh yes, ISHANT is very rich indeed. He keeps a carriage. They do about two thousand dinners a-day here." This (almost a literal transcript of a conversation we overheard the other day) is listened to with great attention; and the neophyte is rather shy afterwards of presenting his coppers to ISHANT *fils*, who takes the money in the kindest way; and he appears to be much relieved by the easy and graceful manner in which his tribute is received and pocketed.

The most curious thing about ISHANT'S is the rapidity with which the *convives* get through

their dinners. A man dashes in, hastily orders, is quickly served, and hurriedly bolts his food. Then rushes wildly to pay, and is gone before you have taken your breath, or have time to cry, "Jack Robinson!" Stop here half-an-hour, and the chances are that you will not see half-a-dozen men who were here on your entrance.

We have no means of knowing exactly the truth of our young friend's statements, and, in fact, are rather inclined to disbelieve them (we beg his pardon, "should this meet his eye"); but we would be very glad to know that they were more or less true, as ISHANT'S was our first love; and we, consequently, take a very great deal of interest in his welfare.

MRS. PUNCH'S ORATION.

Suddenly delivered, without threat or warning, to the astounded Mr. Punch, as he peacefully sat with his family at breakfast.

"AND so, *Mr. Punch*, you have thrown off the mask, have you, at last, and shown the cloven foot under it. It was worth while waiting for such a confession, certainly, very well worth while indeed. *Now*, I suppose we may say that the cup of woman's wrongs is full and running over. I shall *not* command my temper, *Mr. Punch*, and so I tell you. While there is anything to be gained by hypocrisy, a woman is the best of hypocrites; but fool as you may think her, she is not such a fool as to play the hypocrite for nothing. That she leaves to the precious lords of creation. I shall say just exactly what comes into my mind, and I shall say it in the plainest words. There's no law of divorce against a poor woman because she speaks in short words instead of long ones, so far as I am given to understand, though there *may* be for anything I know to the contrary, considering what a cowardly and dastardly divorce law you have made against us, enacting, as you call it, that downright cruelty is not enough to entitle a woman to be rid of a brute for ever and ever.

"You read the *Times*, *Mr. Punch*. Don't deny that, when you sit reading it all breakfast time, never putting in a word of conversation any more than if me and the children were pigs, and if anybody disturbs you, though it's only to ask whether you will not have some hotter coffee or a bit more bloater or haddock (for you like your comforts at home at breakfast, though you go out for them to dinner, just like your inconsistency) there is a black look, and one's nose snapped off. You read the *Times*, I say, and of course you read the precious leading article, and nice leading I call it when husbands are to be led astray by a newspaper, and wives to be scolded and illtreated if they don't air it for them, and lay it humbly by the side of the napkin against my lord chooses to leave off dawdling over his toilette, and come down to breakfast. You read the article the other morning, I don't know which date it was, but if some people paid more attention to dates, they would not let their lawful wife's birthday go by without a bit of a present or a dinner; but that's what we all have to expect, and Heaven help you, girls, if you believe that because your lovers write down your birthdays in their pocket-books *now*, and send you verses, and bring you bracelets, that will go on when you are MRS. BROWN and MRS. JONES, not a bit of it, so don't you think it.

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, you read in the *Times* that family dinners are very bad, which is *false*, and that wives pay no attention to cookery, and if we marry to make ourselves slaves and cookmaids, you 'd better say so at once, and get it put into the marriage service, and say that as SARAH cooked for ABRAHAM, we are to cook for you—I think I hear myself saying it—and then the writer goes on condescendingly to assure us that MR. A. and MR. B., and MR. C. and MR. D. don't excuse themselves from dining at home as they ought to do out of any dislike or disrespect for the poor creatures they have married, but that they make a little party at the beastly club, and join to have all sorts of nice things, only because they can't be got at home. They would as soon have the society of ladies as not, indeed they are good enough to prefer to have it, if they could have the clever cookery too, but if one can't be had without doing without the other, of course pitch the wives out of window, and let us have the *Potage à la Reine*; not that the QUEEN, God bless her! would sanction your giving her name to an excuse for neglecting your duties and your families, and if I was her, I'd make it high treason for any man to dine where his wife didn't go.

"This is the state of things, *Mr. Punch*. This is the what d'ye call it coral something, to be drawn from the cant about woman's mission, and the influence of woman in civilising society, and the angel in the house, and all the rest of the sentimental rubbish that you have been talking these ten years. It comes to this, that the lawful wife of your bosom and the mother of your blessed babes is all very well in her place, but sooner than dine with her off plain and honest fare, you will desert her and go to a vile club with a pack of men to talk politics and scandal about the ballet girls, and all the rest of the abominable trash that men talk, though they sneer at us for liking to have a little conversation sometimes about our children and how they get on, and about the dresses which we wear, I 'm sure for no love of millinery, for I'd sooner go about in stuff than in satin, but because we naturally desire to do credit to our station and to our husbands' taste and respectability. Never draw back from this, *Mr. Punch*, never begin again with your preaching about the holiness of woman's position and the deferential respect which ought to be shown her by every chivalrous mind, when you proclaim, and here it is in black and white, and I mean to keep it by me to my dying day, (and however soon that may be I was going to say I don't care), and it shall bear witness to the estimate which husbands of the nineteenth century place upon their wives. We should like their society if we could get good dinners as well, but as we can only get the good dinners (which is *false*) elsewhere, we will leave our wives to their lonesomeness, and go off to the club.

"Very good, *Mr. Punch*, I only wanted just to say one word upon the matter, because it is always right to expose hypocritical pretences, and because I like you to know that though I don't bury my head in a paper and scowl at a poor child if he happens to ask for more marmalade or anything—Oh, not that he 'd dare to speak to you, he knows better than that—I say that you may see that I understand the meaning of what I read, though we *are* so unfit for intellectual society that you would sooner go with a parcel of men to the club and talk about the ancles of the ballet and——"

[*An awful organ-player here struck up close to the window, and, for the first time in his life, Mr. Punch blessed an organ-grinder for making further conversation impossible.*

"ON HORROR'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE!"

WE are not over-sensitive, and can keep our feelings generally pretty well within control; but we own that our first glance at the following advertisement thrilled us with such horror as completely overcame us:—

WANTED, TO OPEN Immediately, a Sentimental Singer, and also a Lady Comic Singer. None need apply but what are good. Proprietor, MR. JAMES TILEY, Royal Concert Hall, Middlesbro.

There is a cold-bloodedness about this announcement which is enough to freeze the very marrow in one's bones. It is no new thing to hear a new situation spoken of as being a "good opening" for any one in want of it; but the opening in such case is a figurative expression; and personal advancement, not dissection, is implied by it. A man must be a worse than *Shylock* to require the immediate opening of two persons; and we should hardly think the law would sanction the commission of such horrible barbarity. It is a not uncommon thing to find vocalists "cut up;" but this is not a work of surgery, but criticism; and the only knife employed in such case is the penknife. But the announcement we have quoted is expressed so unmistakeably, that an actual operation seems clearly to be threatened by it; and, were we a comic or a sentimental singer, we certainly should hesitate before applying for a place where the delights of a dissecting-room are probably awaiting us.

An Artful Dodd-ger.

THE munificence of MR. DODD, the eminent dust-contractor, has been described by a poor expectant, who had been building large hopes on the five acres of ground promised by that gentleman to the Dramatic College, and afterwards withdrawn, as nothing less than "dirt-cheap."

THE IRISH TENANT.

THE Irish lessee's common practice of subletting his holding, when it causes an estate to be occupied by a series of subtenants, one under the other, creates a species of tenancy which young solicitors, in passing their examinations, may take occasion to describe as Tenancy in Tail.

WAITS THAT ARE WANTED.—Uniform ones for the measurement of corn throughout the United Kingdom.

SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Swell (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight). "HAW! I'M AFRAID YOU 'VE BEEN WAITING DINNAW FOR ME!"

Lady of the House. "OH DEAR, NO! WE HAVE DINED SOME TIME; WILL YOU TAKE SOME TEA?"

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.

As proofs that agricultural distress is still existent, and as tending to excite one's pity for its victims, we copy from the *Times* these saddening particulars:—

"NORFOLK TURKEYS.—It will perhaps excite some astonishment when it is stated that last week 10,746 turkeys were despatched as Christmas presents to the Metropolis, the greater part coming from Norfolk, and being placed on the railway at Norwich. It is generally considered that a turkey, with sausages, hamper, carriage, &c., costs £1, and these presents, therefore, represent an aggregate expenditure of £10,000. After this one may employ *Mr. Punch's* observation last week—'Not bad, for the Eastern Counties.'"

Writing as recipients of a fair share of these presents, we think this statement should excite something more than mere "astonishment." We should hope that in at least 10,000 heads in London, the bumps of gratitude and veneration have been worthily developed, and that the organs of benevolence have been in sympathy excited. Indeed, when we say 10,000, we speak much within the mark. Allowing on an average a dozen to each turkey, we find that 128,952 Londoners were the better for the birds, and as turkey is digestible we hope none found themselves the worse for them. With regard, however, to the sausages, we must own to feeling some misgivings on this score. Sausages are much more excitive of dyspepsia; and as probably three pounds at least accompanied each turkey, there would be more than 30,000 lb. to be digested. Thirty thousand pounds of too, too solid sausage! We shudder to think how heavily they would weigh upon their eaters, and what studs of nightmares they too probably would breed!

Parents who delight to plague their children in the holidays, and do their best to spoil their appetite for pudding by setting them tough sums to work out while they are swallowing it, might concoct some puzzling problems from the figures in this paragraph. It would be interesting to calculate how high above the Monument the hampers would have reached, had they been heaped all a-top of one another at its base; and striking a mean average of six sausages to the pound with three inches length in each, it might be asked how many times would they in single coil festoon round the *Leviathan*, and what bare inches would be left if they were laid upon her deck? Problems still more difficult might be founded on the reciprocity these presents doubtless caused: and algebraic calculations might be worked to find out x, that being the "unknown quantity" of oysters which left town, as *quid pro quo* for the 10,000 turkeys which were sent to it. As a barrel of "best natives" costs not much above a crown, and as one of these is thought a fair equivalent for a turkey, it seems clear that the exchange has been in favour of the Londoner; and we therefore beg to intimate to all our country cousins, that for as many turkeys' bills as they may beg us to accept, we will value them in oysters at the usual rate.

To wind up with a homily, as befits this festive season,—Let us, O Cockney brethren, lay this paragraph to heart; and what though our country friends may bore us in the Spring, let us think of the Ten Thousand Turkeys growing for our use, and of the miles and miles of sausages then grunting in the stye, but with which, when Christmas cometh, our country folk in links of friendship, will enchain us.

News of the New Year.

As a proof of the political dulness of the season, we may mention that we saw this morning a barrow-load of turnips, which a costermonger was wheeling past our office, and of which the greens, if not the roots, were all over severely pitted as if with the smallpox. We did not imagine that vegetables were subject to this dangerous disease, but if they are, they certainly ought to be vaccinated, and as many as have already caught it should be given to the cow.

APROPOS DE BOTTES.—Italy has often been compared to a boot. Taking it on this footing, we suppose Austria may be called "the iron" that has "entered its sole."

REFORM SNAP-DRAGON.

MR. BARNUM'S MISSION.

THE Address which MR. BARNUM, the American Missionary, has repeated at St. James's Hall will be re-delivered, no doubt, to numerous British audiences, to their great edification in the faith of which that reverend gentleman is a minister. The worship of the Almighty Dollar does not essentially differ from the devotion to L. S. D. which is practised in these islands. MR. BARNUM will do a considerable service to the cause of economy by representing Humbug, as the means, to the acquisition of money, as the end, of the doctrine which he so eloquently preaches. If people can be only persuaded to pursue riches by the path of Humbug, as Humbug is defined by MR. BARNUM, the county and borough rates will be materially lessened, for swindling and stealing will be generally relinquished, and the number of commitments will decrease. Rogues who were wont to commit gross fraud, will now learn that Humbug is the best policy. MR. BARNUM is the NEWTON of Humbug. The former philosopher is, in relation to Humbug, as the latter with regard to gravitation. He is the expounder of the principle of the great social force. Moreover, he represents it as consisting in attraction—the centripetal power exerted by advertisements and puffery. Regarded in this point of view, Humbug assumes a peculiar interest. What is Love? Evidently a species of sentimental Humbug. The various arts of dress, by which attention is gained, and affection inspired, are so many exemplifications of an elegant Humbug. The delicate attentions which young ladies receive from their admirers are refined Humbug. Humbug rules the camp, the court, the grove, for Love is Humbug, and Humbug is Love.

Of course MR. BARNUM does not seriously mean to say that Humbug does not involve falsehood and fraud, and he would not insult a fellow-philosopher by pretending to say so. What he does mean to say is, that the fraud and falsehood of Humbug are undictable. Parochial Humbug is the art of obtaining money on pretences which are not legally false. It is not felony, or even a misdemeanour. Humbug is the rule of conduct observed by the sincere Professor; and MR. BARNUM will promote the most important interests of monetary society, if, by the continuance of his labours of love in his present sphere of usefulness, he shall succeed in effecting its general adoption. As bitter beer is swallowed for want of old ale, so must Humbug be accepted as a substitute for old fashioned morality.

Parallel Passages.

THE Signs of a Hard Winter seem very general. Thus we read in the *Times*, that upwards of 100 persons have given notice of their intention to apply to be admitted as Attorneys in the ensuing term; while the Country Papers inform us, probably of the same fact, in the announcement, that "Great flocks of Cormorants have lately been seen in the Southern Counties."

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The work done in the House of Commons.

THE DECLINE OF TURKEY.

WE take the following from a contemporary, and hope there is no truth in it:—

"THE SULTAN AND HIS CREDITORS.—A Constantinople letter of the 18th December, in the *Nouvelliste* of Marseilles, says:—'A demonstration took place a few days ago, on the part of the persons who supply the palace, and whose accounts still remain unpaid. The Sultan was on his way from Top Hané, where he had breakfasted, to the palace of Dolma Baktché, when he was met by an assemblage of nearly 300 of these creditors, who crowded round the imperial *cortège*, calling for justice. The first movement of the Sultan, at finding himself surrounded by this crowd, who were uttering loud cries, was to lay hold of the hilt of his sabre, but soon discovering the pacific character of the demonstration, he ordered that three of the creditors should be delegated to call on HAKI BEY, who should that very evening receive the necessary orders on the subject of the claims. The following day three of the principal creditors waited on HAKI BEY, who sent them to RIZI PACHA, the president of the commission formed for the settlement of the accounts of the civil list, but which has only held one or two sittings, for form's sake. RIZZI assured them that all their accounts should be paid, but that at present funds were wanting. Meantime, many of these unfortunate men, who are pressed by their own creditors, have been obliged to suspend payment, and several of them have been completely ruined. A similar demonstration was made two days after by the workmen of the Imperial buildings."

If this story be true, we beg in charity to hint, that it would be an act of friendship towards our old ally, if MR. GLADSTONE, after he has settled the Ionians, would lend the Sultan his assistance in settling with his creditors. As Ex-Chancellor of our Exchequer he could speak with some authority upon the ways of getting means, and he might give vent to his usual longwindedness in advising the poor Sultan how to raise the wind. The subject would admit of a tripartite division, for there would have to be considered—

Firstly. How far over head and ears is the Sultan now in debt?

Secondly. Where can he find funds to free himself? and

Thirdly. Where does he expect to go to if he can't?

But while for his poverty we pity the poor Sultan, we think that his poor creditors yet more deserve our sympathy; and for the comfort of all parties, we trust the Sultan shortly may get hold of a round sum, with which all accounts that are outstanding may be squared. If the Commander would escape the mobbing of the Faithful, instead of drawing his sword on them, let him draw his purse—first, however, taking care to see that there is something in it.

WARNING TO THE POLICE.

CRINOLINE has become such an intolerable nuisance, that fears are entertained that it may ultimately lead to "a Town and Gown Row."

ARCADIAN LITIGANTS.

WE copy the following announcement from the *Standard*:—

"MR. ERNEST JONES has brought an action for libel against MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS. MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C., has been retained on behalf of MR. JONES, and the case, which is expected to come on in Hilary Term, is expected to be one of much interest."

When gentlemen like MR. ERNEST JONES and MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS fall out, the opposite class of politicians come by their own in point of credit. The hilarity of the public will be excited in Hilary term, by hearing what MR. JONES will be able to say against MR. REYNOLDS by the eloquent mouth of MR. JAMES, and how much dirt MR. REYNOLDS will fling back upon MR. JONES through the lips of some other gentleman of the long tongue.

A BEAST OUT OF NOAH'S ARK.

MR. PUNCH predicts very great success for a young barrister who distinguished himself in court the other day by making the most infamous and abominable jest in the world. It was at Quarter Sessions, and one of the magistrates, nay, let us name SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, had gone to sleep, and was proving the fact by showing his qualification to represent the Essex borough called Great Snoring. The young and accomplished barrister sent this note to his leader:—

"*Q.* Why is SIR TUNBELLY like the first ship on record?"

"*A.* Because *he snores, hark!*"

Mr. Punch repeats that this barrister will rise, having leisure to devote himself to law, being palpably unfit for anything else.

Irish Loyalty.

WHEN PAT was at famine's door,
A true liegeman PAT would be;
When PAT had potatoes galore,
A Ribandman, sure, was he.

THE *RE*-FORM OF A TITLE.

SUCH was the character of most of the cases that came before SIR C. CRESSWELL last term, that he declares his court ought to be called the "Reprobate and Divorce Court" instead of the "Probate and Divorce Court."

First Cabman. "*Vell, Bill, yer are a Swell.*"

Second Do. "*Vy, yes! This 'ere old rug ain't amiss, is it? We only wants the Crinerline to take it out of a few on 'em, I think?*"

THE MODEL PRISON.

Of all the places for a prig
Wot is too lazy for to dig,
A. vun I reckons London town,
Upon him ven the lawr comes down.

To Newgate jug he then is sent,
To take his chance of punishment,
With scarce a fortnight for to bide
In quod afore his case is tried.

Then if he proves his halleybi,
Restored unto Society,
Forthwith his former pals he jines,
And takes agin to his old lines.

But if the country is your sphere,
You may be in for arf a year,
Hand be withheld for all that time
From follerin' the paths hof crime.

Six months the 'Sizes comes between,
Which many a prig in gaol has been,
Afore acquitted of the charge,
And suffered for to go at large.

And likewise, which I don't regard,
Though some there is as thinks it hard,
The hinnocent may bide as long
As them wot has committed wrong.

So Newgate is the jug for me,
Hincarcerated for to be,
Sharp, short, decisive, is the go,
If you are hinnocent, or no.

SHAKSPEARE FOR LIVERPOOL.

The quality of Mersey is not strained.

ENGLISH DINNERS FOR SNOBS.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,

"SINCE sending to the *Times* my letter, of a column and a half in length, in which I laid down the true principles on which dinners should be given, or rather exchanged, for I need not say that a dinner creates a debt, due from those we invite, except where a writer, buffoon, traveller, or other attraction is introduced as part of the *menu*, and, indeed, he ought to be written down in it), I have been reminded that there are a good many persons in this country, who, though neither millionnaires, nor even possessing a decent income of three or four thousand a year, arrogate to themselves, in this levelling age, the right to know what they are eating and drinking, and who complain of the present system of dinner-giving. I allude to those whom, without my being unnecessarily offensive, I may call Snobs, with, perhaps, six, seven, or eight hundred a year. I have been asked to give, for the benefit of such persons, a few hints in the spirit of the letter which I addressed to their betters. It is, I fear, almost insulting their wretchedness to advise them on such a subject, but it is our duty to help our inferiors, and endeavour to make them feel that the state of life in which Providence has placed them to labour, and look up to us for direction, is as comfortable as they deserve it should be.

"Of course, I do not speak to them of 'dinner at 8,' when, if they have worked as they ought to do, they are yawning for bed; of chairs with 'spring seats and spring backs;' of 'Sèvres China,' 'abundance of flowers,' 'child with *corbeille* full of grapes,' 'French painted moss,' 'a rose or bunch of violets by the napkin,' 'ortolans and beccaficos,' or the other necessaries of civilised life. To mock the needy is the basest vulgarity. I will merely give the Snobs I have referred to a little counsel, derived from practical knowledge of their habits and wants.

"Addressing such persons, I would say,—

"You had better give no dinners at all. It is for your betters to dine; you have only to eat. Tea, at five o'clock, with plenty of muffins, Sarah Lunnes, and toast, is a more befitting repast for you to offer to your friends; and perhaps some bread and cheese, spring onions, or even a salad, afterwards, may not be regarded as extravagance. Beer is not an unwholesome drink for the inferior classes. I suppose that your females tolerate tobacco. Why not be content with the enjoyments natural to your order?

"But, if you *will* imitate your superiors, and ask persons to dinner, attend to the following hints:—

"Always invite the wives of your male friends. These women will much abridge the evening, being desirous to get home to their children, (for whom, of course, they have no nursery governesses and nurses), and they will in some measure check intemperate habits.

"Give your meal at 6, as persons of your class are unaccustomed to wait so long, and will have lunched, whereby you will save.

"Make your table pretty, by all means. A plaster cast of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, or a Church with coloured windows, for illumination, can be bought for a few pence; and will lead the conversation to politics, or to religion, and kindred subjects on which your class imagines itself to have a right to speak.

"To have a *menu* would be a mockery, but as you, as well as we, have 'stupid or silent guests,' let your little boys write out on copy-book paper a few maxims, and lay a copy by each person. 'Gluttony leads to want,' 'Temperance profiteth much,' 'Let not your Eye be bigger than your bell-Eye,' and similar morals may do good, besides improving your brats' writing. Instead of a rose or violet, place by each male person a cold saveloy, and by each female a piece of gingerbread, to be 'munched' instead of bread (as in high life) during the pauses.

"Never put tallow candles on the table. A lamp is cheap, and if the mistress of the house cleans it herself, will long keep in order.

"No soup that you can make is fit to eat. But oysters may begin your dinners as well as ours, only instead of 'four or six,' let each person have a couple of dozen, with roll, butter, and beer. This will materially help you with the rest of the dinner.

"There is no objection to cheap fish, and I have seen apparently good fish cried in the streets in which you reside. But a few fresh herrings, or sprats, will be the safest. Remember that fish should be eaten with the fork, even though made of steel. But albata is not dear, and looks nice, if the mistress herself rubs it with wash-leather.

"Instead of the huge, tough, gory joints in which you delight, try hashed mutton, Irish stew, or harico. Fried potatoes are a delicacy easily attainable. The mashed potatoe, with small sausage on the top, will wean many a husband—not from his club, for you have, happily for you, no such temptations—but from the chop-house. Marrowbones, when you wish to be particularly 'genteel' (as you call it), may be introduced.

"Why have a pudding course? Ugly, sloppy, or hard, unwholesome things are your puddings. Go to a respectable grocer's, and ask him for an article called macaroni. He will tell you how to cook it. With a little grated cheese, you will find it a novel luxury. Treacle on toast will please the juveniles.

"Then your slatternly servant (by the way, insist on her washing her face, and wearing a cap—never let her come in with her bonnet on) will heave on to the groaning table a hemicycle of cheese like half a

millstone. Keep this away, and have some slices handed round. Do not, from a foolish feeling of 'gentility' deny yourselves onions, which you like. You will not be a bit more like us if you never touch another onion to your lives' end.

"By all means have what you consider dessert. Apples, oranges, and biscuits you have in your gallery at the theatre, why not on table? A drum of figs, covered by one of your girls with coloured paper, or stuck over with red wafers, will be a tasteful centre ornament, and to the sweet fig you may charge the bad taste of your wine. For I suppose you will give three-and-sixpence, or even four shillings, for this nastiness, though I advise (and your females prefer) brandy and water.

"I tell you frankly not to be ashamed of tobacco pipes. We take a cigarette, and what is that but a tobacco-pipe of paper?

"Your best *chasse* is being driven up-stairs to tea. The sooner this is announced the better for the temper of your females, and for your own heads when you go to your work next morning.

"Keep your children up. If they are tired and cross, it is only once in a way. They materially help to break up a party, and my object has been to show you how, with your narrow means, you may in a humble and cheerful way imitate your superiors, while exercising a wise economy. Let me add, never hesitate, if it be a wet night, to send your maid for cabs, instead of asking your guests to delay their departure. But give the poor girl one glass of spirits; remember what you save by dismissing your friends.

"If these hints are of any use to persons with not more than eight hundred a year, I shall have done my duty to the poor, and remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"*Berkeley Street.*" "G. H. M."

HOPEFUL CHARACTERS.

THE following extract from a report relative to Newgate, by the REV. JOHN DAVIS, Ordinary of that unfortunately necessary establishment, deserves to be attentively considered in that City, to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of which it is addressed by the author:—

"Hope never has had a more fertile place to expand in than the breast of a criminal. The slightest fact that is favourable, the smallest discrepancy in the evidence, the chance that an important witness may be absent, and the probability that some point of law may turn in his favour, are quite enough to create a strong anticipation of escape."

By the account of the Rev. Ordinary of Newgate, then, it seems that, under pardon of MR. POPE, "Hope springs eternal in the scoundrel's breast"—more particularly than in the human breast at large. This is a truth that enterprising speculators, even though they be merchant princes, may be advised to ponder. A large endowment of Hope, in proportion to the other moral sentiments, is just what makes commercial gentlemen gamble with other people's money, and pawn, pledge, or sell, other people's securities. Hope whispers that the embezzled property will be replaced, by-and-by, nobody the wiser, or the worse. Hope accepts bills which Forethought sees no signs of meeting. Hope borrows, and owes for ever, or until the term fixed by the Statute of Limitations. Hope is always getting whitewashed, or appearing in the Court of Bankruptcy, and departing from it uncertificated. The temples of Hope are the tribunals of Portugal Street and Basinghall Street, and Whitecross Street Prison, and the Gaol of Newgate aforesaid. Hope turns the crank, dances on the treadmill, is transported beyond the seas, is employed on board the hulks, and labours in penal servitude. Hope is the rogue's one virtue; and, generous reader, choose nobody for your banker, or your trustee, who is very plentifully endowed with what may in most cases be called that immoral sentiment. And if ever you are induced, by your benevolence, to accommodate any of these hopeful people with the loan of a sum of money, take precious good care that it is not a larger one than what you can perfectly well afford to lose.

IMITATION THE HOMAGE PAID TO GENIUS.—Granting this, Crinoline is the Homage paid by Woman to EUGÉNIE.

THE TIGHT BOOT.

Of all the ill-sawed and ill-shaped bits of leather,
That ever pinched bunnions the shape of a boot in,
The Italian boot seems the worst altogether
That Emperor, King, Duke, or Pope e'er put foot in.

From the Lombardy top with Venetian binding,
Through the ancle-piece Roman and Legatine leg,
The wearer 'tis chafing, and blist'ring and grinding,
While the foot hobbles, crippled with BOMBA's sharp peg.

The seams they keep ripping, the welts they keep rending,
(Clamp, cobble, or clout as the state-botchers will)
Till both understandings and soles call for mending,
And toes won't be content to be pinched and keep still.

"No wonder!" cry those, who have studied the problem
What well-seasoned leather *will* bear, what it *won't*;
"To make Tight boots easy, the way's not to cobble 'em,
But to find out what feet fit the boot, and what don't."

What wonder this boot so like out-bursting looks,
That Italy's callousest corns burn and shoot in it,
When Kaiser, King, Pope (not to mention Grand-Dukes)
All alike *will* insist upon putting their foot in it.

And *such* feet! one, the claw of a double-necked vulture:
And one, much too closely resembling a hoof:
While of what the Pope stands on just now, let their culture
Who kiss the Pope's toe, be accepted for proof.

But while granting the fact, and in great part the reason,
This advice, poor Italia, I hope, will allow—
Of all remedies don't try Napoleon boot-trees on,
Or the cure may prove worse than the pinch she bears now.

Let the case of her sister, Miss France, serve as warning,
Who found her shoes pinch (she'd been going too fast)
Called in LOUIS NAPOLEON to right them one morning,
And has wished ever since she had stuck to her last.

WOMAN STEELED AGAINST RIDICULE.

A WELL-KNOWN Sheffield warehouse, in the department where *cast-steel* is manufactured at the rate of several tons a week for the purposes of Crinoline, has written over its doorway, "LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP." It is a kind of millinery-manufactory, where, upon sending her *moire antique*, or shot silk, a lady can have it expanded into a perfect little balloon, with the hoop, and all complete. The workmen are distinguished from the ordinary class of operatives by the characteristic title of "Hooperatives," which they don't like at all. They are rather looked down upon by their fellow-workmen, who treat them with the same amount of consideration that is generally paid by men to a man-milliner. They are, in truth, the men-milliners of the iron and steel trades.

A Naive Confession.

A YOUNG Lady this "Kissmas" somewhat surprised her partner by expressing a decided aversion to moustachios. On being pressed to give her reason for it, she at first fenced off the question by declaring that a lady needs no reason for disliking things. On being further questioned, she glanced shily at the mistletoe, and then darting an arch look at her partner's anxious face, on which the most luxuriant of moustachios had been cultivated, she replied, with charming *naiveté*, "Well, I don't mind telling *you*. It is because they, oh, *so* tickle one!"

The London District Telegraph Company.

WE are promised a Telegraph Company that is to bind our housetops together, which will give the chimney-pots the appearance as though they were playing at scratch-cradle. We will not stop to ask whether the London sky will look any the better for being ruled like a copy-book, but will simply proceed to observe, that such a company could not be inaugurated at a more promising period than the present, when the ruler who is in the ascendency in the City happens to be WIRE.

ERRATUM.—For "SIR FRANCIS HEAD," read for the future, "France's head," for that article seems to be devoted a great deal more to the service of France than England.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE STABLE MIND.—MR. RAREY.

Street Boy (*in playful allusion to the basket-carriage*). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! IF ERE AIN'T A SWELL DRIVING HISSELF HOME FROM THE *WASH!*"

A REALLY STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"IN the interview which PRINCE ALEXANDER, the Ex-Hospodar of Servia, had with the deputation from the Servian Parliament (whose name looks so ridiculously like Soupkitchen), touching his abdication, it seems that the Hospodaress had a good deal more to say on the question than the *ladies* of Princes, Premiers, or Presidents, are *allowed* by our *old-fashioned* if not *effete, civilisation* of the *West*.

"The *Augsburg Gazette* informs us, that the Princess violently reproached her Husband for his *weakness*, declaring that, if *she were in his place*, she would 'rather be cut to *pieces* than capitulate.'

"The Correspondent of the *Gazette*—a *man of course*—goes on:—

"After the Princess had *raved*[1] for some time, her husband *lost patience*,[2] and *taking her by the shoulders*,[3] pushed her into an adjoining room. Hardly, however, had the interrupted conversation been renewed by the spokesman of the deputation, when the lady re-appeared,[4] and discharged a volley of invectives[5] at the representatives of the nation. The Hospodar again conducted his wife to the door, *and dismissed her with a few sound cuffs.*"[6]

"And this, *Mr. Punch*, is the sex which a cruel prejudice, endorsed (I grieve to say) by you, like the rest of your sex, excludes from political functions! See what an element of political *stability* you are throwing away, in this fine female *determination*—*you* men call it *obstinacy*—this *noble tenacity*—I am aware *you* call it '*love* of the *last word*'—this *highspirited* defiance of consequences, which 'will be cut in pieces rather than capitulate!' Do you *suppose*, if LADY PALMERSTON, or LADY DERBY, or the *dear* EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, were associated in authority with *those very poor creatures*, their husbands, that we should have all these changes of ministry at home, and these *ridiculous shilly-shallyings* about India Bills and Reform Bills, or these childish vacillations at Paris, these prosecutions and pardons, these *fits* of severity, and indulgence? No—if the ladies of these *very poor* Lords of Creation, were allowed their proper place, we should see a very different, and a much more steady and consistent state of things! LADY PALMERSTON'S ability, it is true, *has* met with a *proper recognition* from her husband, and that accounts for his amazing *success* in the private and *personal* side of his *political life*. Did ever any man *hold office* so long, and under so *many* ministries? Why was this, but because LADY P., like the PRINCESS OF SERVIA, 'would be *cut to pieces* rather than *capitulate;*' and because, when she told her husband so, he had the *good sense to take her advice and stick* to his place, instead of telling his wife she didn't know hers, as most English husbands would do, or pushing her out of doors by the *shoulders*, and giving her *cuffs*, like this *cowardly* brute of a Servian Hospodar?

"I have no doubt, if LADY P. were allowed a seat in the Ministry, without a department, she would soon exercise as much *wholesome influence* in the *Cabinet* as in the *boudoir*; and that we should have no *mistakes* about Conspiracy Bills and Lord Privy Seals. *She* would *show* COUNT WALEWSKI the *difference*, *I'll* answer for it. There would be no want of *spirit* in our policy, with her at the helm.

"People tell me, that MR. D'ISRAELI is an *excellent* and most *attentive* husband, and that he *always* takes his wife's advice; and look how *he* has prospered.

"Pray, *Mr. Punch*, will you tell me which is the *best governed* nation in the world? *Of course*, you will say England. And why? Because you see on our throne the *artificial order* of the sexes *reversed*, and the woman in her *natural* position of superiority. I say *natural*, for it clearly was in the *order* of nature that the woman should *guide* the man. To *whom*, I should like to know, did ADAM owe the *knowledge* of *good* and *evil*, but to that *much-maligned* EVE?

"Hoping that I have now set the *heroic* conduct of the PRINCESS OF SERVIA in its proper light, instead of the *odious* and *ridiculous* view in which it has been placed by that *very small* German, the Belgrade Correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, I beg to *subscribe* myself, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your faithful, but not obedient,

"THALESTRIS HARDLINES."

(Authoress of *The Cry of the Women:* a Plaint in Twenty-Seven Cantos.)

1 "I like his *impertinence*.
2 "Of course he did. They always do.
3 "The cowardly *wretch!* brute force as usual!
4 "Perfectly right. Any woman of spirit would have done the same.
5 "'Invectives' indeed! If a *man* had been the speaker, I should like to know if *that* would have been the word.
6 "The Brute! sending away the poor woman, with any kind of cuffs and choler except the best lace ones."

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HISTORY OF A CITY COMPANY.

THE Ironmongers' Company is governed by a master, two wardens, and a livery of eighty-four assistants, who on admission pay a fine of fifteen pounds, which a civic wag has described as a fine way of getting into office. The same incorrigible offender has also inquired why the Master of the Company resembles DEAN SWIFT?—assigning for reason, "Because he was a master of irony." The Ironmongers possess a large estate, out of which they lay out about £1,800 in charity; but how much they expend in eating and drinking is known only to themselves. They do not by any means live upon mere iron, although the digestion of some of them has been compared to that of the ostrich. The iron railing round St. Paul's was the last great work of the Company. Of late they have ceased to show any metal; but they displayed some spirit in resisting an excessive demand of money made upon them by CHARLES THE FIRST; although they were soon afterwards forced to come down on the nail. They formerly drove a considerable trade in pigs, and are celebrated for having constructed the mail of the original hog-in-armour, supposed to have been an uncommonly stout Lord Mayor. The Long Parliament levied a contribution on them, which they were obliged to pay, when their Master for the time being took the liberty of remarking, that they dealt in iron, and that Parliament had no business to come down upon them for tin. For making this observation, he was put in the pillory.

"THE INITIALS."

A PARAGRAPH which has been lately in the papers, states that at the Opera in Florence, the cry of "*Viva Verdi!*" is forbidden by the Government, on the ground that the initials of those two harmless words are also the initials of "*Viva Vittorio*" (EMMANUELE), and might imply a sympathy with that free-spoken monarch, and with the cause of liberty which he so nobly has espoused.

Now, supposing that our Government were, as some wish, more despotic, we should prepare ourselves to hear that the like order had been issued. While Englishmen speak English, the cry of "*Viva Verdi!*" is not likely to be heard here: nevertheless, in their great wisdom, the Government might deem it needful to forbid it, on the ground that the initials would stand for "VISCOUNT VILLIAMS," the defier of patricians and defender of the *plebs*. In the same way at the theatres our Clowns might be prohibited to sing the song "*Hot Codlins;*" on the as reasonable plea, that the first letters of those words might, in lower class orthography, be used for "Hextension of the Suffrage;" while at places like the Eagle it would be wise to stop the people from crying "*Bravvo, Rouse!*" on the plea that a Reform Bill agitation is in prospect, and by reversing the initials of the two words "Bravvo, Rouse," a sympathy with the Reform Billites would too clearly be shown. The cry might also be forbidden on still more alarming grounds, inasmuch as its initials stand for BERKELEY and the Ballot, and ROEBUCK and Revolution—which latter calamity, some politicians think, would to a certainty soon follow on the former.

Hit 'em Again.

"The *Law Times* is in ecstacies because the Attorneys of England have resolved to wear robes in Court."

IF they'd go one step further, oh! what a good job,
And, beginning to robe, would begin not to rob.

THE OXFORD LADDIE.

OH! where, and oh! where, is your Oxford Laddie gone?
He is gone to the Greek Isles from the QUEEN upon her throne,
And it 's oh! how much rather we would he 'd stayed at home.

Oh! what, and oh! what, will your Oxford Laddie do?
He 'll deliver sundry speeches to the people of Corfu,
And the rest of the Ionians who for OTHO's rule halloo.

What end, and what end, will your Oxford Laddie gain?
We believe he 'll waste his eloquence and talk to them in vain,
For the Greeks prefer a tyranny to a mild and gentle reign.

How can you, with only one Oxford Laddie go?
That 's just the thing we ask ourselves, just what we want to know,
And all we can do is to write and tell him so.

Suppose, and suppose, that your Laddie can't reply,
Another representative to find we then must try,
And our GLADSTONE ask to resign his seat for the University.

GEOLOGICAL TWELFTH-CAKES.

CONTEMPLATING, with benevolent interest, a lot of children devouring a quantity of Twelfthcake, we were suddenly inspired with an idea which we publish for the benefit of confectioners, enlightened parents, and promising youth. Let cakes be made to illustrate the science of geology—composed of strata resembling those of the earth except in their relation to the sense of taste. Children might thus be crammed at once with cake and geological science, and acquire a knowledge of the crust of the earth in eating the model of it. It would be pleasing to the parental and preceptorial mind to overhear the juvenile geologists of the play-ground exclaiming, "I say, give us a bit of hornblende," "Have a slice of lias?" "Let 's have some of that oolite." "Here 's some magnesian limestone for you." "Oh, what a jolly coal formation!" "Here 's a plummy lump of gneiss," &c. What with glaciers of sugar-candy, boulders of chocolate or almond-rock, and extinct mammalia and reptiles, and other fossils, formed of saccharine matter, and metallic veins imitated with candied peel, a competent artist might compose a capital cake which would combine food for the mind with prog for the palate, and even if the latter were to disagree with the devourer, the former might be retained.

We confidently expect very soon to see the idea of a geological cake realised in the windows, and to realise it in person at the first breakfast we are invited to on the occasion of a wedding in high life. For this notion would be peculiarly suitable for a wedding-cake; since the conjunction of Geology and Cake, or the Intellectual and the Physical, would be strikingly typical of the union of Husband and Wife. Which is the Intellectual and which is the Physical? Whichever you please, my little dear. Moreover, as a honeymoon is generally spent at the sea-side, a portion of the wedding-cake exhibiting the geological formations would be an agreeable as well as an instructive companion in a ramble among the rocks.

AN EMPEROR AND A SUBJECT.

SOME thanks are due to LOUIS NAPOLEON for creating a little excitement at the present generally dull season. By the utterance of a few words, he has caused Europe to look alive with apprehension of a war. To the British mind especially, oppressed at this time with a weight of beef and pudding, of which the due digestion takes some weeks, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has administered a sharp but salutary stimulant; and he has repaid the abuse which he has received from the Press of England by giving it something to talk about besides the singing of blackbirds and the blossoming and bearing of strawberries. 'Tis an ill wind, as we are truly informed by one proverb, that blows nobody good; and let us, as we are properly admonished by another, give the devil his due.

PULL AWAY.—So there is to be a second judge in the Divorce Court, MR. JUSTICE WILLES, whose name, however, points him out rather for Probate cases. However, this is right. The matrimonial knot ought to be at least as hard to break as to tie, and it takes the united strength of two parsons to marry folks.

A CURIOSITY IN MEDICAL ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

SELDOM do we see an advertisement by a regular practitioner; but those of quack doctors are plentiful enough. We therefore think the following exception to the rule is worthy, for its rareness, of insertion in our columns. Merely altering the names, and omitting certain details which are unfit for any but a medical publication, we copy it *verbatim* from a country print:—

MR. NEWLEAF, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, London, respectfully informs his patients that he may now always be found at home sober. He has studied Physic for 25 years, 7 years of which were spent with his father, who was in extensive practice for half a century,) and who was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of and successful treatment of all kinds of diseases under the old system.) MR. NEWLEAF afterwards studied under the first Surgeons in London, and was House Pupil with S. * * *, Esq., who performed the operation of * * *, which had invariably terminated fatally in the hands of other eminent surgeons; he was also a pupil of St. George's Hospital, which beds 500 in-patients; besides having thousands of outdoor patients; he resided next door to this Hospital, and therefore had an opportunity of seeing all accidental and many other cases before the arrival of the surgeons.

MR. NEWLEAF has also been in actual practice 15 years in Blanktown, during which period he has become fully acquainted with the diseases which prevail in this locality, and has attended upwards of 300 cases of Midwifery.

MR. NEWLEAF has the greatest abhorrence of quackery; but in justice to himself, wishes to intimate that, having been frequently intoxicated, many of his former patients forsook him, and many reports have been circulated much to his prejudice; among others that "he was always drunk, and had given up following his Profession." He wishes, however, to state that he does follow his Profession, having just purchased a first-rate horse and vehicle, so that he can now attend patients who reside at a distance from Blanktown.

His charges are—in consultation:—under 4 miles, Half a Guinea; above 4 miles and under 8, One Guinea; above 8 miles and under 20, Two Guineas; and above 20 miles and 30, Three Guineas:—when in daily attendance upon patients, £1 1*s.* per week under 1 mile, if seen once a day; twice a day, £2 2*s.*; if above 1 mile, 1*s.* per mile extra.

MR. N. is disgusted with the present mode of paying medical men, judging of the bill by the quantity of medicine taken. His plan is to give as little physic as possible, he only wishing to be paid for his skill and attendance.

MR. NEWLEAF will be happy at all times to meet any other legally-qualified Practitioner, and give up the patient to him.

Whatever else be thought of it, there is certainly an honesty about this announcement which contrasts very favourably with most medical advertisements. With no great stretch of fancy we can conceive the possibility of a quack doctor's getting drunk; but to imagine a quack doctor would advertise the fact is too improbable a thought for our conception to give birth to. The rule *in vino veritas* would not apply in that case, for no amount of drinking would ever make a quack so far forget his nature as to speak the truth. MR. NEWLEAF therefore need not have feared that his advertisement might be mistaken for a quack's; although we know it is thought quackish for a medical man to advertise, even when he does so "in justice to himself."

The soberness of statement with which MR. NEWLEAF owns his past intemperance, and intimates that he has now turned over a new leaf, is in better taste, we think, than other parts of his advertisement, which to our mind, smack too much of the nature of mere puffs. When he speaks in such high terms of his relatives and antecedents, we are apt to call to mind the theatrical phenomenon, who couldn't act himself, but knew a gentleman who could; and when he adds to his assertion that he "does follow his profession," the remark that he has "purchased a first-rate horse and vehicle," we feel tempted to conjecture that his practice ran so fast away from him, that he needed something "first-rate" in the equine way to follow it.

MR. N.'s disgust at the mode of paying doctors, according to the quantity of medicine they send in to one, we do not mind confessing that we cordially share. We however think the system is with more truth to be described as of old time than of present. *Punch* knocked it on the head some dozen volumes since, and all sensible practitioners have taken his advice, and now charge by the sickness instead of by the dose. In lieu of those interminable "mixtures," "draughts," and "pills," *Punch* decreed, that doctors' bills should consist of single items, as—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To curing you of cold			
To cleaning out your liver			
To extracting pain from toe			

and in brevity the like. Least taken, soonest mended, *Punch* had found to be the rule; and so when deluged with black doses he "threw physic to the dogs," and told his doctor he must look to *Toby* as his patient. It was bad enough, *Punch* found, to bear the cost of over-dosing, without having to gulp down the nasty stuff made up for him.

THE MAYNE DRAINAGE SCHEME.—The Police rate in St. Pancras.

THE CHARGE OF THE BURNS BRIGADE.

"We hear that no fewer than 600 poems have been sent in for the prize of 50 guineas offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best copy of verses to be recited on the hundredth anniversary of the Birthday of Burns."

"How many candidates?"—
Thus the world wondered—
Little it deemed that then
Scribbled six hundred!
"Write!" cried the Company:
Not theirs the modesty
Asking, "Is't mine to try?"
Theirs but the pen to ply;
Hard for the fifty guas,
Wrote the six hundred!

Critics to right of them,
Critics to left of them,
Critics in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Poems are hard to sell,
Publishers all can tell:
Yet scorning waste of time,
Braving the critics' yell,
Wrote the six hundred!

Flashed all their pen-knives bare,
Nibbed were their goose-quills fair,
Helicon's heights to dare,
While at such rhymester-growth
All the world wondered:
Rhyme spurning reason's yoke,
PRISCIAN'S head they broke;
Line on line, stroke on stroke;
Making the judges feel
Blank and dumbfoundered,
One they might please, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Rhymesters to right of them,
Rhymesters to left of them,
Rhymesters behind them,
Volleyed and thundered,
Stormed at with shout and yell,
They that had given the bell,
Pale on the judgment seat,
Wished themselves off again,
Ere they had dared to sell
Thirty score bards save one,
Out of six hundred!

Honour to BURNS! and gold,
Fifty broad pieces told,
To him the prize shall hold,
One of six hundred!

ILLITERATE MEN OF LETTERS.

GENTLEMEN—by the showing of "CANTAB" in the *Times*—may be entitled to write M.A. or D.D. or L.L.D. after their names, on account of their classical or mathematical attainments, and yet be incapable of writing in plain English a notice fit to be stuck on a church door. A bull in a china-shop is not more out of place than a bull on the door of a Protestant English College chapel. Could not LINDLEY MURRAY Professorships be established at Oxford and Cambridge; and ought not examinations to be instituted with the view of securing, on the part of graduates, some proficiency in the art of writing and speaking the English language with propriety, if not with elegance? Elegance, however, might be exacted of all candidates for honours: at any rate the occupant of a high place in the mathematical or classical tripos ought not to deserve the position of a common dunce on the stool of a juvenile academy. It is sad to think how many great scholars are half-educated men, and, as regards their mother tongue, might (if they got "into trouble") be classed in the prison-registry, as Imperfect Writers, under the head of "W. Imp."

AWFUL LANGUAGE BY LORD CAMPBELL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

As one who entertains a profound veneration for the world, and especially for that part of it specifically called Society, I cannot tell you how greatly I was shocked by the following passage of the opinion lately pronounced by your Lordship on the motion for a new trial in the case of MARCHMONT *v.* MARCHMONT:—

"The wife was by no means free from blame, and she appeared to have been a very low, vulgar woman, of very disreputable character. But what was the conduct of the husband? It was most sordid, base, and disgraceful, from the beginning of his connection with the woman up to the very hour when the Court was called upon to pronounce its decree. He had been attracted merely by her money, and by the chance, not merely of having the enjoyment of it during her life, but, she being considerably older than himself, of enjoying the greater portion of it after her death. He appeared to have nothing in contemplation except to avail himself of the wealth which had seduced him into this discreditable connection."

My Lord, these observations are very painful. I use the word advisedly, because it is a favourite word with a class of people who are favourites of mine. It expresses the sensation which we feel when we hear the conduct of those with whom we sympathise condemned in strong language. The authority with which a LORD CHIEF JUSTICE speaks augments the painfulness of his censure. Your Lordship describes the conduct of MR. MARCHMONT "as most sordid, base, and disgraceful, from the beginning of his connection," with the party whom he married. And then you say that, "he had been attracted merely by her money." Pray consider, my Lord, to how many persons of the highest respectability you thus apply the epithets sordid, base, and disgraceful. You hurl them at the head of every individual in Society—Society with a capital S. Nobody in Society contracts a matrimonial alliance without an earnest regard to pecuniary considerations. People marry for love only in novels, and among the inferior classes. Parties who are living in the best situations, and moving in the most select circles, must have blushed in reading your Lordship's severe remarks on those marriages which alone are dictated by prudence, and applauded by gentility. How many a fond parent's heart—the heart of a Mamma with grown-up daughters—must your observations have wounded, at the same time poisoning the correctly educated minds of her children!

Does not the law, which it is your high office to administer, actually award compensation for the pecuniary disappointment involved in a rupture of a hymenæal engagement? Do not British juries, inspired by the honest eloquence of an impassioned barrister, award heavy damages to a young lady for a contract broken with an elderly gentleman whom she was going to marry with precisely those affections and expectations which your Lordship so dyslogistically ascribes to MR. MARCHMONT? But you, my Lord, are a Law Reformer, and now that you have denounced the principles by which, with respect to the conjugal relation, Society is regulated, I shall not wonder if you proceed to tamper with those legal sanctions which they receive from the time-honoured institutions of your country; and that the next thing you will do will be to propose some modification of the law concerning breach of promise of marriage. I trust in thus addressing your Lordship, I have avoided any violation of that decorum which is esteemed above all the virtues by your Lordship's most obedient humble flunkey,

PUNCH.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SUBJOINED is a touching specimen of the poetry which under the form of an advertisement occasionally appears in the second column of the *Times*:—

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND.—Let the flower not droop. It must know that the other flower does sympathise with it. A reply sent to your lines was by some mistake not duly inserted. There will be no delay now, and all may yet be right.

Curiosity may desire to penetrate the mystery of these advertising flowers, and pluck out the heart of it. Though this may not be quite practicable, an industrious bee may perhaps succeed in extracting a little of their honey, or a diligent grub might manage to worm out a few of their secrets.

There are three flowers in the case. Two of these are female, and one is male. Drooping flowers of the female sex do not expect flowers of their own sex to sympathise with them. The sympathetic flowers may be presumed to be of the kind which, in the language of botany, are called dioecious—far, far away from each other. The first flower is the person addressed; the other is her lover; the third flower is the authoress of the advertisement, who calls men and women flowers, and would describe herself as a flower. She is the common friend of the other two flowers. Call her ROSE. The interpretation of her advertisement is probably something like this. She, ROSE, means to tell her who can understand—say the intelligent VIOLET—not to be down in the mouth, as she may be sure that the other flower, whom, for inability to think of any masculine floral name, we will call BILL, and of whom she is enamoured, returns her passion. In conformity with this view, it must of course be supposed that the advertiser addresses her friend, first in the third person, and lastly in the second, a peculiarity conclusive as to epistolary gender.

THE RING.

(From Bell's Life.)

THE DERBY SLASHER AND THE BIRMINGHAM SMASHER.—A final meeting was announced for Bradford, on Monday, when the Smasher was present, attended by a large gathering of friends, but the Slasher did not show. There is no gammon, however, we believe, in the matter, as the Slasher must either fight, or resign the Champion's belt.

PEEL'S BOBBY is willing to make a match with OLD PAM, if PAM is good for anything but chaff.

FINALITY JACK has received various challenges, but would like to see how one or two men come up to the scratch, before he makes articles. He flatters himself that he has a novelty to open some folks' eyes. Apply at the Bedford Arms.

BILL MERRYPEBBLE is coming up from the South, and will be found too far North for some who expected he would be scarce. The report that he was Corfù-lent is unfounded.

THE WYCOUNT has called upon us to complain of COX of Finsbury, who goes about bragging that he knows a thing or two more than the Y. We insert his complaint; but must confess, we don't see much brag in Cox's allegation. *Parr nobbley fratrum.*

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

BEFORE YOU HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN, you will do well to become a purchaser of *Punch*. *Punch* is the infalliblest of all infallible specifics for adding personal attractions to those who are in want of them. It beautifies, embellishes, and bloomifies the face, and gives dignity and grace of deportment to the figure. Its effect upon the countennnce is magical and instantaneous. A single application will make permanently handsome the ugliest of mugs. Of all advertised cosmetics *Punch* is the most cosmetical. It removes wrinkles, scowls, sneers, leers, and pimples; and implants the bloom of beauty on complexions the most tallow-like. Furrows ploughed by Time are instantly effaced by it, as are the marks of crows' feet which Black Care has imprinted.

Punch is also an unfailing corrective of acidity, and engrafts the sweetest smile upon the sourest of visages. It cures defective vision, obliterates the hue of verdure in the eye, and enables the short-sighted to see with perfect clearness into the *middle* of the literary, the social, and the political next week. It may likewise be relied on for removing mental squints, and preventing men from taking one-sided views of things. By the cheerfulness it stimulates, Old Age is deferred, and Grey Hairs are prevented. Beings the most bilious and the most blighted will find comfort in it. One joke will relieve—one Volume will cure them. In short, such are the restorative properties of *Punch*, that good health and good looks are equally ensured by it. Those who take it regularly will be as well secured from sickness as from wearing a wig.

Sold (in numbers) fresh made every Wednesday, price only Threepence; or Fourpence when impressed with a Government Stamp.

N.B. Beware of Spurious Imitations.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Taking a Six Months' Course of *Punch*.

Hint to an Old Party.

How should you know that you are fat,
How should you know that you are grey,
How should you, too, be certain that
You 're old, and age-ing every day?

Say, do young ladies glance askew,
Speak low and quick, or drop their eyes:
Or do they frankly look at you,
Chat, smile, shake hands? Old Goose, be wise.

THE LADIES' PLAGUE.—"Burn the Crinoline!" "Yes, my dear, 'tis all very well to say, burn the Crinoline; but suppose you are in it?"

TOO MUCH!

Party (*who hates bad music in the middle of the night*). "WHA-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!!! STOP A BIT!!"——(*The rest is too terrible.*)

A DEFENCE OF ENGLISH DINNERS.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WHEN Parliament is not sitting one sees strange things in the papers, and the *Times* has lately stooped to raise its voice against our dinners. What provoked the thunder is not easy to determine. Some think it was the dearth of news which caused the outburst, while others fancy it resulted from a course of overfeeding. They conjecture that the *Times* ate too much Christmas pudding, and was suffering, when it wrote, the indigestion of the season.

"But, Sir, whatever led to the attack, I cannot think the *Times* deserves much praise for making it. Its correspondents have, I know, belauded it for doing so; but to my mind these allies were either bilious or *Times*-serving. There are always writers ready to shove themselves in print; and whenever the *Times* turns its sleeves up for a fight, there are hosts of 'Constant Readers' and 'G. H. M.s' to back it. One has fearful odds against one in contending with such combatants; but still I don't mind challenging the *Times* to single combat, if you will be so good as to stand by and see fair play for me.

"But before I take my coat off I should tell you, Sir, that I am one of the Old School. I no longer wear a pigtail: and in deference to my daughters I have given up top-boots. But for all that I still claim to rank as one of the Old School. I revere old institutions, old customs, and old port. Age before novelty, is my unaltered motto. I hate all innovations, and so called 'improvements.' What was good enough for my forefathers, is quite good enough for me. Let well alone, say I. It is made oftener worse than better.

"In justice to the *Times*, it is but right I should say this, because it will account in a great measure for our difference. The fact is, we look at things from opposite directions. What the *Times* complains of I might equally condemn, but for my regarding it in quite another light. What the *Times* looks down upon, I, on the contrary, look up to. I revere old institutions; the *Times* too frequently makes fun of them. The *Times* goes with the times; and, in the dining-room as elsewhere, is for constant change and novelty. Variety is charming to it, to me it is offensive. When the *Times* cries: O the wearying monotony of dinners! O, when shall we dismount from those eternal saddles of mutton! O, when will those boiled fowls fly off for ever from our sight!—I reply that saddle of mutton is a good old English dish, and a boiled fowl seems to me the fittest thing to serve with it. In the wisdom of our ancestors, the union was effected; and what our fathers yoked together we should be slow to separate.

"As for the monotony of diet in our dinners, that, to my mind, is their merit rather than their fault. Sir, when I was a bachelor, I dined for six years running off a leg of mutton. I see your smile of wonder; but my statement is the truth. Of course, I do not mean to say that one leg lasted me six years. A leg fresh twice a week was my average consumption; so, in six years, you may fancy what a lot of legs I walked into. I mention this to show you, not my magnitude of appetite, but my simpleness of taste. Of course, as one gets older, one gets daintier in one's diet; and *toujours*-leg-of-mutton now might pall upon my palate. But I would rather stick to mutton, good wholesome English mutton, than live on foreign kickshaws, as that 'G. H. M.'

THE HOMELESS POOR.

"AH! WE'RE BADLY OFF—BUT JUST THINK OF THE POOR MIDDLE CLASSES, WHO ARE OBLIGED TO EAT ROAST MUTTON AND BOILED FOWL EVERY DAY!"

would have me. Confound that 'G. H. M.!' What a snob the fellow must be, professing, as he does, to write for 'ordinary dinner-givers,' and then laying down such laws for them as only CROESUSES could follow; advising ladies to be satisfied with 'twelve or thirteen courses;' in short, suggesting such a system as, to quote the *Times*,—

"A man must have at least £5000 a year to carry out, must be without a family, and without expensive tastes of any kind save one, and that one the dinner-table."

"In this blessedly free country, every fool of course may spend his money as he pleases. He may have whatever costly follies he may choose: but why obtrude the *ménu* of them on the public? What care I to hear about 'foundation' and 'relieving' sauces: about 'beginning with *hors d'œuvre* of a wooing nature;' about '*salsifis*' and '*soufflés*,' '*beccaficos*' and '*vol au vents*,' '*entrées à la Bordelaise*' or '*à la Batelière?*' what have I to do with all such foreign messes? I have a healthy English appetite, and want no French strop to sharpen it. I eat when I am hungry, and when I am so am content with wholesome English fare. Men like 'G. H. M.' can't dine without *ménus*. Having outlived their digestions, they need artificial stimulants to tickle up their palates. Living but to eat, not eating but to live, they make their dinner last so long that they must have 'spring seats' to sit upon. I say, confound that 'G. H. M.!' I declare the fellow's letter nearly made me sick. I felt a little better when I saw the dose you gave him, and had you thought fit to cartoon him, I should have felt still more relieved. It would have done him too much honour, but it would have served him right. For writing so just now a man deserves a cut. I wish the *Times* had put his letter side by side with that sad narrative about our starving poor, which I saw inserted some three mornings after. The printing of each MS. filled a column and a half; but oh! what a contrast was in the contents of them!

"As I said, Sir, I approve of our monotony in dining. Variety of diet is anything but charming to me. I detest at all times being taken by surprise. Unexpected tastes alarm, and novelties annoy me. I like to know what I am eating; and, more than this, to know what I shall have to eat. Now, the advantage of our English dinner system is just this: one knows for weeks beforehand what one will have to dine off. Only let me see the date of it, and when I receive an invitation I can foresee my dinner. One prepares oneself at Christmas time for roast beef and boiled turkey, and later in the season for roast lamb and spring chickens. One gets salmon in the summer everywhere one goes, and in the same way one may count on codfish in the winter. If an *Almanack for English Diners-Out* were published (and if but one in fifty bought one, think how great would be the sale of it), I would advise that all the months should be rechristened for the purpose. How it would simplify the Calendar to diners-out when using it, if the months were all named after the dishes that one gets in them! 'Plum-pudding Month' would, unmistakeably, to them, stand for December; just as 'Ducks-and-green-peas Month' would signify July; and, when once these names were thoroughly implanted on his memory, no Englishman need ever vex his soul by thinking, in the words of LADY CLUTTERBUCK, *What* shall *we have for Dinner?*

* * * "I must break off here, for the dinner-bell is ringing; and I never let my pen entrench upon the time due to my knife and fork. But don't think I've exhausted my powers of defence. I've no intention yet of throwing up the sponge. In fighting, it is well to keep one's forces in reserve; and I shall withhold whatever else I have to say until next week. Enough of even English dinners is as good as a feast.

"Meanwhile, wishing you well through the boiled fowl of the season, Sir, I sign myself what I am proud to call myself,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

The Waste Paper Market.

SOME persons have been condemned for forging Russian bank-notes. All bank-notes are liable to a like calamity, and are frequently visited with it, but we must say that we never heard of an Austrian bank-note being exposed to a similar accident! We suppose the return is so small, if anything at all, that it is not considered worth the risk. A forged Austrian bank-note would be considered as such a decided stamp of madness that no one would be likely to be taken in by it. If you cannot get anything at all for a heap of real Austrian notes, it is not probable that you would be able to realise much more upon a bundle of forged ones.

BETWEEN THE EAGLES.

THERE was once a little farmer
Living underneath the mountains;
Underneath the Alpine shadows,
In the land called Pié di Monte.
There the little farmer, VICTOR,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Aided by CAVOUR, his bailiff,
Kept his little farm in order;
Kept his little patch of garden,
With its rows of Savoy-Cabbage,
Trimmed his little bush of laurel,
Reared his little row of pig-sties,
Reared his little row of hen-roosts.

It befel one winter morning
There was trouble in the pigsties;
Grunting of the boar, Humphrumpha,
Squealing of the sow, Pigwiggin;
There was fluttering in the hen-roosts,
Crowing of the cock, Cochino,
Clucking of the hen, Dorkinga,
Fluttering of the bantam, Sebright.
Grunting, squealing, crowing, clucking,
That the little farmer wakened
From his snoring 'twixt the blankets,
From his snoozing in the feathers,
Poked his head out of the window,
Far as his moustachios suffered—
His moustachios, red and foxy,
Like two marling-spikes protruded—
Poked his head out of the window,
To discover what the shindy:
Wherefore grunts the boar, Humphrumpha?
Wherefore squeals the sow, Pigwiggin?
Why such flutter in the hen-roosts?
Crowing of the cock, Cochino,
Clucking of the hen, Dorkinga,
Fluttering of the bantam, Sebright?

Soon his eye discerned the reason;
Hovering grim outside his hedgerow,
Gathered as in act of swooping,
Saw he Austria, the Vulture,
Black of plume and double-headed.
Vulture, whom irreverent sailors,
Sailors heraldry ignoring,
"Split-crow" oftenest entitle.

Very angry waxed the farmer,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
To CAVOUR the bailiff called he:
"Take thy gun, CAVOUR the bailiff,
Lo, 'tis Austria, the Vulture!
Double-beaked and iron-taloned,
Lean of head and herring-gutted.
With designs both black and bloody,
'Gainst our hen-roosts and our pig-sties,
Hovers she so near our borders.
Not without the best of reasons
Grunteth sore the boar, Humphrumpha,
Squeaketh shrill the sow, Pigwiggin,
Croweth clear the cock, Cochino,
Clucketh wild the hen, Dorkinga,
Flutters fierce the bantam, Sebright."

As he spoke he donned his garments,
Garments of a martial fashion:
Never was so fierce a farmer—
Pigeon-breasted as to bosom,
And wasp-waisted as to middle,
With moustachios red and foxy,
Like two marling-spikes set cross-wise,
And a marling-spike of beard, too,
At right angles to his moustache.
So came VICTOR from the cottage,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Full of wrath against the Vulture,
Waiting till CAVOUR the bailiff
Fetched the gun wherewith to shoot him.

When high o'er him rang the hurtle
As of pinions wide and waving,
And up-looking to his right-hand,
And up-looking to his left-hand,
Either side, he saw an Eagle—
One was ashy-grey of feather,
Worn he looked and somewhat draggled,
—A *Robert Macaire* of Eagles—
But with eye of latent mischief,
And with talons sharp though sheathèd;
Black the other was and burly,
Double-beaked, and armed his pounces,
One with sword and one with sceptre;
Somewhat puzzled looked the farmer,
At this affluence of Eagles,
Wondering if inspired by hunger,
Hankering for the boar, Humphrumpha,
Craving for the sow, Pigwiggin,
They thus hovered near his borders.

"Fear not," quoth the ash-grey Eagle,
With the eye of latent mischief,
"Not for plunder came we hither;
Not like Austria, the Vulture;
Not for pigs, and not for poultry,
But for aid and for protection.
I am called the Eagle, LOUIS,
At Boulogne I imped my pinions:
Caged at Ham I burst my fetters,
Soared to the Elysée Bourbon,
Thence unto the Tuileries flying,
There I hold my giddy eyrie;
Swooping whence I come to aid thee,
Guard thy pigs and guard thy poultry,
From foul Austria, the Vulture:
With the Eagle, ALEXANDER,
Eagle from the banks of Neva,
From the muddy flats of Azoff,
And the ice-cliffs of the Irkutsk.
We are here with common purpose
To defend thy pigs and poultry,
From foul Austria, the Vulture,
We are proof against temptation,
Be it pig or be it turkey,
Goose or duckling, hen or chicken!"

So, with folding of their pinions,
Sharp of beak and keen of talon,
Gravely stooped the brace of Eagles
Either hand the little farmer,

VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Who to this bird and to that bird,
Looked as one that, knowing Latin,
(Which he didn't,) would have murmured,
"*Quis Custodiat Custodes?*"

But what followed such alliance,
And what came of such protection,
What befel the little farmer,
How the pigs and poultry liked it,
Yet remains hid *in futuro*;
Yet remains for *Punch* to sing of,
Both for pigs' and poultry's warning,
And for little farmers' also.

A WORD ON THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

SUPPOSE that the ordinary language of parliamentary debate were thieves' Latin; that Hon. Members were accustomed to call one another liar and scoundrel, from words to proceed to blows, and often have a mill before the chair of MR. SPEAKER. Suppose they were in the habit of caning each other, and pelting one another with brickbats in Regent Street and Piccadilly, occasionally exchanging pistol-shots for variety. Suppose they were habitual nightly frequenters of the worst dens about the Haymarket, and ever roaring, brawling, and getting drunk in pothouses and ginshops. Suppose the difference between their average and the generality of convicts chiefly consisted in exemption from hard labour. Suppose that, whatever were the political differences of parties in the House, they all agreed in being corrupt, and consisting of rascals and blackguards. What would the British Parliament then resemble? It would resemble the American Congress, according to the description given of that legislative assembly by the *New York Herald*. And what, in that case, should we call British representative government? We should call it Government by the Worst.

Now, as the American Constitution is the model constitution of MR. BRIGHT, and it is well to call things by their right names, and since analogy should be observed in nomenclature, and Aristocracy properly means Government by the Best, the House of Commons, reformed after MR. BRIGHT'S pattern, might perhaps be rightly denominated, in one word, a Cacistocracy. Will MR. BRIGHT accept that term for his party, go ahead of mere democracy, name as well as thing, and declare himself a Cacistocrat?

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.—England is the country, of all others, where the greatest readiness is displayed in raising the needful to raise the needy.—*A Proud Briton.*

FINE IDEAS.

WRITING from Stockholm, a correspondent of the *Daily News* begs its readers to "take notice" that—

"The fines dictated by the Swedish statutes for cruelty to human beings, and which are at this moment in full vigour, are as follows:—For a foot chopped or struck off, 25 dollars banco (a Swedish dollar banco is 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling); an ancle, 25 dollars banco; a toe, 8 dollars banco; an arm, 10 d. b.; a leg, 10 d. b.; a nose, 40 d. b.; a hand, 40 d. b.; an ear, 40 d. b.; a thumb, 25 d. b.; a forefinger, 17 d. b.; an eye, 40 d. b.; if the eye is of enamel or glass (incredible, but true!) 60 d. b.; a broken head, 10 d. b.; a tooth knocked out, 6 d. b.; small wounds, each 1 d. b.; a box on the ear, ½ d. b. The sufferer must not be a member of the Storthing (or Parliament) at least during the Session, as any such attack at that period, and in the city of Stockholm, is considered as high treason, and punishable as such."

As we in England are requested to "take notice" of the paragraph, we presume the law of Sweden would affect us if we went there; and that whatever injuries our persons might sustain, would be valued according to the tariff above quoted. If this be so, the Swedish law is not without some moment to us; and it comes within our province to vote for its amendment. We are at present well content to have our residence in England, bad as are the dinners which the *Times* tells us we get here. But should anything turn up to make us live among the Swedes, it is as well we know the price which they will set upon our heads, in case we are unfortunate enough to get them broken there. We must confess, however, that the passage we have cited is based upon a notion of comparative anatomy, which, if we happened to be hurt, we should certainly protest against. We would not take ten shillings to have one of our teeth knocked out, nor would we have our ears boxed for so small a sum as eightpence, unless the boxer were a female, and the loveliest as well as lightest-handed of her sex. That a glass eye should be valued more highly than a real one appears to us to be an optical delusion, and why an arm may be cut off for a fine of but ten dollars, while a hand is priced precisely at four times that amount, is a puzzle which to English brains is quite incomprehensible, clear as it may seem to the turnip-headed Swedes. If one's arm be "chopped or struck off," one's hand must needs go with it: yet for the greater injury, the less fine is imposed, which in whatever light we view it seems to us an imposition.

The law making it high treason to hurt members of the Storthing, shows us in what reverence the Swedes hold their M.P.s, and how far advanced in that respect they are before the English. But much as you may praise it, oh! be thankful, fellow-countrymen, *that no such* law is yours; else, think what a calamity would long since have befallen you. The nation would ere this have been in mourning for its *Punch!* for if it were high treason to make cuts at our M.P.s, *Punch* would long ere this have paid the penalty for doing so.

"SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH."

ADVICE which it is impossible to follow is simply a mockery. The above recommendation has been made to *Mr. Punch*, no doubt in the most delightful manner, but having experimented, that gentleman declares himself unable to avail himself of it.

He would have been glad to do so, too, in regard to a reason.

Lately, he had to advert to the conduct of one OLIVER, a stockbroker, who, being entrusted with the fortune, some £5000, of a young lady named CAROLINE ADELAIDE DANCE, did feloniously apply the same to his own use, and now lies under sentence of transportation, being retained in England only while bankruptcy investigation endeavours to ascertain whether anything that has come under his hands has escaped his wicked greed. It appears that the lady, thus plundered of nearly her all, has not sat down to bewail herself, neither has she taken the next step usual in such cases, of casting herself upon the hands of others, having something in her own hands, or rather fingers, that enables her to preserve her independence. She has musical gifts, improved by cultivation; and these, which were to have been the amusement of her leisure are now to be the support of her home and that of her nearest and dearest relative. Miss DANCE has composed songs, and the *Musical World* (which is an oracle in its own sphere), declares them to be full of sweet and serious thought, and altogether excellent.

Mr. Punch applauds the young lady's spirit, and wishes her all success. But the above title of her last song, charming as the music is, gives counsel which he repeats, he cannot follow. The only way in which he flies south is by an express on the Brighton line, and this train stops nowhere to enable him to swallow; and if he tries to swallow from a pocket flask, the motion of the train makes him spill the Cognac all over the front of his shirt. That the words are ALFRED TENNYSON'S only shows how unpractical are poets. *Mr. Punch* cannot swallow, flying south.

VERY BAD LIVERS.

Q. WHAT did the East India Company die of?
A. Indi(a)-gestion?

WHO'S WHERE IN 1859?

WE have what some may think a difficult task before us. We have to criticise a work which we have never read; and, highly as we think of it, we never mean to read it. All that we intend to do is just to glance at its contents, and on that one glance we mean to stake our judgment.

After all, though, this is no uncommon thing to do. We will wager professed critics are continually doing it. How many pages of a book upon an average are cut, to enable a reviewer to furnish his opinion of it? There is a species of clairvoyance by which the critic gains an insight into books by just glancing at the title-page and table of contents. Why, if reviewers were obliged to read through what they criticise, they would never have the time to write down what they think of it. Everybody nowadays is bringing out a book, and nobody has time to read through anybody else's. A Briareus of a critic would find his hundred hands filled daily with new works; and had he the eyes of Argus, he could not possibly do more than get but half a glimpse at a tithe of what is published.

KELLY'S *Post-Office Directory for* 1859. You have not read it, reader? No, we dare bet you have not. Nor, much as we commend it, would we advise your doing so. We could not in conscience recommend you to sit down, and not get up till you have finished it; for your lengthened sedentation might be bodily a bore, and we do not think that mentally you would be the better for it. Yet the work, we make no doubt, will be often in your hands, and you will seldom lay it down without being *the wiser for it. It will be little use your trying to master its contents*, they will set the strongest mind and longest memory at defiance. An occasional dip into them is all you can expect; but such dips, you will find, will sufficiently enlighten you.

To show what interesting subjects are treated in the work, and give a specimen of the manner in which they are handled, we think the following extracts will abundantly suffice:—

"Punch's Pocket-Book (*Ann.*) . . } 85, Fleet Street, p. 2275.
"Punch (Weekly) . . . . }
"Punch, 85, Fleet Street, Wednesday . . . p. 2276."

There is no circumlocution to complain of here. No tediousness of detail mars the grandeur of the truths which have to be enounced. The statements to be made are of national importance, and they are told with a simplicity of words which well befits them. Nor is this the only instance that, if need were, we could quote. The same admirable conciseness, we find, pervades the book. The *Directory* is not generally commended for its humour; yet, if brevity of statement be the soul of wit, the *Directory* is certainly the wittiest of works.

To persons who are fond of seeing their names in print, such a book as the *Directory* must be one of lively interest; and if a tithe of the names printed in it were put down in the Subscription List, the proprietors of the work would have no fear for its success. We have set two of our fastest calculating boys to make an estimate of the sum which would in this event be realised; but as the work of counting up the names will take them upwards of a week, the solution of the problem must stand over till our next. Some idea may be formed of the labour which is involved in it; if we state that of the "SMITHS" alone there are above eight pages, averaging one hundred and sixty to a page.

Measuring some six inches thick, and weighing as it does upwards of half a stone, the *Directory* may with truth be viewed as a great work; and when it is reflected that every name inserted involved a visit to the local habitation of its owner, and that the Post Office initials are appended in each case, we think some notion may be had, not only of the penwork bestowed upon the book, but of the shoe-leather expended in collecting the statistics for it. The labour of compiling such a work as the *Directory* is not less manual and crural than mental and cerebral; and we think the getting up of this its Sixtieth publication, does great credit to the hands and heads, and also, we may add, to the legs which were employed in it.

THE NEW PICTURE-GALLERY.

(*Addressed by the Policeman on Duty there to the Idol of his Affections.*)

FROM information, SARAH, which this morning I received,
I took up a position, as I kep until relieved;
It were in Great George Street, Westminster, this station were of mine,
And the number, if you ask me that, were number XXIX.

There 's a dollop of Trusteeses, nearly all in titled names,
Has been buying lots of pictures, which I don't admire the frames;
And each of 'em 's a likeness like, some full length and some half,
And the gentleman who 's hung 'em up by name is MR. SCHARF.

And to this ouse in Westminster the public they invite
To come quite free and affable and take a pleasing sight.
LORD STANLEY and LORD ECHO, and LORD SEASLE, which is BOB,
And LORD MACAWLY, which I hear have got a tidy nob.

Likewise does good LORD LANSDOWN, a pier as I respex,
And MR. DISSRYELY too, as knows to jaw and wex,
And MR. SIDNEY HERBUT, a politely spoken gent,
They all invite the public to walk up and be content.

There 's nothing, SARAH, for to pay, but to keep out blagu-ards
The public must resort unto Colnaggy for their cards,
When up they walks promiscuous, and what they will behold
To you, my true love, SARAH, by your true love shall be told.

They 'll see SIR JOSHUA REYNOLS, with his hand before his eyes,
As I do in the sunshine when a prig I takes and spies,
And DOCTOR PARR, but not the one regarding which I 've wondered
How taking such a heap of pills he lived to be a underd.

Here 's ANGLE, which compose the songs they sing at Exter All,
And CAPTAIN COOK which circumwented this terrestrial ball,
And PERCEVAL, as some one shot, and near to him ORN TOOK,
And JIMMY THOMSON which I hear have wrote a pleasing book.

Then, SARAH, comes a female, which have got such eyes and arms,
Excepting one, I never see the ekal of her charms;
That one I needn't name, my dear, because you know it well,
But this sweet party 's name is GWYNN, her Christian being NELL.

There 's likewise BILLY SHAKSPEARE with whom you 're well acquaint,
And FOX the martlelolloger with whom most like you aint,
And CARNAL WOLSEY, which with me a many times you 've seen,
When on duty up in Oxford Street, performer, MR. KEAN.

Brave GENERAL WOLFE as was a wolf that made the Frenchmen run,
And bold BURDETT (how many a time I 've took up MR. DUNN)
And MR. WILLIAM WILBYFORCE as liberate the nigger,
And PRINCESS SHARLOT, dead and gone, a very handsome figure.

LORD CLIVE, as from his worldly beat I 'm told presumed to hook it,
They say he was a cruel cove, and SARAH, don't he look it?
Then MRS. SIDDINGS, and her brother, pictures true to natur,
These parties only played in a respectable theaytre.

Then SIR J. MACKINTOSH, in red, but with a loose white tie,
He invented waterproofs for capes, and bless him, so say I.
And ROBERT BURNS, respecting which they 're getting up a row;
I 've heard he made good songs, and such, when follering of his plough.

At present about sixty is the number as they 've got,
But every day the great folks will be adding to the lot,
And speaking as a constable, I think the thing correct,
It keeps folks out of mischief while such matters they inspect.

I see a heap of swells and nobs upon the private view,
They rub their ands, and says to MR. SCHARF as it will do,
Some day there 'll be a splendid show, and in some corner, snug,
Who knows, my SARAH, but they 'll stick your true love's noble mug?

January 14, 1859.

What is the World Coming to?

A LADY of Fashion, upon being told that one of her six-footed JENKINSES had been married the previous day to her lady's-maid at the aristocratic church in Hanover Square, was so scandalised, that, forgetting her position, her English, her placidity, and all the other proprieties of life, she exclaimed most bitterly:—"It's too bad, I declare, to turn St. Georges' in this way into a *low-menial altar!*"

A DISCREET (!) FRIEND HAVING PRESENTED MASTER TOM WITH A TOOL-BOX AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—THE FURNITURE IS PUT INTO THOROUGH REPAIR.

OUR DEFIANCE TO TYRWHITT.

ROO-EY-TOO-EY, TYRWHITT. Roo-ey-too-ey, MR. TYRWHITT. Hooray! Bravo! TYRWHITT for ever! Hooray!

Bah! tyrant. Bah! You may "immediately suppress the cheers of the people in court," with the aid of your minions and myrmidons, but you can't put down *Mr. Punch*. In flat defiance of you, he roars Bravo! TYRWHITT for ever! Well said, Sir. Well spoken, Sir. Put down those of your own size; but you shan't prevent *Mr. Punch's* applauding you with might and main.

And this is what he is applauding:—

A poor girl, named MARY ANN HODGE, aged 16, is found crying on a doorstep, late at night. Police Constable WHITELEY, 239 S (the man behaved discreetly, and deserves to be named), finds that she is homeless, and advises her to go to the St. Pancras workhouse. She has already been there, and has been refused admission. He himself takes her there, and she is again refused. He takes her to the station, whence the added terror of a sergeant is sent with her; but for the third time the homeless girl is driven away. Then, of course, in common humanity, she becomes a prisoner at the station, and has refuge and decent treatment for the night.

She is brought, being a prisoner, before MR. TYRWHITT; and, "in the course of the day," the Master of St. Pancras condescends to attend. The following conversation ensued:—

"The master said the reason why he did not give orders for the girl's admission was because he was not told that she was 'destitute,' only that she wanted a night's lodging.

"MR. TYRWHITT. You do not mean to say that when a person is brought by the Police, found in the public streets, without a home, you refuse admission because he belongs to a neighbouring parish?

"The Master. Well, no; *it depends*.

"MR. TYRWHITT. Because the word 'destitution' had not been used, admission was refused to a poor—

"The master, who seemed to treat the matter with great callousness, was about making some remarks when he was told to sit down."

His callosity sat down accordingly, when MR. TYRWHITT inflicted upon the callous animal and his proprietors the following castigation:—

"He could not help remarking, that the masters of workhouses read Poor Law Reports and Regulations until they thought of nothing else, and their hearts grew harder. What was this girl refused admission for? Only because she did not make use of the word 'destitute.' If she had been taken in and relieved with her four ounces of bread, the master could this morning have made her work for it. Such conduct as had been pursued in this case was a perfect disgrace to the administration of the Poor Law. He knew the storm which would be raised, and strong interests which worked in St. Pancras, but he would fearlessly do his duty, and he said advisedly that he believed that *no other parish would act in this way*. In the parishes surrounding this Court, viz., Clerkenwell, Islington (more especially the latter), and St. Andrew's, Holborn, every attention was paid to such cases—attention which is not paid by the parish of St. Pancras. His brother magistrate (MR. CORRIE) was, he understood, of the same opinion. How was it that such dreadful cases came from that parish alone? There must be several more when one of their officers was now under remand, and warrants had been issued against others who could not be found."

Once more, and in utter defiance of you and your minions, *Mr. Punch* exclaims, Bravo, TYRWHITT! The parish of St. Pancras is not only a disgrace to Metropolitan administration, but to the community generally. It is one of the instances that are flung in the face of Reformers, when they desire to extend popular representation. Obstructives say, "Look at the precious parish of St. Pancras, with its vestry of chattering, jangling, loquacious Bumbles, and look at the state of the parish. These men are the choice of the many; and do you want to send such men to Parliament?" If there are any true Reformers, and there must be some in St. Pancras, they will strengthen the hands of their friends in Parliament by agitating in the most determined manner for a reform in St. Pancras. The united wisdom of the assembly of popular representatives there can do no better than appoint some officers who abscond, and others who do still worse, namely, stay, and drive houseless girls of sixteen back upon the streets.

"Storm," MR. TYRWHITT. The best thing that can happen. A storm, as you may have remarked in walking in your garden, brings out the slugs, and toads, and crawling nuisances; and then they can be picked up and flung out of the premises. And, if this happens in St. Pancras, *Mr. Punch* promises to pick up the creatures that come forth, and has provided himself with a new pair of tongs for the purpose. Let us see the crawlers come out.

And therefore once again, and in the interest of humanity, and in renewed defiance of your myrmidons and minions, *Mr. Punch* shouts, stamps, and clatters, in approbation, MR. TYRWHITT, of your outspeaking.

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Cousin Harriet. "WELL, ALFRED, WILL YOU STOP AND HAVE SOME TEA WITH US?"

Alfred. "HAW! YOU'RE VERY GOOD, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE PANTOMIME!"

BARCAROLE.

(To be Sung at the Opening of Parliament by the (Loaves and) Fish-ermen below the gangway.)

BEHOLD how BRIGHT-ly breaks the Session,
Though thin our ranks, our hopes are warm;
JOHN BULL we'll stir with loud profession,
The whirlwind rule, and guide the storm.
Put off, put off, by friend and foe,
The gangway long we 've sat below;
But let us play our game with care,
The pay we seek, we soon shall share.

Chorus.

Put off, put off, by friend and foe,
The gangway long we 've sat below;
But let us play our game with care,
The pay we seek, we soon, we soon shall share.

The country 's sick of Whigs and Tories;
All save ourselves are fools and knaves:
A fig for war's expensive glories,
It doesn't pay to rule the waves.
Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

When BRIGHT our sun shines in the zenith,
Our Cabinet is ready made;
Where COX for WALPOLE lordly reigneth,
With GIBSON at the Board of Trade.
Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

While WILLIAMS at th' Exchequer frowning,
The pennies saves, till pounds increase;
And ROEBUCK in the Street of Downing
His temper shows, to keep the peace.
Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

THE SCARLET PETTICOAT.

DOES the REV. DR. NEWMAN consider Crinoline as an illustration of the principle of development?

NAPOLEONIC IDEA.—The Minister who dabbles in the Stocks ought to be put in the Pillory.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

DATING from Nice, the "Own Correspondent" of the *Daily News*, in describing the reception there of PRINCE NAPOLEON, writes thus:—

"The arrival of the Prince speedily became known, and much anxiety was displayed by the natives to behold the features of the personage whose resemblance to the Great NAPOLEON at one period of his life is undeniable. The ladies were of course desirous to see the Prince, on whom is to be conferred the hand of the daughter of Savoy. The French refugees in Nice, who are numerous, were likewise fired with a certain curiosity, for some of their body had the felicity in 1848 of sharing the benches of the 'Mountain' with the august visitor; and having partaken of the same opinions, employed the same language, and shared identical hopes, it was but natural that they should embrace this opportunity of welcoming their former political brother with becoming deference. But the brilliant sun which illuminates this coast has a peculiar effect on some eyesights; and the Prince, whose political sincerity cannot be questioned, was unhappily prevented by this solar phenomenon from recognising his old political associates."

It is proverbial that there is nothing new under the sun, and the curious phenomenon which was observed at Nice, has been remarked elsewhere beneath our solar system. As men rise in the world they frequently get dazzled by the brightness of their prospects, and in proportion to the height which they attain is the damaging effect which is produced upon their eyesight. Ascenders of high mountains often find their eyes affected before they reach the summit; and some ascribe their blindness to the rarity of atmosphere by which they are surrounded. In the like manner a person who is rising in the world often gives himself rare airs, and is not seldom forced in consequence to walk with his eyes shut.

As far as our own solar observations go to prove, it by no means needs the "brilliant sun" of Italy to cause this optical effect. In fact no sunshine at all, except the sunshine of prosperity, is needful to produce it. We have seen great men in England so completely dazzled by the light of their own presence, that even on the cloudiest of our November days, they have completely failed to recognise a face the most familiar to them. Rising men do this sometimes, as well as men already risen. They carry their heads so high that they can see nothing beneath them: just as PRINCE NAPOLEON having risen above the "Mountain," now no longer stoops to look at it. The Mountain goes to see the Prince, but the Prince is not disposed to the returning of the compliment. The Prince has other views just now to occupy his eyesight, and as for noticing the Mountain he "doesn't seem to see it."

The same phenomenon is visible as well in the political as in the social atmosphere. We recollect when politics ran higher than they now do, it was hard to meet a man whose eyesight was not more or less affected like the Prince's. The blindness to which all were at the time we speak of subject, was a sort of what has since received the name of "colour blindness." This, when they met a man of any other party colour than their own, nine times in ten at least prevented them from seeing him. A "Blue" passed by a "Yellow" without noticing his presence, and to both a "Green" was equally invisible. A like blindness, no doubt, affected PRINCE NAPOLEON, when he failed to see his old political associates at Nice: for now his eyes are blind with the Imperial Purple, of course he cannot recognise the revolutionary Red.

From Poll to Poll.

THE Sabbatarians, angered at being largely defeated on two separate polls as to whether the Crystal Palace shall be opened on a Sunday, intend submitting their next decision to the DEAN OF CARLISLE, in the hope that this will bring the question of Sabbath opening effectually to a CLOSE.

SERPENTINE POLICY.

"FIRST Americanise, then annex," is the principle on which MR. DOUGLAS proposes to extend the possessions of the Yankee Republic. Just so the boa-constrictor first strangles and licks its prey all over, and then swallows it.

THE COCKNEY'S ADDRESS TO THE SEA.—"With all thy faults I love thee *still*."

LETTER FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.

SIR,—Although perfectly aware of the malignant hatred which *Punch* bears to religion, and although profoundly convinced that he is actuated by a burning desire to see every cathedral turned into a hippodrome, and every church into a gin-palace; yet, as I hope I know better than to be uncharitable, I propose to address to you a few remarks on the subject of Pantomimes, with which horrors my name has been unhappily connected. I do not suppose, however, that you will insert my letter, inasmuch as I believe you to be a depraved worldling, and either too bitterly hostile to good men to show them fair play, or too stupidly incapable of comprehending them to see the merits of their arguments. If I were disposed to write harshly, I might use much stronger language.

"I have been represented, Sir, as having stated that a Pantomime is a wicked exhibition. I adopt, and repeat that statement.

"I have said the thing, Sir, too often to have any doubt in my mind of its truth. But knowing that it is my duty to prove all things, and supposing it possible that the anathemas of myself and other good men might have induced some outward reformation in these accursed spectacles, I came to London on Tuesday last, for the purpose of beholding, with my own eyes, what I deemed it my duty to denounce. I called, in my way, for the Editor of the *Record*, who was so good as to leave unfinished a statement that a leading Puseyite had just eloped with his grandmother, and to accompany me to the theatre.

"We selected Drury Lane Theatre, as being the oldest and largest of these temples of Beelzebub, but as we would not encourage wickedness by paying one farthing, we applied to MR. SMITH for a box. I am bound to say that in the note enclosing it, there was not a single oath or other demoralising expression, which, alas, shows the hypocrisy of the world. I make no doubt that he and every other manager habitually use lithographed forms of reply, with the most profane and evil language therein, but in Christian charity, I state that there was nothing of the kind in the envelope in question. We were shown into a box marked F, and the initial suggested the word Folly to my friend the Editor. Would that only folly were practised in the Theatre!

"The box-opener was in red, the livery of the Scarlet Woman. He did not ask for money, nor would I have given him any; but in exchange for what worldlings call a play-bill I gave him a tract, called '*Is* All Serene, my Cove?' May it be blessed to the poor creature!

"Sir, the veil disclosing the iniquity called a Pantomime had some time risen, and what is profanely called the Transformation scene was before the audience. And what an audience! Thousands of persons, from the pit (well named) to the ceiling, grinning, with idiotic delight, at a glistening spectacle, made up of paint, tinsel, gaudy dresses, red fire, (ah!) and bedizened females. What must be the influence of such a spectacle! I do not deny its fascination—even my eye dwelt on it, I blush to say, with a momentary sensation of pleasure, while the good man by my side was permitted to be tempted so far as to mutter the slang word 'Stunning!'

"Then, Sir, commenced a series of wickednesses which I firmly believe have never been equalled, in so short a time, since the beginning of the world. I write them with a shudder, and even the callous creatures who read your paper must feel some little shame at perusing such a description.

"I do not speak of the horrible morals taught. These were atrocious enough. A poor old man, apparently the friend of a fiend called the Clown, was treated more brutally than I could have conceived flesh could bear. He was dashed on the ground, his face was kicked, his eye was slapped, he was knocked on the head, all by his false friend, upon whom incessant remonstrance produced no effect beyond a mocking jeer. Sometimes under the guise of sociality the athletic ruffian would approach the poor aged creature, whose confidence in him was touching, and suddenly and without provocation would deal him a fearful blow, which resounded over the house. Sometimes he would wound him, or strike him with a huge club, or drive a ladder into his abdomen. It was cruel and barbarous: My good friend, the Editor of the *Record*, says that these ill-used old *men* seldom survive more than a night, and that new victims are hired by the managers, to be slaughtered like the horses in Spanish bull-fights. But I speak only of what I *saw*.

"Sir, I saw with my own eyes several murders that night. I saw a man who represented a policeman (no, Sir, I am not an ignorant bigot, and I am quite aware that the poor wretch was not really a policeman) blown into fragments by an explosion, caused by an electric wire. I am not to be deceived, I beheld his disjointed limbs fly about, and it is not by the paltry artifice of bringing in another person, supposed to be the victim restored to life, that I am to be deluded. I also saw a man's head cut off with a large pair of scissors, and the body was thrown down a hole, after much brutal treatment had been bestowed upon it. A live man was put in the place of the slain, but again, Sir, I say that I am not to be taken in. And a third time, *Mr. Punch*, I witnessed a similar spectacle, another policeman (the hatred of the wicked to all constituted authorities is awful) being stunned and thrown into a cucumber frame, whence, again, the substitute arose, but I am not again to be so deceived. My friend, the Editor of the *Record*, informs me that the manager of the Theatre contracts with an hospital to take away the bodies of the persons they put to death, and when we came out I saw a group of medical students at the door of an hotel called the Albion, who were doubtless waiting for the subjects for dissection.

"Sir, the audience evinced no horror at such scenes. On the contrary, they uttered shouts of delight when the victims were stricken down; just such yells, Sir, as the Pagans of the old Roman amphitheatre emitted when the wounded gladiator fell upon the ensanguined sand, and looked round upon the cruel thousands for the signal of mercy; but, alas, saw turned-down thumbs, announcing that he was to perish by the sword of the victor.*

"After such scenes, Sir, permitted in Pantomimes by the authorities, why need I dwell upon lesser, though still great crimes. I am bound to say that the females engaged did not dress in the unseemly fashion which I had heard was usual, and I do not know that there was much more display of their lower limbs than I have habitually witnessed on the part of the miserable but fashionable sinners of my Cheltenham flock, who wore Crinolines, and had to cross roads. But, for the rest, the whole performance was one of wickedness, lying, thieving, smiting, brawling, and vanity; all, however, thrown into nothingness by the diabolical atrocity of killing several persons in order to make a holiday for a London crowd.

"I returned, Sir, by a late train, but my friend, the Editor of the *Record*, in order that the carnal pride engendered in him by his extraordinary gifts and graces might be abased, was permitted to eat such a number of whelks at a stall in Vinegar Yard, that he was excessively unwell next day, and his journal came out for once without a single instance of what the worldlings and the Tractarians call misrepresentation; but which good men know to be the salutary scourgings for the enemies of true religion.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"FRANCIS CLOSE, D.D."

"*The Deanery, Carlisle.*"

* It was just the other way—*pollicem vertebant*—but the High Church declare that the Evangelicals are not remarkable for the exactitude of their scholarship.—*P.*

How the Austrians Run.

FOR gold, as often as they can: and when there is no gold, they are too happy to run for silver.

LACING FOR LADIES.

A WASPISH waist makes a woful want—of health.

ONE OF THE "ITALIAN IRONS."—The Holy Poker!!!

GROSS CALUMNY ON A ROMAN CATHOLIC SOMEBODY.

A few old women were greatly alarmed at the PRINCE OF WALES'S visit to Rome. Their apprehensions will be heightened to the pitch of frenzy by the subjoined extract from a letter from Malta, published in the *Times*:

"A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The following garrison order has been the source of much bitterness:—'All guards to turn out to the Archbishop of Malta, and all sentries to carry arms and present arms when the Host passes.' CAPTAIN SHEFFIELD, of the 21st R.N.B.F., having refused to obey the above, has been ordered under arrest, and will in all probability be tried by court martial. It is a case of conscience with CAPTAIN SHEFFIELD, who, it is reported, is ready to submit to any punishment rather than do homage to the Host."

This story is not incredible—because those old women will believe it. Fancy a commanding officer daring to order HER MAJESTY'S soldiers to perform an act of homage to an object which HER MAJESTY regards as an idol! It is strange, however, to see what monstrous stories some mischievous knaves or buffoons will tell in defiance of all reason and common sense. The letter above quoted proceeds in the coolest manner to assert that—

"This presenting and carrying arms to the Host has long been a cause of complaint with the Protestant soldiers at Malta, particularly the Presbyterians, when Highland regiments have been stationed here. Some years ago, GENERAL AITCHISON, now Governor of Dover Castle, while commanding a company of Artillery at Malta, was dismissed the Service for refusing to salute the Host."

It is hardly necessary to remark that all this must be imaginary. Would any Protestant officer in command of a garrison venture to cause Irish Roman Catholic troops to salute a British clergyman, or march them to any other chapel than their own, and order them to kneel in it? And if he did, would not the Irish soldiers promptly obey the word of command, without thinking about it, just as the Scotch and English would in the corresponding case? But would not the officer who had been such a fool and a bigot as to give such an order, be speedily dismissed from HER MAJESTY'S service? Much sooner would the author of an insult to the faith which the QUEEN'S troops hold in common with the QUEEN be sent about his business—which might consist in counting his beads, or in deservedly scourging himself, or in saluting the POPE'S shoe with his own lips. If—but no, the supposition is too absurd—if there is any foundation for fact in the statement that English and Scotch Protestant soldiers have been compelled to do reverence to a biscuit, all that we can say is, that we had no idea of the extent to which practical joking was carried in the Army.

St. Pancras and Reform.

A BAD case for MR. BRIGHT'S Reform Bill, as far as the franchise is concerned, is presented by the St. Pancras Vestry. Elected by the ratepayers, that notorious parochial body exhibits a singular example of local self-misgovernment.

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.

ONE of the six hundred aspirants, upon being asked why he had selected the signature of "Crinoline" for his poem, explained as his reason, that "it could not fail to carry off the prize for *Burns*."

CALUMNY ON THE SUPERIOR CLERGY.

SOME rabid Dissenter, or rampant Papist, has put into the *Times* the subjoined advertisement, with the double view of bringing the Established Church into contempt, and hoaxing *Punch*, so as to provoke him to lay his cudgel about the ears of the Bishops, and superior classes of the clergy:—

AID IS ASKED for many poor Clergymen in Distress wanting Food and Clothing. Donations of money or raiment will be thankfully received by the REV. W. G. JERVIS, Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 345, Strand, W.C.

Punch is not to be had. *Punch* is not going to belabour an imaginary REVEREND DIVES, for hardheartedness to a fictitious LAZARUS in holy orders. The age of clerical pluralists and sinecurists has passed. The bottlenosed Bishop and the bloated Rector are extinct animals. No Curates now starve, except Puseyite Curates, who fast to excess. And would they, and the rest of the Puseyite clergy, study the gratification of a taste for splendid vestments, if they had the slightest idea that there existed any, not to say many, poor clergymen in want of both food and clothing? So monstrous an idea could only be conceived in the spirit which refuses to pay church rates. Popery and Dissent will next pretend that lots of unbeneficed and unemployed parsons are going about the streets in ragged surplices, singing, "We've got no cure of souls," or imploring charity in the strains of parochial psalmody. Judaism, however, may, peradventure, have prompted the insidious appeal above quoted—Judaism anxious to involve a Christian priesthood with a peculiar people in the ignominy of crying "O' Clo!" But, though the advertisement is evidently "a thing devised by the enemy," it may be as well for charitable parties to inquire at 345, Strand, if but to satisfy themselves that there is no such Association as the Poor Clergy Relief Society, and that the REV. W. G. JERVIS has no existence.

INDICATION OF A COMING STORM.—When a woman gives you a "bit of her mind," it is, because she cannot keep the *peace*.

IONIC PILLAR OF THE STATE.—W. GLADSTONE, ESQ.

STRAWS TO TICKLE FOOLS WITH.

WHO is it that says the Board of Health is composed of *Lignum Vitæ*?

To the sour all grapes are sour—to the sweet a German *suite* of rooms is even sweet!

Is it not fair to conjecture that the troughs of the sea are filled only with sow-sow-westers?

There are still wives who sit up for their husbands, but rendering them all honour, it becomes a delicate question whether the sitting-up of the one is at all equal to the setting-down the other receives when he comes home?

The first compliment paid to a travelling Prince is to give him a review. We thought the day for reviews had gone by; but let us hope that the reviews got up abroad are a little more entertaining than those published in our country; or else we pity the poor Prince, when he is presented with one.

Flattery is the language of slaves, and base is the slave who pays it, unless it is to a pretty woman.

Since the Flea is generally up all night, stealing about like a bravo in the dark to take man's blood, we are curious to know if he stops in bed the whole of the next day? or when does he take his rest? or is he simply satisfied in taking the rest of others?

A man cannot wait for his dinner without instantly losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has woman more patience, then, than man? Not a bit of it,—only she has lunched, and the man has not!

When a man falls asleep after dinner, just for "forty winks," and takes more—is he to be held accountable for the act?

The Italian Revolution.

"MILAN (say the reports) never was so quiet." This is the very last kind of Revolution that was expected in Italy. When it was told to FATHER PROUT, he exclaimed, "Milan quiet! By the Pope's grandmother, it must be then the Milanium!"

A CLEAN IMPOSSIBILITY.—For the Board of Works to purify the Thames.

PLEASING PROSPECT.

Friend from Town. "WELL! AND HOW'S THE MARE?"

Country Friend. "OH! ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! SHE WILL BE AS FRESH AS PAINT FOR YOU TO-MORROW, FOR SHE HASN'T BEEN HUNTED SINCE THE DAY SHE PUT FRANK RAILER'S SHOULDER OUT!"

A BRIGHTER HOUSE OF PEERS.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

I WOULDN'T be content with reforming the House of Commons, if I were you. Don't do things by halves. While your hand is in, take the opportunity to improve the House of Lords; not, indeed, as your friend JONATHAN says, to improve them off the face of the earth, but to preserve, in bettering, the upper branch of the Legislature. How well you could do it is clear from this passage of your Bradford speech:—

"You have on this platform to-night two gentlemen who moved and seconded the resolutions, which you have been so good as to pass, welcoming me to this meeting. If the House of Lords is to be a representation of all the great interests of this country, and not of the land exclusively, where would you find them, but sitting there as the barons, the marquises, nay the princes, of manufactures and commerce?"

Might not the establishment of a Commercial Peerage be effected by a resolution of both Houses, declaring cotton to be of as much consequence as corn, sheets of calico as honourable as acres of land, and mill-owners as noble as landlords? On these resolutions the Crown might act, and erect twist into a barony, for instance—shoddy into a marquisate—devil's-dust into a dukedom—nay, power-looms into a principality, which perhaps you see looming in the distance. Why should the descendants of a set of grasping feudal tyrants be noble by descent, and actually existing heads of warehouses, who are equally hard-fisted and as arbitrary as they can be, esteemed unfit to wear a coronet?

To be sure, men, now-a-days, are in most cases made peers for the services which they have rendered to their country, and not for having made their own fortunes. How glad I shall be if I live to see you raised to the Peerage on the former account, and in future years shall be enabled occasionally to publish a portrait of a certain stout nobleman, and write you a letter, concluding with the desire that you will believe me to be always,

My Lord DUKE,

Your Grace's most Obedient and Humble Servant,

PUNCH.

To the Most Noble JOHN, DUKE OF BIRMINGHAM AND ROCHDALE.

P.S. May your Grace's shadow never be less.

A National Characteristic.

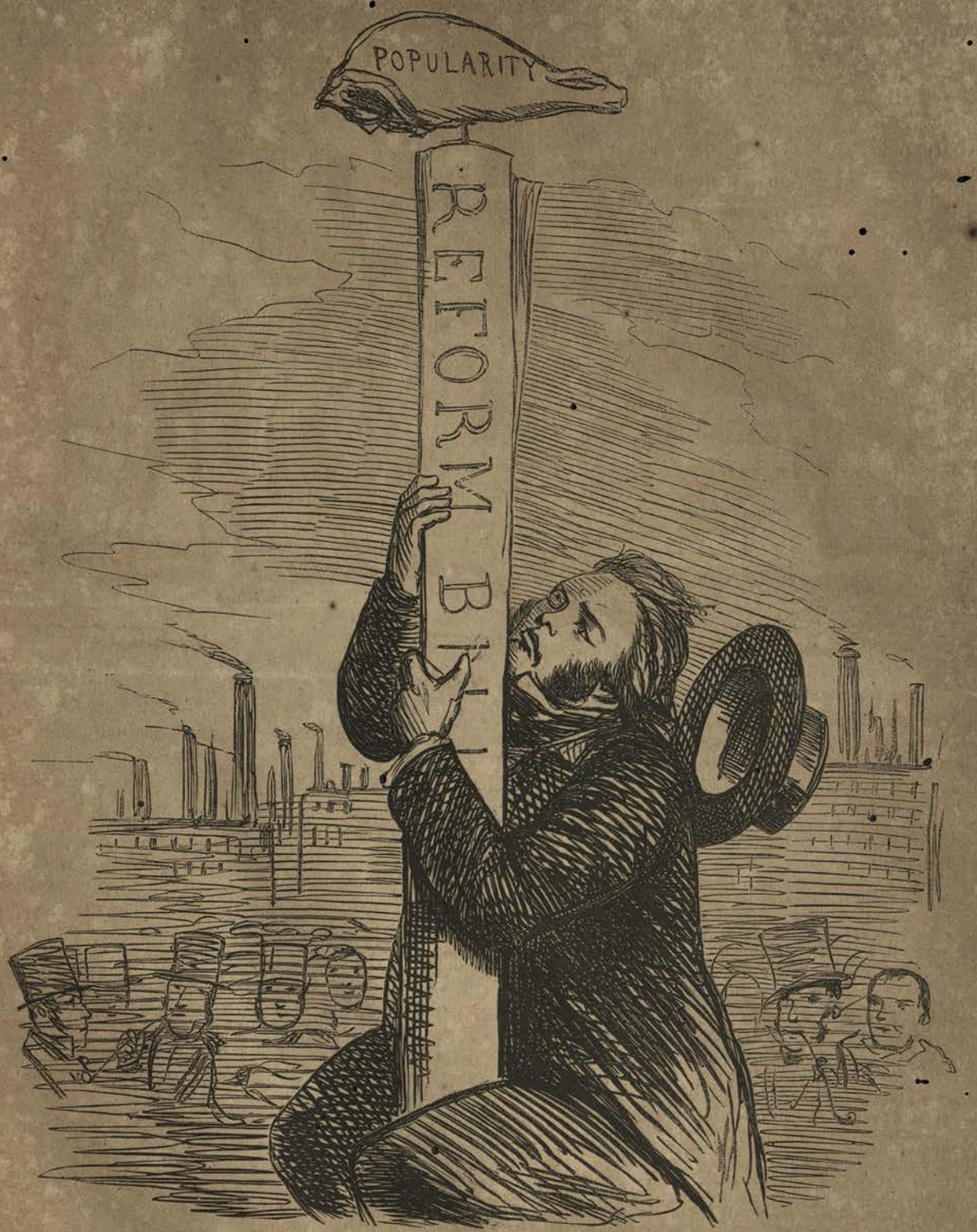
THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, wishing to give a notion of the excessive tranquillity of Lombardy, said in his despatches to head-quarters, that "the golden age had come again." The figure was only taken in the sense of solid specie, for great was the Archduke's astonishment, when he received a telegraphic communication back from Vienna, "to get it changed instantly into Paper."

"L'EMPIRE, C'EST L'ÉPÉE."

FRANCE has been thrown into a fearful state of funk by certain words that the EMPEROR let drop on New Year's Day. Frenchmen's faces, at the prospect of war, fell almost as low as the funds. This fear is but natural, for is not the safety of France entirely at the mercy of NAPOLEON'S (s)word?

Learn this by Heart.

THERE was a young woman, and what do you think?
She soaked her light dresses in Chloride of Zinc.
Then fire couldn't hurt her, though close she came by it,
O ladies! O managers! why don't you try it?



A VERY GREASY POLE.

VALENTINES TO THE NOSE.

AN advertisement informs young gentlemen and ladies, and servant girls, that,—

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK OF THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS forms a novel and appropriate Valentine, by underlining the sentiment meant to be conveyed.

The meaning of this statement probably is, that RIMMEL'S *Perfumed Almanack of the Language of Flowers* may be made to answer the purpose of a Valentine by underlining the sentiment which the sender wishes to convey. An Almanack cannot very well underline its own contents. RIMMEL'S shop smells very nice, and no doubt his *Perfumed Almanack* is also fragrant, and therefore may be well said to form an appropriate Valentine, inasmuch as it is calculated to lead the receiver by the nose. But certainly a novel Valentine will not be formed by underlining the sentiment meant to be conveyed in it. In all the numerous Valentines which we are in the habit of receiving from our fair admirers, not only are the passages expressive of ardent affection all underlined, but also a great many words and phrases, to which it is impossible to attach any degree of significance. Such Valentines may puzzle some dull readers; but anybody will be able to smell out the meaning of a *Perfumed Almanack*.

A DEFENCE OF ENGLISH DINNERS.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"With your leave, I will resume the attitude of defence which you allowed me to take up in your last week's number.

"The charge which, under pressure from without, the *Times* has made on us is, that—

"'With the best meat, fish, game, fruit, and vegetables in the world, and with means of access to the markets of every foreign country, our English middleclass housewives—let no English lady scorn the honourable title—have not yet succeeded, when they give an entertainment, in going beyond a regulation programme with which we are all familiar, even to nausea.'

"What this 'regulation programme' consists of, *Mr. Punch*, any of your readers who are diners-out will guess:—

"'Dim soup and cod's head and shoulders, relieved by three or four evil side dishes, and followed by the inevitable haunch of mutton and pair of chickens.'

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, I ask you as an Englishman, pray what in the name of conscience can the *Times* complain of here? Call this a 'monotonous *ménu*,' forsooth! What! Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, not to mention the *et cæteras*, such as pudding, game, and cheese, which of course come on as followers, just to fill up vacant corners with. To cry, oh, we want variety! with such a bill of fare as this, appears to me, I must confess, like asking for more air in the midst of a typhoon, or wanting wetter weather when one is visiting the Lakes.

"But, Sir, grant it is monotonous. I say, so much the better. Monotony is charming to me, especially in diet. As one of the Old School, Sir, I like things I am used to. Whatever may be new to me, my first impulse is to hate. At the table, of all places, I detest making experiments. What though the soup be 'dim!'—there's nothing new to me in that, and therefore nothing disagreeable. What one calls 'clear' soup in England is invariably dim. It's like a 'clear' day in Scotland: you can't see half an inch in it. Thames water is about as transparent as clear soup with us. But what of that, Sir? I am used to it; and I say again, I like things I am used to. Don't talk to me, then, about 'wanting more variety,' about your '*relevés*' and '*consommés*,' and 'dining *à la Russe!*' I say, that, as an Englishman, I like plain English fare; and, as an Englishman, I am by constitution slow to change my tastes. I know what *I* like, and what I like I mean to stick to. To hate all foreign kickshaws seems, to my mind, I confess, the duty of a Briton. It shows his noble self-contentedness, and independence of advice.

"I never shall forget what happened to me once when it was my misery to be dining *à la Russe*. I had been eating a curry, and the next dish which was handed, looked like ground rice pudding with the skin off. There was no such common condiment as ground rice named in the *ménu*: but on my asking if I guessed right, I received for answer the words 'Yessiricepuddink'—said, as only waiters could have said it, in a breath. I popped a spoonful in my mouth, which was blazing with the curry, and found that what I fancied had been rice, was *ice*. Sir, what I suffered is more easily imagined than described, and what I did I prefer leaving to a similar conception.

"Now, Sir, in English dinners one is not tortured in this way. One may eat one's food in comfort, and need apprehend no chance of being suddenly 'surprised' in it. Our cooks, Sir, never stoop to shams and make-believe dishes. All's fair and above-board in our system of *cuisine*. Our pieces of resistance have really something to resist in them. What looks substantial *is* so. There's no fear of our meats ever melting in one's mouth. When one sees a joint cut up, one knows what toughness to expect; and it very rarely happens that one is disappointed. A beefsteak *is* a beefsteak, and there's no mistake about it. One has no fear that a boiled fowl is a hedgehog in disguise, or that what one takes for a hard dumpling will prove to be a snowball. French cooks, it seems to me, devote their art to making pitfalls for one's guests. 'G. H. M.' may write in raptures of his *boudins* and *beccaficos*, his *salsifis à la poulette* and *volaille sauté au suprême*. Such dainties may please gourmands, but have no delights for me. I can't eat them in comfort, for I don't know what they're made of, and if I did, I'll lay a wager it would not increase my relish for them. As one of the Old School, I have a horror of all 'messes.' Indeed, I never taste them but there rankles in my mind a good old-fashioned suspicion that nine French dishes in ten are either toads or snails, or 'such small deer,' to which a haunch of venison is, to my taste, vastly preferable. When 'G. H. M.' advises my 'beginning with *hors d'œuvre*, of a wooing nature,' I seem to hear an unward croaking, which warns me that those delicacies may possibly be frogs; and if such wooing is required to win us to our dinners, we, I think, should show more wisdom if we went without them. None but over-eating gluttons need 'wooing' when they are hungry, and when they are not hungry what right have they to dine? At any rate, if Englishmen want *hors d'œuvre* of a wooing kind to tempt them to the table, I think at public dinners our *aria d'intrata* by all means should be altered; and for the appetitising strains of *The Roast Beef of Old England*, the tune of *Froggy would a-Wooing go!* should nationally be substituted.

"I remain, Sir, undismayed by the *Times*' thunder,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

VENUS IN WANT OF A LADY'S MAID.

ANYBODY who would like to see a magnificent woman, should inquire at the shop of a fruiterer and greengrocer in Curzon Street, Mayfair, whose name and address will be found in an advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, the 20th instant. Here, *minus* those particulars only, is that advertisement:—

WANTED, a Complete MAID, either English or foreign, to Wait upon One Lady. She must be a person of general talent, accustomed to dress a lady, and to take care of her wardrobe, and a first-rate packer. She must be a perfect dressmaker and milliner, and work quickly; an excellent hairdresser is also required. She must understand getting up fine linen and lace thoroughly. A superficial knowledge of these qualifications will not be sufficient. Applications must be made to MR. ——, Fruiterer and Greengrocer, —, Curzon Street, Mayfair.

The services which this lady requires are evidently those which she has been accustomed to receive. What a highly cultivated lady, what a splendidly got up creature she must be! General talent, experience in the art of attiring ladies and attending to their wardrobe, first-rate skill in packing apparel, perfection in dressmaking and millinery, celerity in performing a vast amount of labour in those branches of decorative industry, excellence in the dressing and adornment of hair, thorough understanding of the superfinement of fine linen and lace: no mere superficial knowledge of these things, but consummate proficiency in all of them; all this talent, experience, skill, celerity, industry, understanding, knowledge and ability in the arts of personal adornment: all these numerous and intense cosmetic qualities, the endowments of a Complete Maid, an entire and perfect chrysolite, a gem, of an Abigail, concentrated to embellish the person of one lady!

Fancy the result—or no—perhaps it had better not be imagined. The idea of exquisite female beauty enhanced by the extremest efforts of decorative science and dexterity to an excessive altitude, is too dazzling. The head swims. Whom does this beautiful being bless? He must find her rather expensive, though. Or whom, indifferent to her charms, is she desirous to bless if she can but fascinate him? Alas! Perhaps after all, this is the difficulty! The result of a pilgrimage to Curzon Street might prove to be a "sell." The pilgrim who expected to see a beauty might behold a griffin; and all the above demand for tittivation-power may be a mere aspiration to be made, as it were, a silk purse of, on the part, so to speak, of a sow's ear!

Half-a-Minute's Advice to Parents.

No father should have, what is called, the whiphand of his children. It is a groundless fallacy to suppose that a child, because he kicks up a dust, is like a carpet, that requires to be instantly pulled up, and thoroughly well beaten, before it can be put down.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

THE TWO GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Park Lane. What shall I have for dinner to-day?

Field Lane. Shall I have any dinner to-day?

ALBERT'S FOLLY, KENSINGTON.

THE *Observer* says, that a building is in course of erection at Kensington, for the reception of some distinguished personages at present sojourning at Marlborough House. These are certain Masters, for whom, by a vote of the House of Commons, accommodation had been provided in Trafalgar Square. The edifice is to be finished by contract in nine weeks, at a cost of £4,000. It is rumoured that this sum will have to come out of the pocket of one of the highest persons in the land, because the House of Commons will refuse to grant it, and that the dwelling will have to be occupied by some other tenants than those for whom it is intended, as that Honourable House will object to their removal to a place where they will be out of the people's way.

THE BARDS OF BURNS.

A Lay of ye Crystalle Palace.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

It fell about the Christmas tide, when graziers kill their beeves,
When hall and hut are hung around with the holly's glossy leaves,
When turkey, chine, and pudding plump present a goodly show,
And many pleasant things are done beneath the mistletoe;

That our good Lord of Syddenhame blew from his Crystal Tower
A blast that pealed through all the land with most uncommon power;
It scared the man of Manchester beside his cotton twists,
The Cornish miner in his mine, the Gaël among his mists.

"Ho! now, my merry minstrels, get all your harps in tune!
A hundred years ago a bard was born by Bonnie Doon,
And he, who best his praises chaunts in most melodious strains,
Shall fifty pieces broad receive of the red gold for his pains!"

Full joyfully on hungry ears that guerdon's tidings smote,
And every bard caught up his lyre, and coughed, and cleared his throat,
And to that Tower of Crystal sheen right swiftly made repair,
Through the pleasant glades of Forest Hill, and of Penge the hamlet fair.

Oh! never drew such motley crew to tournament or feast,
There were thirty score of jongleurs, and gleemaidens at the least,
And hope flashed high in every eye, and they sang out loud and bold,
For those who cared not for the fame cared extremely for the gold.

"An umpire! Now, an umpire; oh! who will bring to me?
An umpire good, my gay foot page!"—"My lord, you shall have three!
The doughtiest men, that may be found, search all broad England through."
"God help the merry gentlemen, they'll have enough to do!

"Ho! fetch them here, and spread the cheer; pie, pasty, pipes amass,
Hock, Burgundy, and lordly Port, Brown Stout and palest Bass!
They must be ammunitioned well, as for a lengthened siege,
To stand such shock of bedlam bards."—"It shall be done, my liege!"

Then in they came, that lusty three! All fresh as from the hills,
And bearing high a branch of palm, stout MONCKTON hight DE MYLNES;
SIR TOM-LE-TAILZEOUR, from Whitehall, a swarthy man and strong;
BON GAULTIER humming, as he strode, the butt-end of a song.

They ranged themselves behind the Board, they dashed into the cheer.
"Ha! they manage all this sort of thing most admirably here.
This Hock is famous!"—"So is this, the vintage of Moselle!"
"And I like this tap of Burgundy particularly well."

And so they laughed, and joked, and quaffed, and chirruped o'er their wine.
"Six hundred bards," quoth stout DE MYLNES, "who cares though they were nine!—
Let's have these Minnesingers in, and hear them in their turns!"
"I fear, not I, no end of Scalds!"—"And I no end of Burns!"

Then one by one they led them in, and every poet there
First turned his collar down, and ran his fingers through his hair,
Then broke into a gush of song, and forth his fancies flung
With emphasis immense, and wild expenditure of lung.

And still the three full jauntily submitted to the din,
And bowed the rival minstrels out, as they had bowed them in.
The sun went down, the moon went down, the starry dark had gone,
And in the sky the sun was high, yet still THE THREE sat on.

A gleemaiden came tripping in, and, as she twang'd her lute,
Beneath her swelling Crinoline she showed a dainty foot.
"No tampering with the Court, Ma'am!" cried DE MYLNES, with brow of gloom;
BON GAULTIER kissed her fairy hand, and bowed her from the room.

In rushed a frantic lutanist, and he dashed his gauntlet down,
"The red gold shall be mine," he cries, "and mine the laurel crown!
My lyre among the seraph spheres I tuned!" "Oh, that will do!
To the seraph spheres go back!" outspake SIR TOM, "and play it too!"

So on they came, these minstrel men; one measure scarce was done,
Ere with unintermitting crash another had begun;
Night settled down, all night they sang, the day "began to daw,"
And seated still the morning chill THE THREE in judgment saw.

Yet still the minstrel rout poured down, and still they played and sang,
Some softly as the dove, and some with agonising twang,
The fife, the apollonicon, the clarionet resound,
And the dreary barrel-organ there its grating torture ground.

And some on the accordion play'd, and some upon the bones,
And some drew from the ophicleide the most guttural of groans,
Some shrieked upon the bagpipes wild a maddening Pillalu,
And some on the cornopean a cheery woodnote blew.

Another day! another night! still rang the minstrelsie,
And there with blanching cheeks sat on THE RHADAMANTHINE THREE;
They clutched their goblets in their hands, and their eyes stood in their head,
With the look most unpoetical of codfish that are dead.

They sat like men who had been stunned, they sat like things of stone,
And ever, as the minstrels sang, they sobbed a feeble moan,
And BURNS, and DOON, and Mauchlin Belles, and CUTTY SARK, and JEAN,
Danced through their brains like Will-o'-wisps, or ghosts at Hallowe'en.

At length a mantled form stole in, and with a touch of fire,
That woke triumphant tones, he ran his fingers o'er the lyre;
When from THE THREE that eerie trance to pass away began,
They rubbed their eyes, and slapped their thighs, and shouted "That's the Man!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

When January chill had reached its Five and Twentieth day,
The Crystal halls of Syddenhame beheld a brave array,
All London's chivalry was there, and ladies bright of sheen,
In a bountiful circumference of flounce and Crinoline.

And through the throng, with faces long, and tresses thin and wild,
The elbowing minstrels pushed their way, and grimly too they smiled,
For aloft a laurelled purse was hung, and you might hear them gasp,
As met their eyes that golden prize, and they dreamed it in their grasp.

"A lane there, ho! Hats off! Sit down!" And lo! THE FATAL THREE
Upon a dais tottered forth of the gold and cramoisie,
And each was by his squires upheld, hard task it were, I ween,
To know them then, these ghastly men, so altered was their mien.

The stout DE MYLNES looked feebly round, his eyes were dim and sunk,
And in his flapping gaberdine his goodly limbs were shrunk,
With grizzled beard and drooping head SIR TOM-LE-TAILZEOUR stood,
And a perfect walking skeleton was GAULTIER the Good.

They sank like lead into their seats, and a thrill ran through the hall,
When he that sang The Leaves of Palm piped out before them all,
"Ho! Trumpeters, a blast of might upon your bugles blow!
And for the Victor's Scutcheon you, my merry footpage, go!"

With triumph high full many an eye and brow was upwards thrown,
For every minstrel there knew well that scutcheon was his own,
And many an eye and brow was dropped with dark and deadly frown,
When they found that all their hopes were done ridiculously brown.

For high upborne by that foot page, they saw a blazoned shield,
With *Cruiser* kicking sinister three donkeys in a field,
And from his jaws in letters gules an argent scroll did neigh
"A man's a man for a' that," with some notes of "Scots wha' hae!"

Then rose a yell that scared the owls in Croydon and in Penge,
"Revenge! Revenge!" rang through the air, the cry was still "Revenge!"
The very pterodactyle at the bottom of the park
Was startled in his oozy lair, and grunted, "Here's a lark!"

And to the dais on they dashed, that rabblement of bards,
A surging mass that covered full one hundred cubic yards,
"Let's hew them down!" "I claim the crown!" "And I the golden fee!"
"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" roared all that veltering sea.

Up sprang THE THREE, and spread their chests, and their manly tresses shook,
And from their Squires their harness proof, and dinted falchions took:
"Now by SAINT WIDDICOMB the Just, this day ye well shall rue!"
And the very maddest minstrel there grew pale their wrath to view.

TYRTÆUS TOODLES bit the dust, and SHAKSPEARE SCRAGGS went down,
Low lay the great POSEIDON HICKS, and the valiant MILTON BROWN,
LONGFELLOW SPINKS, fair Brixton's pride, and WHISTLEBINKIE bold,
And of young spasmodic bards a score died grappling for the gold.

For before that laurelled guerdon BON GAULTIER grimly strode,
And down these reiving troubadours like corn in harvest mowed,
And well his brothers kept their posts, and stood that minstrel shock,
As Eddystone hurls back the surge that raves around his rock.

And back before their strokes the tide of minstrel battle rolls,
Some shriek for help to salve their shins, some for priests to shrive their souls,
And fear fell on the men of song, and they called, "A truce! A truce!"
Then might you hear that cry of fear, "*A Mayne à la Rescousse!*"

And the chivalry of Scotland Yard came charging fiercely through,
And their staves rat-tat on brain and hat beat a terrible tattoo,
Like leaves before the autumn gale fled all they could not catch,
"Another hit," LE-TAILZEOUR cried, "in *An Unequal Match!*"

To the Banquet-hall they bore THE THREE, of wine they quaffed the best,
And to recruit their weary souls was many a dainty dressed;
What chanced to all the bards who fled, no mortal ever heard,
But legends tell, that those who fell, were decently interred.

A GUINEA WELL INVESTED.

AT this inclement season, there is a peculiar force in appeals to charity. Benevolence cannot more efficiently spend money than in subscribing to a hospital or a dispensary. Such subscriptions are also an economy of almsgiving. There is a useful institution called St. Mary's Hospital, in connection with which an interesting case in illustration of that fact, is related by the *Medical Times*. Its main particulars are the following: Mr. EDWARDS, Surgeon, of Gloucester Crescent, Bayswater, brought an action in the County Court against a gentleman named SHARPE, living in the same neighbourhood, for £4 12*s.* 6*d.* The demand was made on behalf of a poor man whose case required an operation, and whom Mr. SHARPE had engaged Mr. EDWARDS to attend. Mr. SHARPE expressed surprise at the amount of the charge, remarking, that as the subscriber of a guinea per annum to St. Mary's Hospital, he might have sent the patient there to be operated on and attended.

The judge hereupon, rather strangely as it may seem, observed that it did not add credit to any gentleman to say, that he would send such a patient to such an institution under the circumstances. The truth was that the patient in question was MR. SHARPE'S OWN man-servant, and that a great many persons are so knowing as to do what MR. SHARPE, with inferior acuteness, appears only to have thought of doing when it was too late. They subscribe to dispensaries and the like institutions the sum of one annual guinea, there to procure for their domestics an amount of attendance, which, if paid for to the practitioner, would have cost them many pounds. In this way they practise a charity which is curiously cheap, because it relieves those in whose health they are themselves interested, and affords that relief partly at their own expense, and partly at that of the doctor, whose skill and science they are thus enabled to purchase at an under-price. This is a species of charity which begins at home, though it does not extend any further, and largely consists in robbing poor PILLGARLIC to procure medical assistance for JOHN THOMAS.

A Royal Prize at Rome.

A LETTER from Rome informs us, that the POPE, considering himself the successor of the Fisherman, has consecrated a harpoon with which he hopes to catch the PRINCE OF WALES. He will be more likely to catch that fish with a hook.

SERMONS FOR SNOBS.—MR. BARNUM should advertise his lectures on Humbug and Money-making at St. James's Hall, as "Special Sermons for the Baser Classes."

MARRY ON £300 A YEAR!

Passer-by (*to Crossing Sweeper*). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN 'APPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGHAMS AND A HACK CAB!"

CABS AND COFFINS.

AN inquirer in the *Times* keeps on continually asking, as though the question were a riddle which he defied the world to guess:—

WHY ARE CABS USED FOR FUNERALS?

To this we feel inclined to make echo. Why, indeed! The only reasons we can think of for using cabs for funerals are, that some infection may probably be spread by them, doctors' bills made longer, and funerals increased. Doctors and undertakers are, we think, the only persons whom the practice can advantage, and to the former of these classes it is of doubtful benefit, as it is clearly to their interest that the census should increase, and that their patients be kept living as long as they can pay for it. Now the sickness which is spread by using cabs as hearses is more likely to diminish than to swell the census; and as children are more prone to infection than adults, our surgeons lose the profit of many a grown-up patient, by the patient, when in long clothes, being put into a cab, and there getting what in no long time will prove its deathstroke. The doctors therefore should petition for an Act of Parliament against using cabs for funerals; inasmuch as they (the cabs) are thus made vehicles of infection which any child may catch, and which, for all their circumspection and maturer bumps of cautiousness, many a grown-up person may be sent into the grave by.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—£. The *s. d.* follow of course.

ORGANIC REFORM.—Disfranchising all the street Organs.

REFORM AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER is rather proud of the Reform that he has not only introduced, but triumphantly carried with a large majority, at his beautiful Theatre of the Adelphi, Strand.

The points of his new Reform, upon which he principally prides himself are these:—

1st. *Upon more Members being returned.*—The *New* house will contain full (and it always is) twice as many as the old one.

2nd. *The Re-distribution of Seats.*—Arm-chairs have been introduced, velvet-cushions have been liberally thrown in, and the accommodation is so ample, that if DANIEL LAMBERT were to be one of the sitting members, he would not have to be thrown out, or stand for some other place, from the want of room.

3rd. *The Rating Suffrage.*—This has been brought down to the smallest possible rate, the prices of admission having been lowered more than one-half. None but the poorest people need for the future be excluded. Even the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER may occasionally take a stall.

4th. *The Registration.*—You may register your name in the morning for as many places as you please, without payment of the usual register-fee to the box-keeper, who has hitherto been in the habit of exacting shillings from the public.

5th. *The Public Taxation.*—Largely reduced—to a great extent repealed. No more taxes allowed to be levied by vulturous box-keepers. The bonnet and cloak tax, also, done away. The ladies are called upon (as soon as they furnish us with their addresses) to give three cheers, and a little simper in. If they won't, then they are not the ladies we care to call upon.

6th. *Womanhood Suffrage.*—Women hand you now to the seat for which you have been returned at the Box-office. The eldest was not more than twenty-two last birthday.

7th. *New System of Bills.*—Nothing, not a penny even, allowed to be charged for the play-bills. The greatest free-trade allowed, for they are given away for nothing. It is the department of the gentlemen here to cheer, as it generally fell to their lot to pay for all bills, which varied in price from four farthings up to half-a-crown, for no box-keeper was ever yet known to have change.

We beg to congratulate MR. WEBSTER upon *his splendid Reform.* Whoever was the framer (and gilder) of his new theatre deserves the thanks of the theatrical constituency. *Everything* is fair, manly, open, free, comfortable, and so liberal, that it must even give satisfaction to that most discontented class of all—the liberals, who as a class never pay when they can avoid it, and, orderly as they are in one sense, invariably hiss when they can. Such a Reform cannot fail to please all classes, high and low, no matter whether they are up in the gallery, or down in the orchestra-stalls. If the bills that MR. WEBSTER brings forward in the course of the Session are only put together half as effectively, he may confidently rely upon always receiving *Mr. Punch's* honest suffrage. All persons, who are of the same opinion, will be pleased (as they are sure to be, when they see the theatre) to testify the same.

Question for Morny and Co.

THE *Observer* observes that—

"During the Continental convulsions of 1848 an immense amount of British Three per Cent. Stock passed into the hands of *bonâ fide* investers, many of whom were foreigners."

During the recent agitation on the Stock Exchange, how many *bonâ fide* foreign investers have there been who may also be said to have been BONA-PARTE investers.

"Relieving Sauces."

THAT UDE in disguise, G. H. M., whose elaborate letters on dinners in the *Times* prove that he knows more about the *carte du pays* than any other man, talks of "relieving sauces." We should say that this was the very identical "sauce," with which the St. Pancras Poor Law Guardians "relieve" the poor outcasts who apply at the workhouse for admission.

À MONSIEUR GL-DST-NE, qui est supposé d'être en Grèce. "L'Angleterre ne peut se consoler du départ d'ULYSSE."—PUNCH, *d'après* MADAME CALYPSO.

PUBLIC OPINION IN FRANCE.—Liberty begins at home.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13 Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, January 29, 1859.

"OUR ONCE FACETIOUS CONTEMPORARY IS BY NO MEANS FUNNY THIS WEEK."
[*Vide* BRIGHT, *in his Great Political Organ, the* "*Morning Star*."

DROPS OF AXIOMATIC COMFORT.

IF a baby is troublesome, and you complain of the noise, it is certainly a great relief to learn—for some one is sure to volunteer the information—that "we have all been babies once."

There must be an end to everything, even to a Chancery-suit. In the meantime, why deprive yourself of the pleasant prospect there is for several years before you? on the contrary, why not bask in it? when you must know, for it *is* very well known, that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

To be summoned on a jury is not at any time agreeable, but to be summoned on the very day that one has a grand dinner-party at home is perhaps one of those *contretemps* that certainly would, if anything could, "try the patience of a saint." Never mind, even though you are locked up all night, it *is* some comfort to think that your friends have been enjoying themselves in your absence.

You arrive late at the railway—there not being another train till *Bradshaw* only knows when—and the railway officials keep telling you (there must be some fancied solace in the information, or else they would not din it in your ears so often) "you have only just missed it, Sir, by half-a-minute—rather less than half a-minute."

Photographs are very deceptive, but still your *amour-propre* will never allow you to believe that that dark, ill-favoured, Saracens'-head, Coburg-brigand of a fellow in the least resembles yourself! No—no—that 's too much of a good thing! However, what can you say when, the photograph being handed round, all your friends exclaim, in a tumultuous unanimity, "Oh! it 's wonderfully like you!" You are obliged to pay for the libel, because your vanity will not allow you to hold out against their verdict.

Should the baby be offered to you to carry, why should your stupid pride stand in the way of your feelings as an affectionate parent? It is useless objecting. You had better take the little thing at once—even though it should be in the street, and some members of your club are sailing down full in front of you—and "bear it like a man."

The Mediterranean Frogs.

THE Ionian Islanders were always as noisy and discontented as the frogs in the fable, but the likeness will now be complete. They would not be satisfied with the Logs they have had for Governors, so they are now going to have STORKS.

THE HORRORS OF THE HOMBLIBUSTES.

BY AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

O LAWKS! how them Nusses
Keeps working the busses!
'Tis quite dangersome by 'em to ride now:
For all the Pelice
There 's no comfort or peace,
Which it 's hawful the scrowging inside now!

Them as 'ails a Saloon
Might as well 'ail the Moon,
'Taint the lessest use, there ain't no doubt on't;
Both before and be'ind
There 's a Gin'ral, you 'll find,
Which they gin'rally dodges you out on 't.

Then they 're in sich a 'urry
And worry and scurry,
All along o' their running of races:
Afore one 's half in
They starts on agin,
And one's pattens flies into folks' faces!

By prepayin' your fares
You may ride anywheres,
"Correspondence" they calls it in France, Sir:
But the time one 's kep' waiting
Is so aggeriwating,
Which I says "*corresponding*" don't answer!

Them drivers they 've 'ad
A'most drives people mad,
And as for them cads, ah! I'd slap 'em!
When one wants for to go
To Oxton or Bow,
One gits often as not took to Clapham!

I said "Ighgit"
As plain has I could speak,
And to Ighbury me they did take out:
Which it wasn't till I 'd
Paid the brute for my ride,
That I found what *he* called *my* mistake out.

Then to give one a treat,
They pulls hup in mid-street,
And the mud one must wade through—ah! drat it!
Then they cries "Full inside—
But prehaps Mum ull ride
On the knife-board!"—I see myself at it!

In short, what with them Nusses
And scrowges and scrushes,
Of all worries these wehicles wust is:
They 're a-driving folks mad—
Which LORD DARBY he 'ad
Ought to wote a Reform Bill for Bustes!

"OUR LAST ADVICES."

NEVER forget to put the stopper into a leech-jar.

Letters to be delivered by hand rarely come to hand.

The man who trusts to the last omnibus generally has to walk home.

The greatest promise-mongers have ordinarily the shortest memories.

It is a poor heart in which Hope cannot find something to feed upon.

Things bought as "Great Bargains" are mostly parted with afterwards at "A Tremendous Sacrifice."

Be careful how you talk to a woman about bonnets, nurses, puddings, parsons, or babies.

The bitterest Trials of life are those for which we happen to have committed ourselves.

Where is the Man?

IF a statue has been erected to the man who first cured herrings, why shouldn't a similar honour be awarded to him who was the first to achieve even a greater wonder, *viz.*, the curing of a woman's temper? We haven't the slightest objection, but should like to know first, where is the Man?

KINGS IN ELYSIUM.

CHARLES THE FIRST. JAMES THE FIRST. CHARLES THE SECOND.

Charles II. (*comes up laughing, with a newspaper Charon has just given him*). Oddsfish, Majesties, the world 's at an end and doomsday 's come.

James I. Deil of my saul, laddie, whisht! Is that the way to talk, with the ghaists o' a dozen Bishops flitting about ye? Whisht for shame!

Charles I. Speak decorously, CHARLES, when within the hearing of those over whom you would maintain authority.

Charles II. Pluto take the Bishops and their ghosts, dad and grand-dad, for what I care. When I tell you the news you 'll not be in any burning hurry to spare the feelings of the apostolic succession.

James I. Eh, news, news, laddie. Tell us, tell your old grandad, quick. I love a bit of gossip with all my heart. What is it, black boy?

Charles II. Have I my royal father's permission to read something from a newspaper?

Charles I. I hate newspapers. The less that mean men are helped to discuss the deeds of their superiors, set over them by Providence, the better.

Charles II. (*slyly*). That I am inclined to believe, Majesty. I am sure it was so in my case. But this news concerns us all three.

James I. Treca jwuncta in oono, as we would say in Scotland, *pauce* my Lord of Oxford!

Charles II. Our beloved descendant, VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, taking the advice of her Lords Spiritual—mark that, dad—and Temporal, and of her Commons!—

Charles I. (*haughtily*). Advice from the Commons!

Charles II. Has been pleased to command her clergy—

Charles I. (*shocked*). Command her clergy!

Charles II. To omit, for the future, the Prayer Book Service in which England has been accustomed to commemorate, grandad, that wonderful discovery of gunpowder, which you found out so miraculously when somebody had told you of it—

James I. Deil tak' me—Guid save us that I suld say sae. Are ye no blate?

Charles II. Here is the QUEEN's Proclamation.

James I. Leave off thanking Heaven that I, the Lord's Anointed, having my nose miraculously sharpened for the salvation of my kingdoms—

Charles II. (*aside*). A Scotch nose, so it naturally went to the sulphur in the powder.

Charles I. (*smiling*). Hush, CHARLES—we may laugh, but not before fools.

James I. That I did, as one inspired, incontinently sniff, snuff and smell out that hellish plot, that infernal powder that might have traitorously exploded and sent me flying across the sky—

Charles II. Like that bright accidental star, QUEEN ELIZABETH.

James I. Occidental, ye fule, and do not throw your jests at a humble and respectful dedication of the bible to its Patron, myself. And this miracle, as I may say, that was worked by myself is to be clean forgotten.

Charles II. Clean, Majesty. So clean that the dirty little boys in the street are to be whipped if in future they dare to sing, "Remember, remember, the fifth of November."

James I. Daft, daft, just daft. And what more, laddie, what more?

Charles II. The next is a delicate subject in our family, Majesties, but I suppose you will have strength to hear of it. My royal father may possibly recollect walking out of a certain window, one January morning.

Charles I. (*laughing*). The vile traitors! The blessed martyr! But I have been thinking over that matter a good deal, and on the whole, I do not bear much malice. I would certainly have hanged the other party, if I had won—hanged them alive, CHARLES, I mean, not have desecrated corpses—

Charles II. My dear father, do you make it my fault that they were dead before I could get at 'em? But since you are so forgiving, you will be ready to hear that the splendid service which my Bishops composed in commemoration of that national sin and crime is to be dropped.

Charles I. One might have expected it. JOHN MILTON told me the other day that the sin had been sufficiently punished in the succession of yourself and JAMES.

Charles II. Oh, if your Majesty has made it up with that old traitor, and what is worse, bore, I shall crave to talk with you as little as may be for the future, or my wit may suffer. But as your Majesty is not more incensed at your late people being told not to go into sackcloth and ashes for the day in January, you will not have much wrath when I tell you that the crowning audacity, ingratitude, and disrespect, is the omission of the service for my happy Restoration.

James I. Weel, that 's just logical. Gin there 's to be no sorrow for losing the father, why should there be joy for gaining the son.

Charles II. Oddsfish, grandad, you never said such a sensible thing in your life. I suspect you too have been stooping to talk to ghosts with brains.

Charles I. (*aside*). My father was a fool, and my son was a scoundrel. I was neither, and got the hardest measure. But that profane service was worse usage of me, to my mind, than the window at Whitehall. I shall now walk about more comfortably. I could wish, though, that the Commons had not been asked their opinion.

Charles II. Your Majesty is thoughtful. I could wish you would not go about with that leaden JACK MILTON.

Charles I. Talk of what you understand, CHARLES.

Charles II. I might scandalise your Majesty. I would prefer talking *to* what I understand. Oddsfish, and there it is. Here, NELLY, NELLY! [*Exit after a saucy-looking ghost.*

Charles I. I shall go and tell this news to OLIVER. We shall then be quits for the gallows at Tyburn, though he has forgiven that. [*Exit.*

James I. My certie! The only thing I 've learned since I came to—deil forgive me, I mean to Elysium, is to smoke tobacco. May be I, like SOLOMON, knew everything else in the world. Any way, I 'll just gae and hae a pipe full wi' WAT RALEIGH, and hear his lies about America. [*Exit.*

LEGAL LUNATIC LOGIC.

SUBJOINED is an extract from *The Law Concerning Idiots, Lunatics, and Persons of Unsound Mind, by* CHARLES PALMER PHILLIPS. After having given legal definitions of the terms "idiot, "lunatic," and "person of unsound mind," the author observes:—

"It must be remembered, however, that in legal phraseology, a person whose moral feelings are perverted is not by reason of such perversion a person of unsound mind. Further, that if the mind is unsound on one subject, it is not sound on any subject, the mind being indivisible. *Non compos mentis* is the legal generic term which includes the three several classes just mentioned."

According to the above statement, the perversion of a person's moral feelings does not imply their unsoundness,—that is to say, if the moral feelings pertain to the mind; for a person whose moral feelings are perverted is not therefore a person of unsound mind. Thus, moral feelings may be at the same time perverted and sound; or else it follows that the moral feelings are distinct from the mind; for if perverted moral feelings are likewise unsound moral feelings, and the moral feelings are not distinguishable from the mind, then perverted moral feelings imply unsoundness of mind, which in legal phraseology they don't. Furthermore, supposing that if the mind is unsound on any one subject, it is not sound on any subject, the mind being indivisible, and supposing the moral feelings and the mind to be inseparable, and supposing the moral feelings to relate to some subjects, and the perversion of the moral feelings to imply their unsoundness on those subjects, then again we shall be obliged to come to the illegal conclusion, that the person whose moral feelings are perverted is a person whose mind is unsound. So, then, according to law, perverted moral feelings may be sound, or the moral feelings are not of a mental nature, or they relate to no subjects. On the subject of mental nosology, the legal mind appears to be *non compos mentis*.

The Monroe Motto.

THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA made a joke the other day, which turned on the Royal motto of *Suum Cuique*. America might improve on the motto of Prussia. The legend of a Republic whose principles are Annexation, Filibustering, and Repudiation, should be *Alienum Cuique*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW.—Ruin, until all is Blue.

ENGLISH DINNERS FOR ENGLISHMEN.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I NEED surely not apologise for troubling you once more upon the subject of our dinners, which are just now things in almost everybody's mouth. Politicians very possibly may think the matter unimportant, and sentimentalists may say we have debated it *ad nauseam*. But, Sir, I feel persuaded that nine-tenths of your readers, as Englishmen, view dinners as of national momentousness, and as patriots are therefore far from being sick of having them discussed. Dinners are the bulwarks of the British Constitution. Great Britons would soon cease to be Great Britons, if deprived of them. In England no great work is ever done without a dinner. What shall we have for dinner? will always be *par excellence* the Question of the Day. It will never fail, Sir, to awaken a deep interest in every British breast, and the public mind at this time is especially excited by it. Indeed, I feel a shrewd suspicion that were Government to bring in a Reform Dinner Bill, they would thereby so absorb the attention of the House, that all other Reform measures might be shelved until next Session, and, without much BRIGHT-baiting, the Derbyites might once more have their white-baiting in peace.

"Sir, the *Times* has lately slandered us by saying, that although we English are perhaps the dinner-lovingest of nations, and have the best of everything to cook at our command, we yet, of all people in the world, give the very worst of dinners. The *Times* thunders at our system for its sameness and insipidness; its production of dyspepsia and proneness to expense. The two former of these charges I already have disposed of; and I will now do battle with the other brace.

"Beginning with the latter of them, I would say that as a rule (and there are not many exceptions to it), we English folks *prefer* dear dinners to cheap ones. However much we may abstractedly admire it, we are not fond of economy in the matter of our diet. It has passed into a proverb with us that cheap things are n-not nice ones. Whatever we may estimate, our first impulse in valuing it is to ask how much it costs. The more we have to pay for things, the more we generally are pleased with them. A Briton likes extravagance, if but that he may brag of it. At dinner time especially nothing smells so nice to us as what we pay for through the nose. So, when we ask one's friends to dine, expense should be no object. If you can't afford to give a dinner, don't; but turn a deaf ear to all hints about 'giving a sufficiency and not more than a sufficiency.' No Briton of sane mind will stand skimping in his diet. It may be that enough is called 'as good as a feast,' but you may rely on it that Englishmen all like a feast much better.

"The other thunderbolt which has lately been hurled against our dinners is, the charge of their allegedly dyspeptic influence. Sir, I don't see that one need say much upon this score. What is complained of is the fault, not of the dinner, but digestion. For such defects a host is surely not responsible. As DR. JOHNSON once declared, after letting fall a joke, that he was not bound to find his BOZZY brains to understand it, so, when you or I, Sir, give our friends a dinner, we surely are not called upon to find them their digestions. This complaint about dyspepsia is, to my mind, Sir, all humbug. When men think they can't digest things, it's because, Sir, they don't try. A friend of mine once fancied that hard dumpling disagreed with him. Knowing he was fond of it, I asked him what he meant to do. 'Do!' he nobly answered, the tears starting to his eyes at the thought of the long agony of nightmare kept in store for him; 'Do! why, as I find hard dumpling don't agree with me, I've quite made up my mind, Sir, to eat it till it does!' A striking instance, this, of our national brave-heartedness. What though indigestion and its terrors were before him, he could not, as an Englishman, be daunted by a dumpling! You may call it pudding-headedness and folly, an you will; but I, Sir, regard it as a proof of British pluck!

"If LORD DERBY takes my hint, and brings in a Reform Bill for Amending English Dinners, the only clause for which he might rely on my support would be one for the total abolition of the side-dishes. These I have always viewed as innovations, taken, like bad English farces, from the French. They have been introduced, I fancy, to please men like 'G. H. M.,' who, after a long course of gourmandising at their clubs, want something strange and startling to 'woo' them to an appetite. Such men are, however, the outsiders of our race. *Avida novitatis est gens G. H. M.-ana:* but Great Britons, in general, I think, are no great lovers of it. We better like to eat of dishes that we know, than fly about to others that we know nought of. When I hear your gourmand talk about an *entrée* being 'spoilt by a change in the weather,' and a *roti* being 'ruined by eating plain potatoes with it,' I pity the sad state to which his mind must be reduced, when such niceties are requisite to satisfy his stomach; and when he further speaks of the 'occult and unknown science of giving the right wine with each successive dish,' I pity the sad state to which his taste must be reduced, when he can drink wine as a mere accompaniment to eating. Such a usage of the grape seems, to my mind, profanation. As one of the Old School, I am a lover of old port, and I love it far too well to eat when I am drinking it. As an Englishman, I own to liking beer at dinner. The taste is now thought vulgar, but I am not ashamed of it. Beer, Sir, is our national *Vin du pays*, and if you talk of 'giving the right wine with each dish,' give Englishmen good English beef and English beer to drink with it, and they'll disgrace their name if they dislike an English dinner.

"I say then, away with all those 'evil side dishes!' Let us defend our dinners from all such French invasions. Foreigners may have a taste for sea-slugs, snails and frogs, but Englishmen have no great relish for such insects. We grow good beef and mutton, and don't need the art of foreign cooks to make it eatable. If we stick to English dishes we can give the best of dinners; and as for their expensiveness, it 's something to be proud of to think we can afford it.

"I repeat, then, away with all your half-bred side-dishes! Let us have good English dinners and not bad Anglo-French ones. It is this half and half system to which we owe it that our cookery has fallen into disrepute. A cook, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*: and English cooks will never learn to do the work of French ones. By joining the two systems you are certain to spoil both. No compromise, say I. Be it ours to keep up British Institutions, and maintain the need of English dinners for the English. May we never live to see King Roast Beef here deposed, and *le Roi des Grénouilles* reigning in his stead.

"Such I feel convinced must be the aspiration of every one who calls himself as I do, Sir,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

JEROME AND HIS CLOTILDA.

TUNE—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

'TIS of a certain monarch in Turin do dwell,
He has a fair child, an exceedingly young gal;
Her name is CLOTILDA, scarce sixteen year old,
She han't got much potion of silver nor gold.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Though she han't got much potion, her lineage is high,
Which causes a suitior for to love and draw nigh;
CLOTILDA was a wallakin' in her chamber so gay,
Ven her father came to her, and thus did he say,
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

CLOTILDA, go choose thyself rich bridal array,
For, behold, this young Prince, all so galliant and gay;
Behold this young Prince as I've brought with me here,
He says as how he'll make thee his bride and his dear.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Oh, honoured father! now, come, draw it mild,
He 's a middle-aged man, and I am but a child;
Oh, honoured, dear father, this project give o'er,
For I 'm sure this here Prince won't see forty no more.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Out, bumptious gal! VICTOR EMMANUEL replied,
Since thou hast denied to be JEROME BONAPARTE'S bride,
I 'll send thee to a convent where I 'll have thee locked in,
And thee sha stn't have a chance to marry nobody agin.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

CLOTILDA on hearing these words was afraid,
And replied to the statement which her parient had made:
Farewell hopes of happiness, for ever farewell,
How great is the sacrifice there 's no tongue can tell!
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

The story that 's a wallakin the Courts all around,
Why poor young CLOTILDA to a cove 's to be bound,
Which she hates like cold pison, is ambition and pride,
Is the causes for which this here knot 's to be tied.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

GRAND BURNS' FESTIVAL.—BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIEND WI' A HAGGIS!

LINES ON AN AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

OUR Princess, and Prussia's, has got a fine boy,
And two nations are shouting "Hooray!"
Can't our Laureate express in a poem our joy?
Is there nothing at all he can say?
Let us try, then. Sing, ALBERT is now a Grandsire,
Come, none of your gibes and your taunts;
Our Princes are Uncles; Princesses acquire,
How jolly! the title of Aunts.

Ring the bells, fire the guns, light the lamps, let the gas
Into day turn the night of our towns;
For the happy event which has just come to pass
Will unite two great Protestant crowns.
Oh! blest is the Uncle, with years who unbent,
Hears his nephew saluted as "Pa."
A Great Grandmother now is the DUCHESS OF KENT,
And the QUEEN—think of that—Grandmamma!

WOMAN FOR EVER!

"So, *Mr. Punch*, it is a *woman* who has carried off the prize for the BURNS' Centenary Ode! Your *facetious* rhymester of last week, in his *ribald* ballad on this subject, did not *anticipate* this result when he wound up one of his ridiculous *fyttes*, as he calls them.—He is quite right to throw *himself* into *fits*, for I am sure he will not throw his *readers*—with the insolent words, applied to the expected winner of 'That 's the MAN!' You see what comes of it directly the woman has a fair chance. Here the competition was *anonymous*. No 'Mr.,' or 'Mrs.,' or 'Miss,'—no Christian names, to betray the sex of the writers and pervert the minds of the judges. Of course the *successful competitor* is a woman; and more than this, I am glad to hear that two out of the five second-best poems are by *women* also. I beg to say, that I did *not* compete myself; but if I had done so, I see no *reason* to doubt that, if I had not borne off the prize, I should have been found with my two SISTERS, in the rank immediately *after* the first.

"I am quite prepared for a flood of *far-fetched ribaldry* on the occasion in your own *pages*. I know we shall be told,

> "And dark as winter was the flow
> Of *Isa* rolling rapidly;"

Or we may, perhaps, have the 'deaf as Ailsa Craig,' from BURNS' *Duncan Grey* turned into some *ingenious jingle* of 'Deaf as ISA CRAIG,' in allusion to the *magnanimous backwardness* in coming forward exhibited by my *modest* and gifted sister. I am delighted to see that she sets your sex another example, by the *admirable* way in which she discharges the duties of Assistant Secretary to the Sociological Association,—a body to which I myself have the *honour* to belong, though they *did not think proper* to print my essay on *Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs* in the publication of the Birmingham Transactions of the Society, and this, notwithstanding that I had *condensed* my views on the subject into *a compass* that could not *much have exceeded* 200 *octavo pages* of close type. I should like to know what salary my *gifted sister* receives for her *services*, and how *much* she does of the Secretary's *work*.

"I feel *doubly* the *triumph* of our sex, in that it has been won in doing honour to a *bard*, who, whatever his *errors* and *imprudences*, had a proper *esteem* for *woman*, and has left an impressive record of this in the lines—more read and quoted than practically recognised by the *Lords* of the creation:—

> "His prentice han' he tried on man,
> And then he made the lasses, oh!"

"I know it will be said that the poet referred only to our *outward beauties* in this couplet; but I have yet to learn that literature is *incompatible* with proper *attention* to dress and looks. Your *artist* seems to take a *mean* and *malicious* pleasure in always representing what he would call '*strong-minded* women' as *plain* and *dowdy*. It is clear that his *experience* has been *unfortunate*. I would take the *liberty* of enclosing a *likeness* of myself, in proof of my assertion that literature and looks are not *mutually destructive*, but I forbear, fearing the *misconstruction* which newspaper *editors*, like the *rest* of their *sex*, *never* lose an opportunity of *putting* upon the conduct and motives of women.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

"THALESTRIS HARDLINES."

THE QUAKER AND THE BAUBLE.

"IT is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. * * * That is the theory of the Constitution: BLACKSTONE says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution."—*Mr. Bright, in his Penny Organ.*

ELAND LADDIE.

KEN ye the tale that gourmands tell,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
PROFESSOR OWEN luves yoursel,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Of your tribe on ane deceased,
Just the noo he 's held a feast,
And says ye are a sonsie beast,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

'Mang zoologists the chief.
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Classes ye aboon ox-beef,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Hech! to hear him praise your fat,
Liquid 'maist, that never gat
Tallow cauld—ah! gie me that,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

In your flesh, for a' ye 're tame,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
There is just a thocht o' game,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.
Wow! but I wad like to speer
Gif ye dinna ding red deer?
And ye 're bigger than a steer!
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

Wae! but ye have just ane trick,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
O' playin wi' your kin' auld Nick,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Hornie, trowth, ye are as weel,
And wi' thae lang horns, wud chiel,
Gore your females lik' the deil,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

Gif each beastie did the same,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Sune wad end his race and name,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie;
Wi' horns that Nature did confer,
Battle for your kimmer, Sir,
Dinna rin 'em intil her,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

THE STATE OF PARTIES IN PARIS.

LORD COWLEY (so says a fashionable organ) "will not give any *soirées* this year." Knowing his Lordship's great weakness for entertaining English celebrities, who resort on Government business to the French capital, we can easily imagine how painfully disappointed he must be. This disappointment is caused "by the nature of the repairs still going on at the British Embassy." Doubtlessly, these repairs will last a long time—at the very least, so long as LORD COWLEY remains our Ambassador at the French Court. In the meantime, we are surprised to learn, that there are no other hotels which could be hired for ambassadorial purposes. Paris must be extremely full; or, are we to suppose that, whilst the repairs are going on, the many thousands, which this gifted Lord receives every year for neglecting the commonest duties of homage and hospitality expected from an Ambassador, and for which he is overpaid such an extravagant sum, are shabbily stopped! It must be so, for we read that the English Ambassador "is stopping temporarily at LORD HOLLAND'S house." Paris has its homeless wanderers as well as London. Will no benevolent individual open a list of subscriptions for poor LORD COWLEY, who *hasn't* as much as a house, where he can hang his coronet?

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY.

AIR.—"*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

WOULDST thou, LOUIS NAPOLEON,
Have England go with thee,
And make thy policy our own
Concerning Italy?
To pledge it, first the boon on France
Of Liberty bestow,
With thee then England will advance,
As far as thou canst go.

Restore the freedom of debate,
Unchain the shackled press;
The guiltless exiles reinstate,
And grant the robbed redress.
The priesthood's domineering hand
Within due bounds restrain,
And o'er all sects, with even hand,
Impartial monarch reign.

Whene'er United Italy
Shall France's help invoke
In shaking off the Papacy,
And Kaiser's galling yoke,
Oh! we shall be too happy then
As well to take her part,
And thou wilt all true Englishmen
Have with thee, hand and heart.

Thine Empire constitutional
If thou wilt only make,
Our interests with thine we shall
Delighted be to stake;
The Tricolor and Union Jack
In flying will agree:
And England with free France will back
United Italy.

EARLY CLOSING PARTIES.

SIR, PUNCH,—"Under the head of 'Nobility's Ball at Windsor,' your fashionable contemporary informs the world that—

"A grand ball took place at the Town Hall on Friday night last, which was attended by upwards of 100 of the nobility and principal gentry of Windsor, Eton, and the neighbourhood."

"Then follow the names of some of the nobility, and other persons of quality, which are of no consequence to anybody but the bearers, and then, continues the *Post*,—

"The ball was tastefully decorated for the occasion, as was also the council-chamber, where a magnificent supper was prepared, of which the company partook at one o'clock in the morning. Dancing was afterwards resumed to the music of the excellent band of the 2nd Life Guards, and this aristocratic assemblage did not separate until between three and four o'clock."

"The publication of such intelligence as the above is greatly to be regretted by fathers of families of the middle class; and indeed by sensible young men. Consider an analogous case. Suppose society were continually informed that LORD LARKINS and the DUKE OF SHYSTICK, with a party of noble associates, on such an evening, after having seen the pantomime, went to the Cider-Cellars, had supper there an hour past midnight, after that sat smoking and drinking, and did not go away until between three and four in the morning. What would be the result? Surely an alarming extension of late hours and dissipation among our young commercial friends. Some of your readers are old enough to remember how the shopmen used to pull knockers off in imitation of the MARQUIS OF GINANDWATER. Just in the same way they would, after the pattern of the noble LARKINS, or his GRACE OF SHYSTICK, or VISCOUNT BOGOOSE, devour scalloped oysters, stewed kidneys, and Welsh ra'bits; and swig glasses of stout, and tipple goes of whiskey, whilst they ought to be asleep: and go home to bed just when they should begin to be preparing to take down the shutters. Every Paterfamilias will think such courses pernicious; every moral young man will abhor them. Now, I would say to them, ponder boldly, ye parents and ye right-minded youth. If people must sup at one in the morning, which is the worst thing for them to do; to sit digesting scalloped oysters, &c., afterwards, or to dance about with the stomach full of a medley of sandwiches, trifle, chicken and lobster-salad, brawn, custard, tongue, blancmange, patties, jelly, tarts, sherry, and champagne? Is it better to go capering, and shaking up the miscellaneous meal, or to sit still (and digest it? The Coal-Hole may be quite bad enough; but I say the other thing is even more objectionable.

"The tenderest point in which these reports of the high jinks of the nobility touch Paterfamilias and steady young fellows, however, remains to be told. Their commercial and professional friends must follow the lead of the first class of society. They accordingly give late evening parties, to which they invite Paterfamilias and the quiet lads. Paterfamilias is obliged to go, in order that his daughters may learn easy deportment, and acquire a facility in talking nonsense, with a view to getting married. The sober young men must go too; for if they declined invitations to these preposterous assemblies, they would never get asked to partake of the really acceptable hospitality of those who require them to sacrifice their sleep on the altar of gentility. They would never get asked to dine. So then they are under the necessity of going and spending perhaps six mortal hours in a hot drawing-room; Paterfamilias listening to a succession of tautological tunes, and the younger victims under the necessity of likewise beating time to them with toe and heel, or else of exercising the virtue of patience in the character of what in evening-party slang is called a wall-flower.

"The consequence is, that the next morning we take our place behind our counter or at our desk with a violent headache, and abuse the aristocracy for setting a fashion which is sufficiently injurious to those who can afford to lie abed of mornings, but constitutes a ruinous nuisance for people who have to be up betimes and about their business. Paterfamilias and the sober young men would greatly rejoice if the early-closing system were adopted by people of their stamp in the drawing-room as well as in the shop and the office—particularly the sober young men, who, considering how greatly the time of sitting after dinner has been shortened of late years, cannot understand why the hours of dancing after supper should not be subjected to a similar

abridgment. A fit of the gout, which would furnish me with an excuse for absenting myself from a '*soirée dansante*,' for which I have unfortunately been let in, would really be hailed as a blessing by

"Your regular subscriber,

"SNOOZLE."

"P.S. The early bird, says the proverb, picks up the worm. You may add, And the worm soon picks up the late bird. I shall say this at supper."

GIVE ME MY HOT POKER!

(*Being a Plea for Cheap Pantomimes.*)

COMMON with all good and true men, I, *Mr. Punch*, am not ashamed to avow my lingering love of the Pantomime. Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, are still for me the denizens of a better world than this, where business is universally conducted by confiding shopmen on the pavement outside their warehouses; where all the houses are panelled with practicable flaps, and have carpenters waiting with blankets inside the front parlours; where the policeman is invariably bonneted with impunity by the mob; and where a grotesque and grinning buffoon, in a red and white costume, with a face whitened by bismuth, and a streak of vermilion round his mouth, is allowed, without exciting suspicion or remark, to assume all callings at a moment's notice, and to commit every crime that can disgrace humanity, unchecked either by remorse on his own part, or by reproof on that of the public authorities.

Around Columbine still hang some fringes of the glory which enwrapped her in a blaze of superhuman loveliness, to my youthful imagination. I still follow, with tender touches of interest, her love-flight with swift and spangled Harlequin to common lodging-houses, where the kettles have all squibs in the spouts, where the warming-pans grow to a size unknown in this working-day word, and the beds are in the habit of alternately rising to the ceiling and sinking to the floor; or through laundresses' yards, where the blacking and boiling of babies is a venial offence, and where the washerwomen are, to a woman, in a state of permanent intoxication, from gigantic bottles of gin, which by the operation of an unfailing Nemesis, invariably resolve themselves into jalap.

It shakes my faith in the moral government of this Pantomimic universe, if Pantaloon is ever allowed to interfere in any business without his proper allowance of slaps, or to participate in any of Clown's delightful sins without drawing down instant retribution on his aged but incorrigible head. I feel it to be perfectly in accordance with the ethics of this other and better world, that hoary but vicious imbecility should receive all the kicks, while gay but unprincipled mother-wit pockets all the halfpence. I believe in the butter-slide; I reverence the "spill and pelt;" I look upon the policeman as an institution to be grossly misinformed, scoffed at, and smitten.

But, above all, I look forward to the hot poker, with an anxiety not impaired by years, and enjoy the application of that instrument of mirthful torture to the person of Pantaloon, with a relish that survives in me for very few sublunary pleasures.

I deeply grieve to find that these enjoyments, associated with my happiest days of buoyant boyhood, will not long be left me. A dynasty of Clowns has risen who know not the butter-slide, and look down upon the "spill and pelt;" who neglect obvious opportunities for theft, who will actually allow a policeman to walk across the stage without bonneting him, and who do not make it a rule to shut Pantaloon's fingers into every box he opens, and to bring everything that they touch or take up into sharp and severe contact with the head of their elderly companion. As might be expected, these wretched innovators do not believe in the hot poker. I have seen several Pantomimes this year in which it is not even once resorted to. Others I have witnessed with pain and indignation, in which Clown has not stolen a single string of sausages; and—I blush to own it—more than one in which no baby's face and frock have been smeared with a sportive though inhuman blacking-brush.

I have seen numerous introductions: some gay, as in *Red Riding Hood;* some graceful, as in *Undine;* some innocent and uncostly, as in *Johnny Gilpin.* I have supped full of gorgeous transformations, of which paint, coloured foils, Dutch metal, ossidew, sloats, scruto-work, gas-battens, and all the resources of "sink and fly," have been lavished, till I am beginning to be sick of expanding flowers, and moving platforms, and groups of tissue-clad houris, and coral groves, and stalactites, and palm-branches.

But the butter-slide, the hot poker—where are these, the simple pleasures of my youth, the cheap resource of managers, the easy but infallible secret of inextinguishable laughter? Gone—killed—buried (like TARPEIA, under the shields and bracelets of the Roman soldiery) beneath the gilded flats, complicated platforms, elaborate set-pieces, and glittering gas-illuminations of some unmeaning "transformation scene!"

Shall I be told that I must consider myself compensated for these time-hallowed Pantomimic institutions, by a double "troupe" of Clowns, Pantaloons, Harlequins, and Columbines; or by such illegitimate and unmeaning additions to the venerable Pantomimic quartette, of such excrescences as Sprites and Harlequinas? Harlequina! as though Harlequin has any feminine but Columbine! Sprite! as if any form that ever wore fleshings and spangles, can be more lithe and limber, more marvellous in movement, more variable in attitude, more made up of sparkling activities, than Harlequin himself! Away with these sickening superfluities—these miserable attempts at gilding the gold and painting the lily. Away with your elaborate introductions and gorgeous transformation scenes! Give me the unadorned simplicity of *Mother Goose*—the massive gold of a GRIMALDI's humour and art, instead of all this trash and tinsel, this pomp and vanity, these gewgaws, these gildings over of hollow mockeries, these Pantomimic wind-eggs laid with such enormous cackling, and served up to us with such accompaniment of puff-paste!

What theatre will have the courage to present us with a real Pantomime which shall cost the management nothing but invention in the comic scenes, and humour as well as agility and posture-making, in Clown and Pantaloon; in which thefts and slaps shall be duly insisted upon, and the butter-slide, and hot poker, restored to their proper place and significance?

Awaiting this blessed change I am glad to say that the Adelphi Pantomime of this year goes nearer to fulfill my aspiration than any I have yet assisted at. In its introduction there is something of the fine classic simplicity of the olden time; the transformation scene is not thrust into undue prominence by ostentatious expense, and intricate mechanism; the comic business is not made up of pointless puns on sliding shop-panels, or of cold hashings-up of the extinct topics of the year, in property packing-cases with movable flaps, but is compounded of the proper Pantomimic elements of kicks, slaps, tumbles, acts of petty larceny, and animated encounters of the costermonger with his natural enemy the policeman.

Adulterating the Atmosphere.

A LADY says she is delighted to hear that at Milan there is an association against the smoking of cigars in the streets. She only regrets that there is not a similar association in London, for really it is dreadful to walk out and see the little bits of boys puffing away at cigars nearly as big as themselves, and blowing their filthy smoke under ladies' bonnets and in all directions, precisely as though they were men. The atmosphere of London is already impure enough, Heaven knows, without being further adulterated by the exhalations of hobbedehoys!

THE STORY OF THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

UT of the half thirty thousand, who went on the birthday of ROBERT,
Minstrel of Scotland, deceased, the gifted and gracious Exciseman,
Down to the Palace of Crystal, set on the green hill of Sydenham,
One, a competitive bard, unhappily baulked of the guineas,
Proposes to sing of that day, and the shameful defeat of the Poets,
The ill-fated sons of Apollo, who found themselves pitched to Apollyon.

Warm was the morning,—in fact, it was one of the mornings called muggy,—
And warm were the mugs of the multitude met at the London Bridge Station,
Mopping their brows with their kerchiefs, and asking if this were a winter.
Crowding and crushing there was, as is ever the wont of the public,
Although there was plenty of time, and likewise abundance of carriage,
But half of an Englishman's pleasure is taking the other half foolishly.

Down to the Palace we went, passing the mountainous warehouses,
Passing the stockbrokers' villas, passing the Forester's picture,
Passing the Megalotheria and antediluvian reptiles
Standing out white in the morning, as clean as our shirt-fronts, and cleaner,
And so to the structure of glass; some by the awful long passages
Stuck with placards and announcements which nobody stayed to decipher,
Some by the garden and up through the mechanical dungeon
Where water-pumps splash in your face, and steam-engines bother your senses,
Thus some reached the Chapter of Kings, and others the fountain of RIMMEL,
(Fountain more sweet than Bandusian, nymph with more smiles than Egeria)
So we all gathered at last beneath the proud vault of the transept.

Truly, as writers remark whose lines are well guerdoned by pennies,
The scene which arrested the eye was little way short of imposing.
Full in the midst was a bust which the vulgar described as a buster;
BURNS, with gold wreath on his brow, size the colossal, by MARSHALL.
Round him, but smaller, the bards of the soul-stirring days when he flourished.
Near him was drawn, like a bow, a shrine of a tasteful description,
Wherein, but secured by plate-glass, (for collectors are thundering priggers,)
Lay, in their niches, BURNS Relics, autographs, snuff-boxes, letters,
Hair of the poet himself, hair of his loved Highland MARY,
The portrait by NASMYTH, undoubted, likewise the portrait by TAYLOR
Which folks have accepted as ROBERT, but which I believe to be GILBERT;
There, too, the worm-eaten desk on which was composed *Tam O'Shanter*,
Brown as the limbs of the hags who danced in that Scottish Walpurgis.
All were arranged for the best by the active and vigilant SHENTON,
And fiercely the multitude shoved for a glance at the sacred memorials,
While stalwart policemen requested we 'd take the thing cool, and remember
The palace was not like Aladdin's—would stay till we'd all had an innings.

Then did we speak of the Work, the great Fifty Guineas Prize Poem,
Read, I should state, in the trains, thanks to Whitefriars typography,
Scowled on by all the defeated, praised by unprejudiced thousands:
Whose are the soft-flowing lines, whose the magnificent images?
Who comes to collar the cheque upon which, in beneficent marriage,
Unite the twin names of *the* donors, of BRADBURY coupled with EVANS?
Betting broke valiantly forth: it was AYTOUN, the gallant Professor;
'Twas young BULWER-LYTTON, the son of the gifted and versatile Baronet;
'Twas SMITH (ALEXANDER) perfervid, 'twas MASSEY the massy, 'twas ARNOLD;'
'Twas COVENTRY PATMORE, 'twas V. (the lady who taught, in *Paul Ferroll*,
That when your wife gets disagreeable, you 're perfectly right to destroy her);
'Twas QUALLON, 'twas BROWNING, 'twas, perhaps, MRS. NORTON, more likely MISS PROCTER;
And one man declared he had heard from another who moved in good circles,
That some one had seen a despatch received by SIR BULWER from Corfu,
Containing not only a speech to the noisy Septinsular rascals,
But a beautiful poem,—in fact, that the elegant poet was GLADSTONE.
Betting went valiantly on, till the clocks gave the hour for the concert,
All but the big clock of BENNETT'S, which seems to be minus some bowels,

Then round the orchestra drew thousands on thousands of Shillings,
Crowding, and crushing, and squeezing; while in the well-guarded centre
Haughtily lounged the Half-Crowns, where seats were reserved for their lordships,—
There were the critics and Crinolines, all the most choice aristocracy.
Endured was the music, which might at less feverish time have found favour,
But now it was felt as a bore, and the audience counted the pieces,
And rejoiced as the number to hear became rapidly fewer and fewer,
And only MISS DOLBY'S bright notes commanded a single *encore*;
'Twas the poem we wanted,—the poem,—or rather the name of the author.

Lapsed fifteen minutes or more,—a red cloth was hung on the rostrum;
Oh, and the men were so clumsy, and ladies became so impatient,
Saying that *they* could have fixed up the stupid affair in two minutes.
Over it flapped, and behold—no, not the name of the writer,
But, the word SILENCE, in capitals. Forth came a yell of derision:
Tell us the tidings, and trust us for holding our tongues while you do it.

Then PHELPS, the great actor, came forth, with bearing right stern and majestic,
And bold was his voice as he bawled (nothing short of a bawl would have answered)
That he came to announce who had won. MR. GROVE, till then rigidly guarding
The mystical envelope, handed the same to the famous tragedian.
Broke was the seal with a flourish, as WARDE used to do in *Gustavus*;
Glared o'er the lines MR. PHELPS, and then, in a tone like the thunder,
When lightning has shivered the pine, and the cloud, with a terrible laughter,
Growls at the wreck it hath wrought, proclaimed to the mouth-open myriads—
THE POET IS NAMED ISA CRAIG. THE POET'S ABODE IS IN PIMLICO.

Blackness of darkness came o'er me, the rest is a blank and a blanket.
Nought can I say, for myself, regarding the subsequent business.
They say there were shoutings and cries, that the name was repeated by all men,
That PHELPS read the Ode most superbly, that plaudits came down in big volleys,
That all were agreed that the poem was what you may call a slapupper.
I know not. I only can state that scarce had my being recovered
The shock that ensued on my learning how fatally I was defeated,
Not by an AYTOUN or BULWER, not by a GLADSTONE or PROCTER,
(Stretched, as PELIDES remarks, a hero, by blow from a hero)
But by a Lady Unknown, a girl from a suburb S.W.,
When out came a ghastly placard, inscribed by the merciless SHENTON,
Forcing the fact on the eye, already too deep in the brain-pan.
Fainting I staggered away, fell on a kind Scottish couple,
Husband and wife, who felt pity, and instantly hastened to show it.
He gave me some snuff from a mull as big as the ewer on my washstand.
She gave me some drink from a flask that scarcely held less than a demijohn.
Out then I rushed from the Palace, cursing all poems and poets,
Hating TOM TAYLOR and MILNES, loathing MALGAULTIER MARTIN,
Banning the firm at Whitefriars, foaming at BURNS and his Birth-day.
As for the rest, I forget, perhaps I 'd additional whiskey,
One thing alone I can state—I passed Tuesday night in the station-house.

A FAIR AWARD.—Many of the competitors for the BURNS' prize were nice writers, no doubt, but the one who gained the guineas proved to be an ISA.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Foxhunting Doctor. "NOT BE IN TIME! OH, NONSENSE! SEND MY HORSE ON,—SEE MY PATIENTS EARLY,—DRESS IN THE BROUGHAM,—THERE I AM!" (*and we hope he may have a good run*).

*** We have been obliged to take the side of the Carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.

ALEXANDER UPON BURNS.

"The following are the remarks, with which the REV. W. L. ALEXANDER closed his lecture yesterday:—'Is there not an idolatry of genius among you? What is the homage which thousands in this city and throughout the country are going to pay to the memory of a man this week but something of this kind? I am not about to detract from the genius of this man in what I am about to say. * * * But when he was a person who never loved a woman but to betray her, and who never made an acquaintance among either young men or women but he injured and corrupted, I am at a loss to explain the infatuation that has fallen upon my country.'"—*Daily Scotsman.*

Oh, heard ye ALEXANDER,
That credit to his order,
That licht to a' the unco' guid,
Across the Scottish border?

Snatching from BURNS's honoured brow,
His Coila's crown o' holly,
And turnin' it into a rod
To scourge auld Scotland's folly,

That will na' ban, wi' pious zeal,
The rhyming ranting billie,
Wha scandalised the Pharisees,
And roasted *Holy Willie*.

What if he sang the *Cottar's Prayer*,
Was na' he blithe and frisky?
What if he gied us *Scots wha hae*,
Was na' he fond o' whiskey?

What if *John Anderson, my jo*,
Be wedded love's own carol?
Did na' he, wi' a score o' jauds,
Mak' love and kiss and quarrel?

Oh, ALEXANDER! holy man,
Amang your pious labours,
Cam ye by chance across the text—
Men should na' judge their neighbours?

E'en RAB himsel' hit on a truth
(Though rash and open-fisted)
Singing, "What's done we may compute,
But never what's resisted."

Your blood, nae doot, at snaw-broth heat,
Ne'er gives the Deil occasion;
But think again—as ROBIN sang—
"Ye're aiblins nae temptation."

It's no for sinners such as me
To mind the unco' pious,
That RAB repented aft and sair,
His ilka sinfu' bias.

That when upon his bed he lay,
Wi' Death's black shadow o'er him,
He wrote these words I'm loath to quote,
To ane o' your decorum.

"When human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

"When with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have;
But Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to *forgive*."

Fine words! Your Reverence had he known,
RAB had na' written *them*
For gudeness, now-a-days, it seems,
Delighteth to *condemn*.

A Handy Book to St. Leonard's.

"GIVEN a straight line"—the straight line is about three-quarters of a mile long—it is opposite the sea—it is ruled with houses—the houses belong to the marine order of architecture. That's St. Leonard's! If we said less, we couldn't tell you more.

AN ALDERMAN'S EXPERIENCE UPON DINNERS.

IT is bad discretion to begin dinner by taking twice of soup and twice of fish, for no man can hold out long in the like proportion.

TRUE ECONOMY.

CHECK no man who builds castles in the air. The Keep of such a castle costs nothing.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—The Refuge for the Destitute of wit, who have no power of joking in any other way.

FUSS.—The Idle Man's business.

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WHAT A DISSENTER IS CONDEMNED TO.

THE *Morning Post*, in a most pathetic mood, says:—

"To have the pick of the popular chapels, with a crowded audience, a thousand a-year, and endless invitations to five o'clock dinners, is the utmost that a gifted Dissenting preacher can attain in the way of advancement."

Well, a man may, in this grudging world, be condemned to worse things than the above! The great point we should be inclined to take exception to would be, not the thousand a year, but the company one would be compelled to meet at dinner. We cannot imagine a Dissenting party animated by the liveliest, jolliest, most uproarious sense of enjoyment. Would there be many jokes, many laughs, or would there be even many smiles, at such an entertainment? Compliments would be banished, of course, as rigidly as conundrums or champagne; or supposing there were a bottle or two of the latter, we have a notion it would be so uncommonly "dry," that it would require a little water in one's glass before one could drink it. We should fancy the young ladies would wear turbans and spectacles, and that the waiters would walk about the room like mutes handing funeral baked meats round.

We cannot picture to ourselves many flowers at such a feast, or that the table would be decorated with a profusion of ornaments in Sèvres or *biscuit!* By the bye, the Church, generally supposed to be such a first-rate judge of everything in the way of good living, has not yet opened its mouth, as it should have done, on the subject of dinners. Will no Bishop tell us what kind of *petit dîner* can be given upon £5000 a-year? Or, in default, is there not a "gifted Dissenting minister," who can oblige us with his notions as to what could, and ought to be done upon £1000 a-year? When these authorities speak, we think the discussion, absorbing as it has been, will be about exhausted. To keep up the old prejudice,—who would dare to presume, where eating is concerned, to speak after a Bishop?

SIMPLE JEWS.

THE United Congregation of Jews in New York have concurred in an act of wonderful simplicity. They have addressed a petition to the President of the United States, begging him to solicit the POPE to restore young MORTARA to his parents. MR. BUCHANAN of course replies that foreign atrocities are not matters which concern the States. We should think not. We can fancy the reception which the Pontiff would give the American President in the person of his messenger, requesting the little Jew's liberation. "Do you see any green in the POPE's eye?" his Holiness would naturally inquire. "How about the black—the blacks I should rather say—in your own? Why don't you liberate your niggers, my son? Do that first, and then come and ask me to let my little Israelite go." With these words, the POPE, ceasing to hold up his thumb and two first fingers, would probably spread all the latter, and apply the former to the end of his nose.

Pretty Lines to a Pettifogger.

BAH! bah! black sheep—have you any wool?
Well, Sir, I 've bags of fleecings full,
Filled by sharp practice with lucre and gain,
Acquired in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane.

BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.

SUPPOSING that KING BOMBA caused his death to be reported, that he might learn to what extent his loss would be lamented, and in what light his biographers would look upon his character, how truthful an idea of popular opinion would he get from the perusal of such faithful words as these:—

"He had proclaimed an amnesty, and relieved sixty political prisoners, many of whom in other countries and under Constitutional Governments, would have suffered the penalties of treason. The benevolent King was not praised for this act of clemency. * * * He forsooth was actuated by lower motives! Alarmed by the demonstrations of France and Piedmont and the agitation in Lombardy, he yielded to fear what he would not concede to justice. Such was the interpretation of his conduct by the English Press, although it is well known that a mind less disposed to serenity was not to be found among the Sovereigns of Europe. * * * With some faults and not a little of that obstinacy peculiar to the Bourbon race, FERDINAND was, and probably still is, a very kind-hearted man, and sought only how to make his subjects happy. All the stories about the horror in which he was held by his subjects are the inventions of his enemies. By the mass of the Neapolitans he was beloved," &c. &c.

There, that will do. *Neque nimis arcum.* One must not let the long bow be pulled too much at one stretch. If the reader wishes more of it let him consult the *Freeman's Journal*, which is called the "leading" Romish newspaper in Ireland. Misleading, we might call it rather, if it were not too great flattery to fancy that it anywhere can have any followers. Even as to Ireland, the thought is a *non sequitur*. Verdant as it is, the natives of the Emerald Isle are surely not so green as to suffer such a journal as the *Freeman's* to mislead them. Of course, if they believe that what the *Freeman* says is true, they must utterly discredit all that other freed men tell them. WATT and PARKES were clearly liars—if the *Freeman* speak the truth. The stories which they told us of the treatment they received were literally "stories,"—if the *Freeman* speak the truth. "The benevolent KING" BOMBA could never have ill-treated them. KING BOMBA, like the Prince of Darkness, "is a gentleman," and is not by many shades so black as we have painted him. The *Freeman* knows the minds of all the Sovereigns of Europe, and knows that none is "less disposed to severity than his." As for what that MR. GLADSTONE told us some years since of the cruelties and horrors of his Majesty's state prisons, all this was merely the "invention of the enemy." MR. G. was misinformed. There are no Chambers of Horror at Salerno; nor is there aught of horror in the mingled love and reverence wherewith the King has ever been regarded by his subjects. Canst nurture any doubt on't, reader? By the mass, thou 'rt mistaken! "By the mass" of them, the *Freeman* knows, "he was beloved." His Benevolence KING BOMBA was, the *Freeman* knows, a "very kind-hearted man." Was, said we?—nay verily, he "probably still is" (the *Freeman* puts it modestly, as not *quite* certain of the fact). And if some of his beloving ones are shut up in state dungeons, what does this but show the blessings they receive from him? Doth he not in his great bounty bestow on them free board and lodging, given gratis? Are they not his pets—that is, his pet prisoners—kept snugly out of harm's way, under kindly lock and key? And what are such toys as the Silence Cap, of which we have heard so much, but pretty little playthings invented for his pets, wherewith BOMBA the Benevolent beguiles their indoor residence?

CANT IN A CORNER.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT seems to have made a mess of it—MR. POOLE's business, that is. A curacy at Jericho instead of Pimlico may be a desirable thing on the part of Pimlico for MR. POOLE; but that is no reason why MR. POOLE should not be heard, when he denies, and declares that he can disprove, all the charges which, if true, would necessitate his dismission to Jericho. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT evades MR. POOLE's appeal, instead of giving it a hearing. "*Nulli negabimus justitiam,*" says *Magna Charta.* "Oh! won't we, though," says the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT. Accordingly, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT denies justice to MR. POOLE; and MR. POOLE pulls the ARCHBISHOP up in the Court of Queen's Bench, and gets a *mandamus* against him; so that now he will be obliged to hear MR. POOLE, and will be in for all the expense of the trial, *plus* the costs of the *mandamus*, which he would have avoided if he had pursued a straightforward instead of an oblique course, and fairly heard the case at first. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT has put his foot in this POOLE affair.

A SENSIBLE REFORM

A LAW that shall condemn all Tradesmen, convicted of adulteration, to consume their own goods.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

And what said the silver-voiced QUEEN of the West,
Addressing, on Thursday, her wisest and best?
With every advantage of manner and tone,
These statements came out in the Speech from the Throne.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,
Gladly I tell
My conviction that all things at home go on well.
There's a good deal less poverty, fewer are crimes,
And folks seem agreed they don't live in bad times.

In vain any mutinous Sepoy has tried
To confront my brave troops and my skilful LORD CLYDE,
The rebels are beaten as soon as they're seen,
And I hope soon to tell you that all is serene.

I took your advice, which I do when I can,
And proclaimed myself Empress of wide Hindostan.
I explained to the millions who hold me in awe,
That my throne would be based on peace, order, and law.

Foreign Potentates, all, are uncommon polite,
But I mean to insist on their doing what's right.
For England's a kind of policeman, whose beat is
To see that all parties are faithful to Treaties.

They're making a Government (such a cabal it is)
Out of those troublesome twin Principalities.
They've got a new Prince, who seems frank and high mettled—
I hope, gracious knows, that some day they'll get settled.

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA is pleased to agree
To an excellent Treaty of Commerce with me.
This shows that we both have resolved there shall be a
Wipe out of all memories of Pruth and Crimea.

And now an announcement that's certain to please.
Having thoroughly frightened those horrid Chinese,
We've brought them to treat, and have actually made
An opening for civilisation and trade.

Another new treaty you'll curiously scan,—
It's made with the wonderful folks of Japan;
At present precise information is lacking
Of what it will bring to us—possibly, blacking.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD, when he found himself styled
A kind of slave-trader, was awfully riled,
But has thrown up his "emigrant" scheme by which blacks
Quite free, embarked gagged, with hands tied behind backs.

As long as I could—they are weak, I am strong—
I have borne with the Mexicans' insult and wrong;
But folks who won't reason you're driven to thrash,—
I have ordered my sailors to settle their hash.

MY COMMONS,
You'll find you've no cause to be testy mates,
When you proceed to examine the Estimates;
They've been framed with a proper regard for, &c.—
It's a stereotyped phrase, but I don't know a betterer.

One point of the utmost importance I deem;
All war-ships, you know, are now managed by steam.
I must make a new Navy: you'll hear in the Budget
How much it will cost, and I'm sure you won't grudge it.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,
Several new bills
To remedy social and practical ills
Will be shortly brought forward: we've taken in hand
Insolvency, Crime Codes, and Titles to Land.

And now for the sentence that heralds the storm,—
YOUR ATTENTION WILL ALSO BE CALLED TO REFORM,
I hope you'll discuss so important a scheme
With the temper and patience befitting the theme.

That is all I've to say till I meet you again
(Now, Duchess, we're moving, keep hold of the train).
I pray that your votes and decisions may be
For the good of yourselves, of my people, and me.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo; but as HER MAJESTY is not Apollo, and *Mr. Punch* is not Mercury, the quotation is perfectly inapplicable and irrelevant. *Mr. Punch* proceeds to state, that after the inauguration of the New Session by the above Address, the QUEEN and he returned to the Palace to lunch. The day was a QUEEN'S day, and at a moderate calculation there were about fifteen hundred millions of people in the streets and Park, waiting to see the SOVEREIGN and the LORD PROTECTOR PUNCH. They heard, in several places, a cry of "Nine cheers for GRANDMAMMA!" and loud shouting, at which HER MAJESTY laughed very heartily, looking certainly the youngest grandmother in her dominions.

In the evening the Houses met. In the Lords' debate on the Address, the EARL OF GRANVILLE wanted to know whether Ministers thought there was going to be war, and also why nothing was said about the *Charles et Georges* affair—(everybody forgets everything in a week, so *Mr. Punch* may mention that this was the affair in which Portugal seized a French slaver, and was bullied into giving it up and paying £8000 compensation); or about MR. GLADSTONE and the Ionians. LORD DERBY replied, that he thought ordinary diplomacy would prevent war, that papers to be produced would show all about the French slaver, and that MR. GLADSTONE would speak for himself when he came home. There was nothing else much worth note, except that LORD BROUGHAM abused Sardinia a little, and LORD CARLISLE denounced beerhouses.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON deemed it necessary to show himself, though he had nothing very particular to say, beyond desultory criticism on the speech. He was particularly eager for an immediate Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI told him that he certainly would not have it until the Naval interests of the country had been attended to. He said, that the state of Europe was "critical," but that the maintenance of peace was not hopeless. LORD JOHN RUSSELL also aired a few highly-laudable sentiments, chiefly to show that he was at his post and ready for action. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON said there should be no unnecessary delay in the production of the Reform Bill. MR. BRIGHT held his tongue.

Friday. Nothing of consequence, but the Home Secretary gave notice that the first four Government bills would affect poisons, lunatics, Church rates, and beer.

LOOK TO YOUR BRITISH BULWARKS!

ALARMISTS we are not; and we have little wish to croak. But now that another session has commenced, and those Radicals the Derbyites still hold the reins of Government, we think it would be well if somebody or other were appointed to take stock of our Ancient Institutions. The work of their destruction will, no doubt, be soon proceeded with, and it is right we know beforehand what losses to expect. When once they get to business, such reformers as the Derbyites are prone to make short work of it; and we quake to think how tottering are all our British bulwarks, and how soon the DERBY battering-ram may crumble them to dust!

We wish that we could take a more cheerful view of things; but, looking to the past, we are pained to say we see the darkest presage for the future. In the few short months of their enjoying power last session, how many Pillars of the State did these fierce levellers attack! That of Property Qualification they completely swept away; and that of Secret Voting still trembles on its base. Even in their holiday their work was carried on. Flushed with their late triumphs, they laid siege to the Tower during the recess, and stripped the British Beefeater of that time-honoured costume which had been for ages an institution of his country!

What next may be attacked we leave for stronger minds to contemplate. It is, however, wise to be, as far as may be, prepared to meet the worst. After what has happened, nothing short of national annihilation could surprise us. It would be but a small wonder to hear that, after having stripped the British Beefeater, LORD DERBY next should strip us of the British Constitution; and ere long should develop such a bump of fell destructiveness, as would excite him even to abolish the Lord Mayor, and uproot that other ancient British nuisance, Temple Bar!

BIOGRAPHICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

WE admire the following advertisement (which we extract from *Saunders' News Letter*) for several admirable reasons:—

TO BE SOLD A YELLOW CHARIOT, with front and back seats; built in London by a first-rate maker, and which has never been twelve miles from Dublin, and scarcely ever used, as the lady preferred an open carriage, and latterly has only kept one horse in Dublin. To be seen at —— ——

We have not space to enumerate all our reasons, but the above, we think is a style of advertisement that is beautifully precise, charmingly illogical, and tantalisingly biographical.

The precision is apparent throughout. You are told that the chariot is "yellow;" that it has "front and back seats;" and is the production of a "first-rate maker," as most chariots that are advertised for sale generally are. We wonder the advertiser did not carry the love of precision even further, and inform us of the weight of the chariot, the number of nails used in its construction, the united ages of all the persons who have ridden in it, and whether it has any objection to travel.

The illogical feature (it is the first chariot we have seen with an Irish bull yoked to it) is traceable in the two facts, that the carriage was "built in London," and yet "has never been twelve miles from Dublin." The distance between the two capitals must have shrunk terribly recently—and perhaps it is the action of the sea-water that has caused the shrinking?—or else Irish miles must stretch almost as much as Irish traitors' consciences.

The biographical department, however, carries away the prize. We are pleased to hear, for her health's sake, that the "lady preferred an open carriage;" though it grieves us to hear that "latterly she has only kept one horse." This, however, has a look of carefully-studied economy about it. Wise is the woman who, going too fast, has the courage to pull up in time,—even though it be with "only one horse!" But the biography is not carried out half fully enough. We should like to have been favoured with more glimpses of this lady's secret habits and wishes. Why could not the advertisement have been amplified as follows?—

TO BE SOLD, A BLUE PERAMBULATOR, with front and black seats, red wheels, and crest all complete, owing to the nurse having, like an idiot, been and given her hand to the Baker, and the lady, whose property it is, being rather hard of hearing, is determined for the future to have none but men-servants, as she entertains a decided objection to "followers," who never wipe their boots on the doormat, continually gadding in and out of the house, which some day will be hers, when an aged grandmother dies, who must be 92 if she is a day, and hasn't had a tooth in her head for years, and accordingly the Whole Will Be Parted with at a Tremendous Sacrifice, for having lost two husbands, and her business not allowing her to leave her room, and all her boys being in the Haitian army, the lady has no further use for the same, and she is much too stout (weighing a trifle above 14 stone) to ride in it herself. For terms, inquire of LADY DAY, 249 March Street, Dublin. It is the house with the brass knocker, and you must ring the Servants' Bell.

We greatly admire this new style of biographical advertisement, and it has the further recommendation of allowing every Advertiser to be His Own Biographer.

"LADIES' TRIMMING."

WE often notice an inscription like the above written up in hosiers' shop-windows. We did not know that the art was purchaseable, and perhaps the facility, with which the science can be procured, may account for the high degree of excellence that ladies, generally, have arrived at in it. It must be acknowledged that women are much cleverer than men in the knowledge of trimming, from a lamp to a husband downwards.

We subjoin a few secrets in the elegant accomplishment, that have been confided to us by one of the clever sisterhood:—

How to trim a Dress.—With Valenciennes, if you cannot get Brussels, though the latter is the *ne plus ultrà* "point" of perfection, supposing your husband can only afford it.

How to trim one's Income.—By hemming in your necessaries, so as to give greater breadth and fulness to your luxuries. To effect this, you must "take in" as much as you can at home, the better to enable you to "let out" abroad.

How to trim a Servant.—Cutting off her fine flowers and caps, if they are smarter than your own; and giving her a good dressing, until she has learnt how to dress more in accordance with her station.

How to trim a Husband.—By keeping him down, as a gardener does a hedge; by sheer watching and constant clipping, as often as there is a tendency to shoot out and go beyond the line.

How to trim a Poor Relation.—By displaying all your fine airs, and trying on all your fine dresses, in her presence.

How to trim a Younger Sister.—The only effectual way is, to "cut her out" as frequently as you can.

How to trim a Young Man.—By being exceedingly sharp and cutting with him, and driving pointed things into him, as though he were a pincushion, until you make him feel what is called "pins and needles" all over. The best trimming, perhaps, is to waltz more than once with an Officer, and you may be sure that your young man will be ready to hang on to the skirts of your dress with penitence and submission, so that you may lead him a pretty dance all the evening, if you like, by seeming to take no notice of him.

How to trim a Cap.—With coquetry, and matchless ribbons and charms to match, so that you can set it irresistibly at any wealthy or handsome husband you may prefer.

GAMMON BOILED DOWN LIKE SPINACH.

Being a resumé of the pamphlet called "Napoleon III. and Italy," by his Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

I.

ITALY is a highly interesting country.

II.

England, under PALMERSTON, encouraged Italy against Austria.

III.

It would be for the interest of Germany to check Austria.

IV.

France's mission has always been to set Italy free.

V.

There is a good deal of agitation on the subject.

VI.

The POPE is in a peck of troubles.

VII.

Piedmont has been and put its *pied* in it.

VIII.

All the small Italian States are in one mess or another.

IX.

Austria cannot, on principle, reform, *ergo*, must be kicked out.

X.

Italy can't help herself without foreign aid.

XI.

I don't mean to make a United Italy.

XII.

But a sort of pudding, or confederation.

XIII.

France objects to the Alps as barriers against her.

XIV.

Austria won't have my pudding.

XV.

Are we to bow to Austria?

XVI.

Treaties need not be kept when they grow inconvenient.

[Here the Imperial pamphleteer stops, but we believe that in the original MS. was added another chapter.]

XVII.

LOUIS NAPOLEON must, somehow, keep France thinking of something else besides his antecedents, *entourage*, and Government.

"THE SOLDIER'S TIER."—The Gallery at Astley's!

"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"

SENSIBLE FASHIONS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"A WEAK-MINDED man—at least a man opposed to a strong-minded woman—has written an article in *Fraser*, entitled, *A Fear for the Future*, in which he disparages the young ladies of the present day in comparison with those of the past. He says that some forty years ago,—

"Girls were romantic, addicted to falling in love, and wasting their time over novels and letter-writing. Their worst foible was apt to be love of admiration; their most perilous tendency, one towards thin shoes and young officers. In a word, they were a thoughtless, foolish, bewitching, loving, helpless, irresistible set of creatures, in whom one saw at a glance all that was faulty or pernicious, and found out more and more, with every day of closer intimacy, the great underlying wealth of worth and goodness."

"Then he goes on to complain, that young women 'have gone over in a body to the enemy, and now range themselves under the broad banner of matter of fact, stern reality, and common sense;' and a little further on he makes the following irrational observations:—

"The *Juliets* of the nineteenth century would entirely decline holding any clandestine communication with *Romeos* from a balcony. In the first place, they would consider it weak and nonsensical; and secondly, they wouldn't like to risk catching cold. They have a wholesome consideration for rheumatism and catarrh—disorders which the damsels of my day regarded with lofty and incredulous disdain. As for thin shoes, except for dancing, they appear to have vanished from the female toilet. 'Balmoral' boots, soles half an inch thick, and 'military heels,' have usurped their place. These boots, and the martial red petticoats now so familiar to the eye, are to me eloquent manifestations of the change that has come over the spirit of womanhood."

"Remarks on the present style of young ladies, and young ladies' costume, conceived in a spirit similar to the above, have sometimes disfigured your columns. They express a kind of susceptibility now out of date; discarded by men and discountenanced by women: discountenanced purposely by means of the very kind of dress which they have so sensibly adopted. Those who are old enough to recollect the time when young ladies were 'thoughtless, foolish, bewitching, lovely, helpless, and irresistible,' less than forty years ago, can remember what an annoyance their irresistibility was. Every young man in those days was in love, or liable at any moment to fall in love. You could not go about without being smitten with a pretty face, or figure, or foot, presented under conditions of dress expressly calculated to smite.

"Now there is no fear of that. Good sound thick-soled Balmoral boots and martial petticoats operate as non-conductors of the smiting influence. They at one and the same time protect you from it, and the wearers from that sort of admiration which has become disagreeable to them. The female head and heart have got cooler, lighter, and harder than they used to be. To these changes of nature, costume and manners correspond, and produce a corresponding effect on the beholder—a healthy, cooling induration. Formerly the dress was subordinate to the person, now the person is subservient to the dress—a mere framework for the support of the martial red petticoat, and the rest of it. No fellow can become enamoured of a quantity of clothes; which fix his gaze, and avert from the object inside of them his unpleasant attention. The eye is simply pleased with the showy attire, and the head is not bothered about the individual therein. In fact, it is now felt that love is a bore; a bore if it is not returned, as well for the lover who loves in vain, as for the beloved object who is troubled with tiresome applications: a bore when it is mutual, even if sanctioned by prudence, for both parties, until they get married and have done with it: and if imprudent, a bore, not only for them, but also for their parents and friends. A man can go anywhere now without being disturbed with absurd emotions; thanks to a style of dress and demeanour which oblige us to desist from speaking of those who sport it as the softer sex. If they would only take to wearing masks, their costume would be perfect in the eyes of

"NIX."

The European Crisis.

(*By International Prophetic Telegraph.*)

Paris.

THE EMPEROR withdraws the French troops from Rome.

His Imperial Majesty trusts that Austria will also cease to occupy the Legations.

The EMPEROR counts on the honour, justice, and wisdom of the great European Powers.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.—We see that there is largely advertised "The Reading Sauce." We wonder if, with such a Sauce, an Alderman would ever be able to acquire an appetite for literature?

THE TORCH OF HYMEN.

THE POPULAR BARRISTER.

TUNE—"*Sir Roger de Coverley.*"

I'm a gentleman
Of the long robe—humility
Makes me own I can
Claim no other gentility,
Learned in the Law,
Gifted with verbosity,
Cheek as well as jaw,
Rant, bombast, pomposity.
Petty juries' hearts
Like a dramatic star I stir
Playing many parts.
I'm a popular barrister!

(*Spoken.*) "May it please your Ludship,"—we always say Ludship, you know, instead of Lordship; it's professional—"Gentlemen of the Jury, I address you with feelings of peculiar embarrassment"—that's true, why? because my brief is full of lies, which I'm afraid I haven't evidence enough to prove—"on behalf of my interesting and injured client"—widow of certain age; match broken off with imbecile old millionnaire—"for whom it is now my duty to demand that compensation which a generous British jury will never refuse to the lacerated feelings of a confiding and artless woman"—who wants to extort money. "I throw myself on your sympathies as fathers, as brothers, as Britons, as men." And so on, you know. For,

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

Sometimes 'tis my cue
To crush an honest editor,
Or help a rogue to do
His just and lawful creditor
Sometimes to defend
A scurrilous slanderous scribbler:
Here's your learned friend
To abet your common libeller.

(*Spoken*). "Good name, in man or woman, gentlemen, is the immediate jewel of their souls. Who steals my purse steals trash"—and all that business. "Gentlemen, I call upon you to mark your sense of the foul blot which has been falsely, maliciously, and wickedly cast on the fair fame of my upright and honourable client"—one of the greatest rascals unhanged. Or, "Gentlemen, I implore you to cast the ægis of your protection over the intended victim of a grasping and usurious harpy"—an unpaid and long-suffering tailor. Or, "I invoke in behalf of a fearless but conscientious journalist"—who has knowingly and falsely accused the plaintiff of forgery—"that jealousy for the freedom of the Press which is the only guarantee for public and private morality, and the palladium of the British Constitution." That's the way we do it, my coves. And so—

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

When I've got no case
To prove what I asseverate,
With my brazen face
I a loss am never at;
Malign my client's foe,
Hired abuse to spirt at him,
And through my lips to throw
Any amount of dirt at him.

(*Spoken.*) "Gentlemen, I say, and if you have listened to the evidence you will bear me out, that the conduct of the plaintiff,"—or defendant, as the case may be,—"is scandalous and infamous. When he made that representation, will any man tell me that he did not perfectly well know that he was asserting what he knew to be false? When he repeated that statement in the witness-box, was it not manifest that he was committing deliberate perjury? Look at him, Gentlemen! mark well that blushing countenance,—those trembling lips,—that confused and hesitating manner! Here is a man, who, by his own showing, was guilty of receiving stolen goods:"—he showed that he had honestly bought them in open market,—but no matter. That's how we gammon 'em.

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

At need, I never dread,
So loose is my morality,
To fix on an innocent head
A villain's criminality.
To dumfound, or bully, or both,
A witness with questions importunate,
When I thus get a fib told on oath
To the jury, I think myself fortunate.

(*Spoken.*) "Now then, Madam! Take your bonnet off, and hold up your head." This is how we cross-examine. "Now, then! And so you will swear, will you, that it was not you that was seen going down the lane on the night of the robbery? What is that you say? Speak out. Direct your answer to the jury, and look me in the face. Oh! you will swear that, will you? You say it was half-past eight. Will you swear, now, it was not a quarter to nine? Recollect, you are on your oath. You think? We don't want to know what you think. Oh! you won't swear. No, I thought not. Now, come, tell us all about it. What were you in that lane for? Oh! to meet a young man, was it? Now, then, what passed between you? I insist upon knowing. Were you ever in custody on a charge of stealing coals? No? You were an injured innocent, eh? Well, then you went home; and what then? Your grandmother said! We don't want to hear what your grandmother said. How old are you? Does your mother keep a mangle? Has she sold it? Did she know that you were out? It was moonlight when you went to bed? What makes you remember that? You can't say? But you must say,—so now! When you next saw the prisoner, had he got on a blue coat or a black one? You didn't observe? Answer my question—yes or no." Of course she can't; but anything to puzzle her and put her out, make her appear to prevaricate, cast suspicion on her testimony, and brand her with apparent perjury, that a rascal may escape the crank or the gallows, or that an innocent man may get condemned to penal servitude or death, and I may earn my fees, and increase my popularity,—singing,

Petty juries' hearts,
Like a buskined star, I stir,
By forensic arts,
Hey for the popular barrister!

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING IN THE METROPOLIS.

A TRUTHFUL GUIDE TO STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Can be seen at any time, simply by writing a libel upon the Speaker, or accusing DISRAELI of being in the pay of the Jews. You will be requested in consequence to attend at the bar of the House, which position, besides being the best for admiring the architectural beauties, also entitles you to make a speech without being elected a Member.

HATTON GARDEN.—Open day and night. Visitors may help themselves freely to the flowers.

BURLINGTON ARCADE.—Foreigners are at liberty to walk through, upon depositing their cigars at the gateway. There is a cigar-stand kept on purpose. The gates are closed at half-price, but there is a night porter always in attendance to receive travellers by the late trains.

ALBERT'S NIGHT LIGHT.—Can be seen without charge, when His Royal Highness is going to bed, by looking at Buckingham Palace, in St. James's Park, any night between the hours of eleven and six the next morning. It is on the third story, in the thirteenth and fourteenth windows, counting from the tail of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S statue. The rooms are easily distinguishable, as the blinds are illustrated with large white circles picked out on a dark ground, from which pattern it is inferred that his Royal Highness burns a rushlight.

THE VICTORIA GALLERY.—Admission free, on the payment of threepence. Full dress is not insisted upon. There is a comic song generally between the acts, in which the visitors are expected chorally to join.

THE PUNCH GALLERY.—On view every day, and no ticket required. You take your stand opposite the shop window, in Fleet Street, and wait for your turn. It is the most popular sight in London, more especially on publishing day. There is generally a policeman to keep order.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PALACE.—The interior of this ancient Palace, near Temple Bar, can be seen at any time by a country cousin who wishes to have his hair cut. It is a curious form of admission, and is supposed to have originated in a poll-tax that the Cardinal had in his time the power of levying. The old tribute is raised with a very light hand, as the attendants rarely take off more hair than the visitor wishes. There is no entrance-fee, but one is generally expected to give sixpence, or some small trifle, as a kind of set-off against the hair-cutting.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—This exhibition begins in Leicester Square, runs down the Haymarket, and extends half-way up Regent Street. It is a promenade exhibition of faded-looking Monsieurs, whose great occupation seems to be to puff away their cares through the end of a cigarette. The costumes, mostly of an ancient date, are well worth looking at, and a large proportion of the originals look as if they had stepped out of an old picture—in Wardour Street. The beards, also, are beyond all praise—and measurement.

BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE.—Open night and day. You have only to joke with a stupid policeman, and he will conduct you to it, and show you the interior of its arrangements without any loss of time. The fee for the inspection is considered moderate, if it does not exceed five shillings.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—You can be accommodated with a lodging in this venerable Tower, by simply being guilty of high treason. The privilege is one that is not often taken advantage of in these degenerate days, as traitors are scarce, and they are generally accommodated with apartments in a far distant penal colony. A traitor in this country is not considered worth his keep.

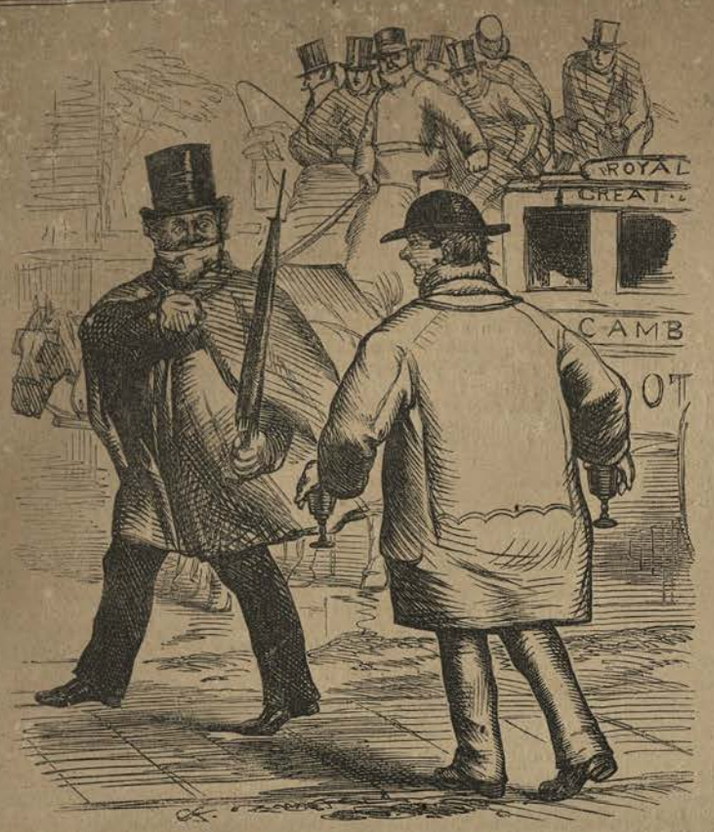
The Stage of Foreign Politics.

THE *Post* says that—

"On the evening of the 26th, KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, the PRINCESS CLOTILDE, and PRINCE NAPOLEON, honoured the Theatre Scribe with their presence, to witness the representation of '*Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre.*'"

A few days afterwards some of the distinguished spectators performed in *Le Roman d'une Pauvre Fille.*

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—Keep up a good Channel Fleet.



Choleric Old Gentleman. *"Certainly not—no; I shall walk; as you are going to stop at every public-house you come to for glasses of ale.—I'm in a hurry to get to the Bank; I shall get there sooner walking."*

Cad. *"Oh, lor! ah, you'll a been and drawed your dividens, and toddlin' home again, by the time we get to the Bridge!"*

A DIFFICULTY AT WASHINGTON.

WE'VE had a fight at Washington,
A reglar tooth-and-nailer,
TAYLOR has WALDEN whipped like fun,
And WALDEN wolloped TAYLOR.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The Honourable GEORGE TAY-LOR
As he passed WALDEN, walking,
Heard some remark that man made; for
To a third man he was talking.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Was that air you said meant for me?"
Was TAYLOR's 'terrigation,
"Wal," WALDEN answers, "that may be,"
Which TAYLOR ryled tarnation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

He clinched his fist, and let it go
Right slick at t' other feller;
And WALDEN het back, no ways slow,
By means of his umbreller.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

But TAYLOR from his fist quick wrung
That there auxiliary,
Fust licked him with it, and then flung
It at his adversary.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then other parties interposed,
And further strife prevented,
The difficulty thus was closed,
And both the men contented.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Fact is, the New York man was mad
To lose his situation,
Which he had lost, or thought he had,
By TAYLOR's accusation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

To see an Ex-official fight
'Long with a Legislator,
I reckon is a prettier sight
Than bear and alligator.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ONE of the last pearls which LORD CAMPBELL dropped last Session was the remark, that as the standard of House of Commons intellect had fallen, he thought, somewhat below the needful mark, it would be well if, when in future a seat became vacated, the candidates were forced to undergo an examination which should test their fitness for admission to the House. During the recess his Lordship has had leisure to mature this wise suggestion, and we have been favoured with the sight of an Examination Paper, which, we are given to understand, may be taken as a precedent for those which his Lordship would wish to see in use. That aspirants for M.P.-ship may not be taken unawares, but may duly train their minds to gain the knowledge requisite, we charitably print a few extracts from this paper, to show the nature of the questions which LORD CAMPBELL would propose:—

"FIGURES AND FINANCE.

"What is a pound? And why?

"State in words and figures the exact arithmetical amount which 2 and 2 make.

"If a cod's head and shoulders are valued at three halfpence, how many John Dorys could you purchase for eleven pence?

"Explain, if you are able, the following slang phrases:—'Circulating medium'—'Metallic currency'—'Floating liabilities'—'Monetary pressure'—and 'Doing a bill.'

"What was PEEL's Bank Act? And where did he bank?

"FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

"How many Colonies has England? Give their names in full (paying due care to the spelling); and state, if you had an Atlas, how many bad shots you would allow yourself to hit on them.

"Where is British Columbia? And (besides SIR BULWER LYTTON's speeches) what has it produced us?

"Do you happen to know anything about Botany Bay? Mention what it is, and where you picked it up. State whether you know that it was called Botany Bay from the choice flowers of speech which were formerly transplanted there.

"Where is Vancouver's Island? Do you think that you would know it if you saw it on the map?

"What is meant by 'suspending our foreign relations?' Is such business entrusted to the hands of MR. CALCRAFT?

"Where is Fraser River? Is it in any way connected with *Fraser's Magazine*.

"GENERAL INFORMATION.

"How many classical quotations do you know? Mention (in strict confidence) which are your chief pets: and give the best estimate you can of the average number of times that you think '*Timeo Danaos*' is used during a Session.

"Explain these technicalities as well as you are able: 'Ways and Means Committee,' 'Bringing in a Bill,' 'Accept the Chiltern Hundreds,' 'Catch the Speaker's eye,' and 'The House was Counted Out.'

"Mention any Acts (or Act) of Parliament which you conceive it is impossible to drive a coach and four through.

"Who was the first Speaker? And what did he say?

"Translate the QUEEN's speech into good QUEEN's English, such as HER MAJESTY would have used if she had written it herself.

"When a Bill is 'thrown out,' how far do they throw it?

"State the difference (if any) between a Tory and a Radical, viewed as holding office with LORD DERBY's Government.

"Who is VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, and for what did he receive his title?

"Have you any notion what is meant by 'Bribery?' Mention some few of the ways which are generally in vogue for evading all the Acts of Parliament to stop it.

"Give a reason, if you know one, why the Speaker wears a wig.

"Make a c'rect list of the hobbies which are annually mounted in St. Stephens, giving the names and weights and party colours of their riders.

"Translate 'That's a lie!' into Parliamentary language.

"When the House is reported to have 'adjourned at a late hour,' where do you consider it has probably adjourned to? And are its 'Early Morning Sittings' at EVANS's or the Coal Hole?

"State what are in general the 'Orders of the day.' At what hour do you think it is considered Parliamentary to order any beer?"

It will be seen in what high estimation LORD CAMPBELL holds the House, when it is said that his desire is that no Member be admitted, unless he can give answer to such tough questions as these. We think, however, that his Lordship might in some cases relax the rigour of his rule: and that for instance any candidate, who promised while in Parliament to speak only on one subject, should be excused from questions under any other head. LORD CAMPBELL, we feel sure, will thank us for this hint; for his Lordship, it is known, is the most lenient of men, and however well made up his mind is on a point, the weakest plea for mercy will never fail to turn him.

THE HEARTS OF INSECTS.

THE political atmosphere is thundery. There are rumours of wars; fear of change perplexes nations. The solicitude, in the meanwhile, of the fashionable world, is apparent in the following extract from *Le Follet*, prefacing "Fashions for February:"—

"The unsettled state of the weather during the last month makes it difficult to give a very decided opinion as to any change in fashion. Fog or mud are either of them very unlikely incentives for the display of elegant toilettes. We look anxiously for the bright sunny days when the fair wearers may with safety throw off some of their wraps, which, although comfortable, are certainly not so graceful and becoming as smaller or closer-fitting mantles."

The world of Fashion is quite another world from this of ours. Whilst our thoughts relate to this earth—whilst we vulgar mortals are looking for the things which are coming thereon, the meditations of the inhabitants of that happier world are fixed upon the skies. We are all gazing with anxiety for a gleam of hope in the cloudy horizon of Europe; of hope that we may, somewhen, safely relieve ourselves of some of our burdens: they are simply looking for bright sunny days which will enable elegantly-attired females with safety to throw off some of their "wraps." These are indeed comfortable—in that happy world there is no such thing as discomfort—but they are not so graceful and becoming as they might be; as they would be if they were smaller, and fitted tighter, and did not somewhat veil and obscure the brightness of their beatified wearers. The desire to cast them off is attended with a certain anxiety—the most serious kind of uneasiness which the minds that it affects are capable of feeling. Compare this with the anxiety anticipating the horrors of war—not to be mentioned here, any of them but the very lightest, increased taxation. What exalted minds must those be that can entertain the former anxiety, whilst the souls of mankind at large are tormented with the latter!

Fashionable anxiety is as the sadness of angels—public anxiety as the gloom and dismal apprehension of poor devils. But is it possible to imagine a bomb bursting in a ball-room, and in that case doing any injury to the refined organisations of a superior class of beings? Ah! if so, indeed, then the superiority of the class is altogether deniable, and we may say that natures which in times such as these can be engrossed with anxiety on the subject of dress, devoid of reflection and sympathy, deserve to be considered as bearing to common humanity not the higher relation of angel, but the lower, of butterfly. The ape affords an improper standard of comparison less by reason of its ugliness than because of its intelligence.

British and Foreign Securities.

WHAT foreign countries are like English bread and butter?

Those over which English capital is spread in railway shares; and it won't do to quarrel with them.

THE BEEFEATERS.

A Lay of the Oldest Inhabitant.

IN Whitehall's crowded street I sate, behind the waiting rows:
Our QUEEN to open Parliament, in her gilt coach she goes!
All hearts are light, the sun shines bright—"QUEEN's weather" of the best—
On Guards' cuirass and helm of brass, and crushers, self-possessed.

Yet heavy fancies filled my heart, forebodings dark and drear,
"How long," thought I, "shall Majesty pass with its pageants here?
How long Black Rod and Silver Stick, and Exons gay with gold,
Their wands of office proudly rear, or place and sal'ry hold?"

Usage and eld in scorn are held, old symbols are pluck'd down—
It is not BRIGHT at Birmingham, nor ERNEST JONES in town;
The Palace with the Platform works, Court doth with Club-room join,
Old things to efface, and in their place new fangleinents to coin.

And therefore 'tis that I am sad, ere yet the show goes by,
For fear 'twill show some changes bad, that worse do prophesy—
And there's one change—one dreadful change, that grieves me most of all—
The change that on the Beefeaters of late was doomed to fall.

They tell me that the Beefeaters I never more shall view,
In Tudor jerkins broidered fair, with Tudor rose on shoe.
They tell me that the cherry tights those stalwart limbs that cased,
For vulgar trousers have been changed—still vulgar, though gold-laced.

They tell me that the velvet hat, with roses circled round,
To flower-pot shako hath giv'n place with shaving-brush y-crowned!
All this and more than this I read, all this and more I saw,
Set in the *Illustrated News*, and many a sigh did draw.

Thinking how olden garbs and things are dropping day by day;
How first they smote the Man in Brass, until he pass'd away;
How soon, the Herald's tabard, stiff with monsters rampant wild,
In PLANCHÉ's 'spite must come to grief, Rouge-dragon be drawn mild!

Till to more rev'rend symbols still the hand of change shall go;
The front of Justice on the Bench, the limbs of Law below—
From Judge, and Serjeant, and Q.C., stripping the stiff horse-hair
That, or in lappets or in bob, stern Themis loves to wear.

Thence to the walks of daily life, in its parochial field,
Descending, till the Beadle's hat and coat to change shall yield:
'Twas thus I thought—when, hark! the blast of fife and beat of drum
Proclaim the QUEEN from palace past; and now a cry, "They come!"

But little marked I coach on coach, each with its team of bays,
That exons, ushers, grooms, and sticks-in-waiting calm conveys;
Coach after coach, in slow approach, has passed—and now, a cheer!
For lo! the bandsmen of the Guards, in bearskin shakos queer!

And now the QUEEN—her marshalmen, file upon file, go by,
Each with his stick: my heart beats quick—the beefeaters are nigh!
I heard their tread—my down-bent head I scarcely dared to lift,
Afraid to note the ravage wrought by modern tailor thrift.

My frame it shook—I stole a look—oh, joy no words can say!
They reappear—a Beefeatère, each, of EIGHTH HARRY's day—
Still crown and rose each doublet shows, embroidered back and chest;
With sleeve a-puff, and well-quilled ruff, and velvet-guarded breast.

And rose-girt tile of rich three-pile, and rose on broad-toed shoe;
And joy of joys—the dear old boys—with tights of crimson hue!
Those ancient shins, those cherry pins, all marching in a row;
How orderly, how anciently, how pleasantly they go!

My Beefeaters, my Beefeaters—cuts from a Tudor page—
Ye were a glory of my youth, and still rejoice mine age!
Long may ye walk like supers drest for the Princess's boards,
On arm your ancient partizans, on thigh your ancient swords!

Long may you bear us back to days and Dukes of bluff KING HAL,
From times whose night is lit by BRIGHT, and Dukes that play Aunt Sal!
From the PRINCE CONSORT's fatal shears long be your skirts secure—
Nor Albert tunics, Albert hats, my Beefeaters endure!

Over-Trading.

A MEMBER, with small intellectual means, should not go in to make too much "political capital," or the chances are that, long before the Session is over, the House will be laughing at his Political Insolvency.

Lucy. "WELL, REGINALD, AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"

Reginald. "OH! THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!—AND AIN'T IT A BORE, JUST AS ONE'S HUNTERS ARE IN SUCH SPLENDID CONDITION?"

TOO FULL OF BEER.

A SONG OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

AIR—"*Poor Mary Anne.*"

FOR Reform we feels too lazy;
Too full o' beer.
Much malt liquor makes us hazy,
Too full o' beer.
We don't want no alteration
Of the present Legislation;
'Twon't affect our sittiwation,
Too full o' beer.

We've the means to bile our kettles,
Too full o' beer.
Not bad off for drink and wittles,
Too full o' beer.
When we've got no work nor wages,
Politics our minds engages,
Till such time we never rages,
Too full o' beer.

Will this here Reform, we axes,
Too full o' beer?
Clear us quite of rates and taxes,
Too full o' beer.
Income-Tax the middlin' classes
Loads unequal—patient asses!—
But it don't oppress the masses,
Too full o' beer.

We be willin' to be quiet,
Too full o' beer.
Not a bit inclined to riot,
Too full o' beer.
From the ale that 's sound and nappy,
Him as wants a change is sappy,
Wot 's the odds so long 's you 're happy,
Too full o' beer?

IT ONLY COMES ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

How did the *majority* of Scotchmen at the Centenary Festival preserve the memory of *Burns*?—*In Whiskey.*

MIND YOUR LETTERS.

FOR the future, you must not debate with yourself whether you will prepay your letters, or not. You have only one choice, and that is a compulsory one. "On the 10th of February, and thenceforward," all letters *must* be prepaid. So says MR. ROWLAND HILL, and he further says:—

"Any inland letters which may be posted wholly unpaid will be returned to the writers."

We fancy that, four days later—that is, on the 14th of February—he will be extremely clever if he is able to return all the letters that are not prepaid: for it is scarcely the habit, we believe, on St. Valentine's Day, to put a postage stamp on to the end of the Cupid's dart that a cook is anxious to shoot into her favourite policeman's breast, any more than it is customary for the said frolicsome cook to enclose her address in the letter which has been made the bow of that murderous weapon. We wish the Postmaster-General joy of his occupation on the 14th. What will he do with all the Valentines that will be thrown on his hands? Perhaps he may sell them at half-price, for with the names and addresses torn off the pictures would come in just as well any other year.

MR. ROWLAND HILL might carry his kindness a trifle further. After having opened the letters, to find out the address of each, it would not be much extra trouble if he would only sit down, and answer the letters off-hand himself. Invitations to dinner, &c., he might even accept in his own name.

But how about the stamps that fall off, from an economy of gum? as nearly half of one's correspondence is now subject to this infirmity, (and to whose profit they fall has not yet been decided—whether it is the postman who bags them, or the local post-office keeper, who sweeps them up in order to sell again as fresh stamps?) it will become a question, the solution of which we leave to MR. ROWLAND HILL, as we do that of the gum, whether it will be worth one's while to write any letters at all? This will simplify the difficulty wonderfully, and lessen the business at St. Martin's-Le-Grand to a considerable extent. In fact, where will be the advantage of scribbling a letter that is sure, because the stamp is rolled off, to be sent back again to you in three or four hours?

The additional penny, that has usually been charged, was quite a sufficient tax. Hitherto, the rule acted upon with an unpaid letter has been Double. For the future, it is seemingly to be Quits.

A large revenue has generally been derived from the Post-office. We are afraid that next year the returns will, in a great proportion, consist of the letters that have been sent back to their writers, because they were not previously stamped. It will be a cheerful exemplification of the old trade maxim of "quick Returns" and extremely "small profits." An unprepaid letter, henceforth, will be a kind of epistolary boomerang, that is sure to come flying back in the face of the person from whose hands it has been despatched.

MATRIMONIAL WEATHER REPORT.—FEB. 7TH.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.	WEATHER.	OBSERVATIONS.
Monday	Rather cloudy	Washing Day.
Tuesday	Rain	Wife cried, because I wouldn't take her out shopping.
Wednesday	Unsettled	Housekeeping book for last week examined.
Thursday	Slight breeze	Dined at the Club.
Friday	Fine	New velvet dress given to Wife.
Saturday	Stormy	Cold meat for dinner.
Sunday	Sunshine	Took a walk with wife and children in the Park.

NOTE.—These reports are always written down as I smoke my last pipe upon going to bed.

(SIGNED) JOHN SMITH,
Clerk of the Matrimonial Weather.

POLITICAL ARCHITECTURE.—MR. GLADSTONE is a pillar of the state—of the Ionic Order.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Long dresses make clean crossings.

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THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

"SOUND HIGH THE MARTIAL STRAIN."

WE submit: we ground pens: we cry for mercy: Scotland has conquered: Caledonia has found a vindicator: England may shut up! JOHN MARSHALL has settled her hash.—Yes, "JOHN MARSHALL,"—for so he writes his name; not "MARTIAL," as one might expect, alike from his epigrammatic point, and his command of military history; not even "MARISCHAL:" as one who must surely be descended from the EARL MARISCHAL—that high officer of the Scottish Court in those better days when Scotland had a court—is entitled to do: but plain JOHN MARSHALL,—correspondent of the *Caledonian Mercury*, who thinking it high time that "the squeak of *Punch* should be decisively encountered," proceeds to demolish our pock-pudding self, and, in our person, all the irreverent scoffers who have dared to laugh at the gallant asserters of Scottish nationality. It is ill handling the thistle.

Anxious to give a wider publicity to MR. MARSHALL'S crushing demonstration of the superiority of Scotland to England than the columns of the *Caledonian Mercury* can secure for it, we lay before our readers the most striking passages of his letter.

MARSHALL *proves that England is an appanage of Scotland, and not vice versâ:*—

"I had the honour to be intimately acquainted with SIR THOMAS CHRISTOPHER BANKS, BART., and Knight of the Holy Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the greatest genealogist of the age, who died some four years ago, in his ninety-first year, whose bones lie in Greenwich Churchyard, and whose works are to be found in folio and quarto, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. In the course of a conversation with him on this subject, he told me that he considered England to be an appanage of Scotland, and not Scotland an appanage of England; and in this opinion I cordially concur."

We bow to BANKS, the Knight Hospitaller, of ninety-one, whose bones sleep in Greenwich Churchyard, and his books in the Advocates' Library. May the dust of both be undisturbed!

What BANKS considered a fact, and MARSHALL cordially concurs in, may be safely taken for granted.

MARSHALL *proves that Scotland has no cause to be ashamed of herself:*—

"The *Times* and other English journals sneer at Scotland; but Scotland can afford to be sneered at. The land which gave birth to WALLACE and BRUCE, to SCOTT, to HOGG, to CHAMBERS, to WILSON, to AYTOUN, and to BURNS, to the RAMSAY who ruled India, to the BRUCE who has brought the hitherto intractable Chinese to reason, and to the CAMPBELL whose sagacity, and prudence, and valour, have saved the British Empire from overthrow in India, may stand erect among the nations, and has no cause to be ashamed of the position which it occupies."

MARSHALL *proves that the Scots Greys saved Europe:*—

"Who were they that took the lead in stemming the torrent of the despotism of NAPOLEON the Great at Waterloo? They were the Scots Greys. 'These terrible Greys!' was the exclamation of NAPOLEON when he saw that even his Imperial, and, as he fondly thought, invincible Guard, went down before the sons of Lochaber, and the children of the country which boasts of Schehallion and the glories of Lochnavar. By one who was present and engaged on that bloody day, I was told that at one point of the battle the conflict was fiercely raging, when a command was given, 'Make way for the Greys.' The order was obeyed. The infantry parted right and left. The war-horses of the Greys marched through the space opened for them with steady and martial tramp. They met the French: and, in ten minutes, the French were cut to pieces."

MARSHALL *proves that England has no national poet; no national music; no national song; that all her odes, history, and metaphysics, are written by Scotchmen:*—

"Notwithstanding the greatness of her SHAKSPEARE, and her MILTON, England, Sir, has not, in the proper sense of the word, a national poet. Scotland has: she has BURNS. England has neither national music nor national song. Scotland has both. In the whole range of her poetic literature, will England find anything to equal '*Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled*,' or the '*Cotter's Saturday Night?*' Can she match '*Auld Lang Syne?*'—a song which is sung with enthusiasm, in far and distant lands, by every man who has drawn his first breath at the foot of the Grampians, near the waters of the Doon, or on the banks of the Tweed.

"There are two magnificent odes of which England boasts, '*Ye Mariners of England*' and the '*Battle of the Baltic*'—but who wrote them? A Scotsman. That Scotsman was THOMAS CAMPBELL, the author of the '*Pleasures of Hope*.'

"When England required her history to be written, she sent to Scotland for an historian. That historian was HUME. MACAULAY, whose brilliant history has recently appeared, is a Scotsman. DUGALD STEWART was a Scotsman; and it is but as yesterday since SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, the first metaphysician in Europe, passed away. SIR DAVID BREWSTER and ROBERT CHAMBERS, men of world-wide celebrity, still survive to surround with a halo of lustre the name of their country. And yet we are told by the *Times* that Scotland is nothing more than is the fenny county of Lincoln, or the bullock-feeding county of York."

MARSHALL *smashes England generally, and raises up Scotland upon the ruins:*—

"The ignorance of England is notorious; the intellectuality and educational acquirements of Scotland are proverbial. One half of the inhabitants of England are unable either to read or write; in Scotland there is not a cow-boy nor a house-maid who cannot read the Bible, and lift the pen to communicate with a distant friend."

MARSHALL *retorts with a crushing sarcasm the English calumny that Scotchmen always move southwards:*—

"The English are in the habit of taunting Scotsmen with going into England and of never returning to their own land. There are many thousands of Englishmen who crossed the Tweed and took up their abode at a place called Bannockburn, and who have remained there for upwards of three hundred years without the slightest appearance of their revisiting the land of their fathers till the day of doom."

Even MARSHALL is merciful. The Battle of Bannockburn having been fought A.D. 1314, MARSHALL modestly describes the interval between that date and 1859, as "upwards of three hundred years." He is too magnanimous, doubtless, to insist on the fact that the English intruders have in truth, been trespassing on the Scottish soil for nearly twice three hundred years.

When people ask us to go in for "oppressed nationalities," let us hope, that in future, we shall not be asked to confine our sympathies to Poland, or Lombardy, or Hungary, or the Ionian Islands. Let us think of MARSHALL, and spare a sigh for Scotland, trampled under foot by the base and bloody Southron: its national Doric degraded from the language of a Court, a Senate and a Literature, to a provincial dialect: its national bag-pipe reduced to the rank of a street nuisance, and even its fiddle all but unknown beyond the casual ward of the workhouse; its national haggis made the theme of *Punch's* ribald pencil; and the memory of its national poet ignominiously paraded to draw Southron shillings from Southron pockets, at Sydenham. Under the stings of accumulated wrongs like these, surely MARSHALL is justified in reviving the memory of the bloodiest of those bloody fields in which the mutual hatred of Scot and Southron was vented in hard lance-thrusts, and murderous arrow-flights, instead of being voided by push of pen, and fire of paper pellets, in the *Caledonian Mercury*.

THE SOCIALITY OF SOCIALISM.

WE read in our "facetious contemporary," the *Saturday Review*, that ST. SIMON, when he married, returned to Paris, and—

"Wishing to turn the occasion offered by married life into a means of studying human character on a large scale, he spent the whole of his fortune within twelve months in a series of balls."

This apostle, independent of his being a Socialist, must have been a great original; in fact, so great an original that we fancy we are justified in pronouncing him to have been the real SIMON PURE—*pur, et* (exceedingly) *Simple!*

As we are indebted to our "facetious contemporary" for having led us to the above discovery, he is perfectly welcome to the benefit of it on any future occasion.

Courage Always Meets with its own Reward.

"NEVER be faint-hearted. Have plenty of pluck, my Son. Supposing the whole world is against you? Never mind, go in and fight the entire world. The world is so formed, that you are sure to beat it hollow!"—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *February* 7. The LORD CHANCELLOR proceeded to tackle to his work, and *Mr. Punch* is bound to say that his noble friend acquitted himself to *Mr. P's* satisfaction. Mankind is divided into two classes, Debtors and Creditors, though many debtors are also creditors, and many creditors are also debtors, and the whole world is a debtor to its great, but affable and indulgent creditor, *Mr. Punch*. The law which deals with these parties, when they come to extremes, is in a most heterogeneous condition. There is one rule for bankrupts and another for insolvents, and the general effect of the muddle is, that honest people are defrauded, innocent people are oppressed, and rogues either profit or escape. Many attempts have been made to improve this state of things, and the Government has now taken the matter in hand. The bankrupt and insolvent courts, hitherto in confusion, are now to be in fusion, and by this Synthesis it is hoped to produce the compound called Justice. Imprisonment for debt is pretty nearly to be got rid of, and divers other absurdities and iniquities are to be swept away. If the lawyers see that more fees will accrue by having the law put straight than by leaving it crooked, they will permit the Bill to pass, and they are said to regard the evil of Reform as inevitable, inasmuch as under the present bad system business is frightened away.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, whose *spécialité* is putting questions in a form that makes evasive answers impossible, demanded of the Government whether February would smile upon the Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI did not smile upon MR. DUNCOMBE, in reply, but intimated that, though he could not fix a day for bringing in the Bill, it was his hope not merely to bring it in before Easter, but to have the second reading before that period. But Indian Finance and Navy Estimates must be taken first, and the inexorable Showman will not permit JOHN BULL to peep through the telescope at the Reform Planet, until JOHN has paid his money. A Scotch paper makes a great parade of certain points of information which it alleges have oozed out, touching the DERBY Reform Bill; but they are trumpery matters. If *Mr. Punch*, who has read the Bill through and through, and made some important marks with his red-chalk pencil in the margin, chose to reveal secrets, the whole measure would now be before the public. But he utterly refuses to tell more than that the paper is rather blue, that LORD DERBY's copy is tied up with green silk, and has a large blot on the seventh page, and that MR. DISRAELI's, which is bound up in a black leathern cover, is much dog's-eared; and that there is a burn with a cigar on the clause, by which it is enacted that London —— No, you don't. But even now *Mr. Punch* has told a good deal more than the Scotch boaster!

MR. WALPOLE states that it is absolutely necessary to reform the Corporation of London, but he thinks that the grand Reform Bill must be first introduced. LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an attempt to get an approximation to the date of the advent of that Reform Bill, by demanding when the Estimates would be brought on. MR. DISRAELI did not know. But later in the week it was stated that the scheme for Reconstructing the Navy would be announced on the 25th, which is the anniversary of the death of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, who reconstructed St. Paul's, a coincidence of the closest and most significant character.

Tuesday. To borrow a phrase suggested by locality, the painters were cut loose from the stern of the Admiral. MR. DISRAELI stated that the Royal Academicians were to be turned out of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and that they were to have a new place built for them in the grounds of Burlington House. And as the PRINCE OF WALES, now walking about the Vatican arm-in-arm with the POPE, (who has given him a mosaic table) will want Marlborough House in the autumn, the VERNON pictures and the TURNER pictures must in their turn decamp. So they go to South Kensington for the present.

LORD BURY is quite determined that we shall be allowed to marry our wives' sisters, and to-day introduced a new Bill permitting it. Of the opposition to that Bill, *Mr. Punch* has said the most severely contemptuous thing, when he has mentioned that the leading opponents were MR. GEORGE BOWYER, MR BERESFORD HOPE, and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND—a queer trio, illustrating Faith, Hope, and Charity. A majority of 155 to 85, in favour of the Bill, showed the numerical opinion of the House, and an examination of the names will show that LORD BURY had with him not only the noses but the brains.

MR. EWART tried in vain to get the House to pledge itself not to sit after twelve on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This arrangement was intended to enable Members' wives to command their husbands' attendance at the Opera-house, with the umbrella and cab, and it was, of course, needless to include Saturday, as though there is an opera, there is no house on that night. But LORD PALMERSTON thought that the ladies might manage for themselves, and rudely called the proposal "a self-denying ordinance." It was rejected by 237 to 28.

MR. WALPOLE brought in a Poisons Bill, which imposes various restrictions on the sale of such articles; but its best point is that it makes the vendor liable for the negligence and blunders of his shopmen or servants. He will, therefore, be inclined to keep his poisons where they cannot be got at except by himself, or to engage only such dependents as can be depended upon. Very proper reference was made to the melancholy Bradford poisonings, but no allusion was risked touching the latest case of attempted poisoning at Bradford, when MR. BRIGHT endeavoured to poison the minds of one class there with prejudices against another. MR. PUNCH, however, has labelled him in a way which will prevent his being taken, by mistake, for a statesman.

Wednesday. Nil.

Thursday. Wallachia, permitted to choose a Hospodar of a certain age, has chosen the individual already selected by Moldavia, who is moreover under that age. This means that the provinces wish to be united, but the election will be declared informal, and there will probably be no end of a row. LORD MALMESBURY declined to discuss the subject at present. The Commons did nothing to justify a sacrifice to them of *Mr. Punch's* invaluable space.

Friday. LORD LEITRIM was very desirous to have a published return of the number of assassinations that have recently taken place in Ireland. But LORD DERBY pointed out to the other Earl that the subject was by no means a cheerful one, and that if he wished to indulge a morbid taste for disagreeable reading, he might do so by means of the Irish *Newgate Calendar*. Some not very profitable talk about the Militia followed, but the subject was elsewhere being ventilated in a much more entertaining way in the presence of LORD CAMPBELL, and in the case of DICKSON *v.* LORD WILTON.

In the Commons there was some discussion on the new Post Office order that all unpaid letters should be returned to their writers. It seems that out of 530 millions of letters annually sent, only about 2½ are unpaid, and of these 60 per cent. are sent for purposes of annoyance, many containing soot and similar epigrams. *Mr. Punch* is inclined to think that the returning the unstamped letters is a good plan, for the honest writer of a letter that has miscarried will wish to know that such has been the case; but there are some instances in which the alteration will work hardly on helpless people, for whose benefit arrangement should be made.

LORD PALMERSTON abused the intended New Foreign Office, and talked a good deal of smart nonsense about architecture. We have always said he was a Brick, but a brick is not competent to judge of a house. After this the SOLICITOR-GENERAL introduced an admirable Bill for improving the system of establishing titles to landed property, and so ended a not unpromising or unprofitable week.

A Laugh in the Gazette.

THE *Gazette* talks gravely about "the United States of the Ionian Islands." We do not know what they may have been previous to MR. GLADSTONE's visit, but we do not suppose that even an United Irishman would venture to pronounce them "United" now.

PUNCH'S OWN GAZETTE.

OH, dear, what exciting announcements
Are those of the *Brighton Gazette!*
What matter Imperial bouncements,
Bourse-Panic, or Austrian Pet,—
What 's the talk of Reform in the Commons,
What are Indian losses or gains,
To the int'resting fact that LORD CRANSTOUN,
At the Albion Hotel still remains?

What care I for Begum or Nana,
What care I for Tantia Topee,
Compared with the recent arrival
Of SIR W. FRAZER, M.P.?
I might sigh at the news that the Rev'rend
J. BROADWOOD is going away,
If I had not the comfort of knowing,
LORD BYRON 's prolonging his stay?

And what if SIR W. TOPHAM
His ticket for London has ta'en?
What if e'en VISCOUNT STRANGFORD be going?
Doth not still SIR JOHN PEDDAR remain?
How the heart hails with joy the arrival
Of LADY G. WOMBWELL and Son;
Or the news that the BARON SAMPAYO
At the Albion Hotel still makes one!

To their elegant mansion at Patcham,
With what satisfaction I learn,
From the seat of the MARQUIS OF CHANDOS
COLONEL PAINE and his lady return:
And if for LORD SEAHAM's departure
Some natural sorrow appear,
It 's consoled when we read COLONELS EDEN
And LLOYD are still sojourning here!

AN EXAMPLE FOR ADVERTISING GENTS.

VARIETY is charming. The mind of man, and especially the female mind, is fond of novelty. Therefore all our readers who have been familiarised with British puffs will doubtless be pleased with an example of German English advertising literature subjoined:—

"ANIMAL VEGETABLE

"HAND AND FACE POMATUM.

"The effect produsedd, of that remedy which is examined and aprovd by the medical faculty from Vienna, is susprising. The employment rends the most friable hide, tender, white, and smooth, it take away in a short time every pollution, and principally the parts suffering to on uch by the cold; as the chilblain, are that, on which that pomatum, produse the greatest effect. Its parfume is agreable and fine, and it has a consistance, to be very long conserved, and transported, without lose its quality.

"The elegant vessel cost 1, 2, till 4 florins in good monney.

"Application. The morning before dressing, and the evening, before going to bed, one take a little of that pomatum, and rub 10 or 15 minutes on the hands or others parts of hide, till the most of grease is sucked up. After a quarter of an hour, one wash the rubed parts with warm soap-water, and dry it than with a fine handkerchief.

"DENTIST LUX,
"In Vienna, Adlergasse Nr. 723, 'zum Küss den Pfennig.'"

Anybody whose taste is unsnobbish will much prefer the above composition to that of British puffery. The plain and unaffected language, however, of this advertisement, needs a glossary. The epithet "friable" evidently means "scurfy," which strong and simple Anglo-Saxon word the Author would no doubt have used instead of a Latinism, if he had known of it. The British quack advertiser would as surely have put "furfuraceous" in its place, and instead of "hide," would have written "integument." Every lady will be charmed with the natural feeling manifest in choosing the term "hide" rather than its less expressive synonym, "skin." By "on uch" is clearly meant "an itch;" a short and sufficient name for a thing about which the less is said the better, and much less disgusting than the phrase "pruriginous sensation," which one of our own puffing cosmetic vendors would most likely have used to signify the same. For "its parfume is agreable and fine," our native humbug would, with greater diffuseness and a proportionate loss of force, have said, "Its odoriferous exhalation is exquisite and *recherché*," and, in lieu of "It has a consistance, to be very long conserved, and transported without lose its quality," would, with better grammar perhaps, but in a much baser style, have added, "Its chemical composition is such as to render it capable of unlimited preservation, and removal to other climates, without deterioration of efficacy."

For "elegant vessel," we may safely trust that HERR LUX would, had his dictionary knowledge of English been equal to his unaffectedness, have put "pretty pot."

She that might propose to use HERR LUX's pomatum could be at no loss how to do so, being told to rub her hide with it "till the most of grease is sucked up." Much less intelligible to her would be the direction which a domestic salvemonger would have given her to "apply the unguent with manual friction until the majority of its oleaginous particles are absorbed."

We admire the advertisement of HERR LUX so much that we could almost rub our own hide with his pomatum every morning, instead of scrubbing it with yellow soap and a brush of hogs' bristles. We commend his style to the study of our advertising perfumers; whose puffs produce in our nostrils an effect precisely the reverse of that which the articles cried up in those nauseous manifestos are designed to excite. Let them take a lesson in plain, if broken, English from a downright German, and eschew their condemnable mimimpimimivity and idditiosity.

MINISTERS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

IT is a curious thing for a Minister, when out of office, to occupy his leisure, like MONS. GUIZOT, by writing a learned book upon *L'Amour*. We can hardly picture to ourselves an English Premier throwing his idle moments into the investigation of such a subject as *Love*—unless it should be our noble LORD PALMERSTON, who ought to possess a deep knowledge of the sweet mystery, if we may judge from the fact of his rejoicing, for upwards of half-a-century, in the playful cognomen of Cupid?

THE POPE'S MOSAIC WORK.

A LETTER from Rome has informed the British Public, that—

"Our *Chargé d'Affaires*, MR. ODO RUSSELL, will without delay arrange for the Prince to have a private audience of his Holiness, who has already prepared an extremely beautiful mosaic table to present to his Royal Highness on the occasion."

The PRINCE OF WALES may hesitate to accept the papal present. The POPE's conduct in the MORTARA case, shows that the moral sense of his Holiness is dormant in relation to a peculiar people; and our young PRINCE will perhaps be afraid that, in taking anything mosaic at the gift of PIUS, he may be receiving stolen goods.

A CONSTRUCTION THAT 'S "JUST LIKE A MAN."

WHEN a woman can faint, and has a capital opportunity for fainting, and yet doesn't faint, you may be tolerably sure that she has some other feint in view.

Small Boy (to prodigious Swell). "I SAY, MISTER, KETCH MY DONKEY, THAT'S A GOOD CHAP—I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME!"

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH PORCUPINE.

"WALK up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies, into the Menagerie of Modern Europe. Here you will behold that wonderful animal so correctly described by the celebrated prophet SHAKSPEARE, under the name of the French Porcupine. Fretful, according to some authors, was the original expression; whichever you please: you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

"This extraordinary creature is an animal of what the zoologists call the Napoleonic species; he is of a reserved and silent disposition; but is able on occasion to open his mouth, and show his teeth. The remarkable specimen of natural history afore you is covered with quills, which may appear inconsistent when you consider the singular animosity he is said to display against the liberty of the Press. The quills exhibits a striking similarity to swords and bagonets, together with artillery, rifles, carbines, and other firearms, by means of which, possessing the astonishing property of shooting missiles out of his self, the creature is enabled to annoy his hadversaries at a considerable distance. The French Porcupine, by the sounds which he utters for to express his sentiments, is apparently desirous to get the credit of being of a peaceable disposition, which you will scarcely perhaps be inclined to allow, considering the formidable weapons with which this animal is armed. Though an inhabitant of France, his inclinations, by some accounts, prompts him to extend his range over Italy, and some suspects him of intentions to carry his ravages into the Austrian dominions, whilst, according to others, he is disposed to be quiet, if so be as how you only let him alone. According to which, I shall omit the usual operation of stirring him up with a long pole: which Muster WALEWSKI is at liberty to perform if he pleases. The Imperial French Porcupine, gentlemen and ladies; an admirable likeness of him, price threepence only: recollect who 'tis as keeps him out of mischief, and please remember the keeper."

COO-EY COO-EY.

THE Empire's Peace, and, L. NAPOLEON, you
Are Peace's Dove—we've recognised your *coup*.

A FOX AND GOOSE STORY.

PERSONS with large swallows are invited to read this:—

"A NOVEL CHIMNEYSWEEP.—A curious freak of 'Reynard the Fox' occurred last week at Dursley. SIR MAURICE BERKELEY's hounds met at Kingcote one day, and having found, the fox made away, skirting the hill right into the town of Dursley. Here he got on the roof of a shed, and, rising gradually from roof to roof, at last gained the top of a house lately occupied as a pawnshop, and 'popped' himself down the chimney into the interior. Having rested *perdu* for some time, the hounds being at fault though close to his lair, he mounted the chimney, took a survey from the top, and, seeing the hounds in a neighbouring court-yard, he made off in an opposite direction, completely transformed in colour. Unfortunately his escape was soon discovered, and after running about a mile from the town, he dropped from sheer exhaustion, and surrendered his 'brush,' which was black from its novel employment in chimney-sweeping."—*Sussex Advertiser.*

We should be wanting in politeness to the writer of this story, if we failed to make confession of the pleasure it has given us. Barrenness of invention is the recognised defect in the literature of the age, and it delights to have hit upon so striking an exception to it. We would however, add, by way of friendly caution, that the writer runs the risk that he will weaken his long bow, unless he takes care not to pull it too much at a stretch. That a fox should "steal away" by popping down a chimney, is a statement which sufficiently taxes our credulity; and when we hear he "mounted up again and took a survey from the top," we find the first assertion so exhausted our belief, that we have scarce an atom of it left for the second. If it were not for our wish to call things by right names, we might content ourselves with terming this a cock and a bull story. But as these words would not be zoologically accurate, we prefer to put it down as a fox and a goose story.—The fox being the one which swept the chimney of the "pop-shop," and the goose being the reader who gives credit to its doing so.

Drill of the Militia Artillery.

THE Militia Artillery are trained to fire with a word of comm[illegible]d, which may, by some, be considered as more suitable to the [illegible]orse Marines. The gallant Artillerymen are summoned to their [illegible]ercise by the order—"All hands to the pumps!"

THE FRENCH PORCUPINE.

He may be an Inoffensive Animal, but he Don't Look like it.

EDUCATION IN THE HOLIDAYS.

(*A Letter from* MASTER HARRY HOPEFUL *to the* REV. MR. STUFFEM, *Collegiate Academy, Cramwell in the Clay.*)

"*London, February* 2, 1859.

RESPECTED SIR,

"My kind father has this morning directed my attention to our announcement that on Monday next me and all your other pupils are 'expected to return' to your delightful residence, 'in order to resume' there our 'scholastic duties.'

"The thought that I so soon shall see my valued tutor has afforded me, I need not say, the liveliest enjoyment; and it has recalled to mind the fact (which, believe me, I have never for a single day lost sight of) that you enjoined me, when we parted, 'not to let my mind lie fallow' in the holidays, but to 'continue with due diligence in that curriculum of study' which you were good enough with such minuteness to point out. That I have duly profited by this excellent advice, the following brief statement will suffice, dear Sir, to show; and when I have the happiness of meeting you next week, I hope to give you *vivo voce* a more detailed account.

"Having spent the greater part of my holidays in London, I have been favoured with most rare aids to the improvement of my mind, and have availed myself of them, I trust, to the extreme extent. Not forgetting your advice that I should 'take care to keep up my acquaintance with the Classics,' I have paid frequent visits to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and have studied the antiquities in the Greek and Roman Courts. I have inspected the nude statues, and have wondered if they really have been taken from the life. Granting this, it has surprised me to discover that the ancients went about without their clothes on. Still further pursuing my classical inquiries, I have examined the busts of the CICEROS and CATOS, and have added annotations in pencil at their feet. At the POMPEYS and the CÆSARS I have also taken sights; and have thought them both so ugly that any negro scholiast might be well excused for not knowing which was which. I have been backed in this opinion by contemporary authorities—need I name my fellow-students, BRIGGS Major, and BLOBBS?—who have (on VIRGIL's nose) recorded their conviction that if such hideous whitewashed faces form the 'Beauties of the Classics,' they in truth must be regarded as 'beauties without paint.'

"In other branches of instruction, I rejoice to think, my time has been equally well spent. Duly mindful of your hint about 'improving my arithmetic,' I have repaired more than once to MADAME TUSSAUD's; which, as probably you know, is a kind of (Ma) Dame's School, kept open expressly for the study of figures. That I might at the same time make progress in my *Euclid*, I have prevailed upon my father to take me twice to Astley's; and I can now define the uses of a circle, and can describe the sort of triangle required by the band. Wishing to acquaint me with the *Pons Asinorum*, my father took me to the Alhambra, to see the educated mules. The problem, how to ride them, was however more than I could solve; and I found myself in fact regularly floored by it.

"As I have spent most part of my holidays in London, I have not done much in the way of triggernometry: indeed, my only exercise has been the shooting of our cat, which I sentenced to that fate for eating my white mouse, and have interred with military honours in the coal-cellar.

"Pursuing useful knowledge, I have sought the Polytechnic, and have had my mind improved by lectures on the Diving Bell. Optics I have studied in the Dissolving Views, and the medal-making machine has shown me something of Die-namics. Galvanism I have had quite at my fingers' ends, for BRIGGS Major *would* make me put my hands into the basins: and what I learned of Chemistry in the ten minutes devoted to it has so impressed me with the wish to gain still further knowledge, that I have been daily hard at work repeating the experiments, and my mother feels persuaded I shall ere long blow the house up.

"In Geography and History I have also made good progress. The former I have studied at the fountain head—need I say I allude to the 'Great Globe' itself?—and besides the general glance which I have there taken of the subject, I have elsewhere acquired more particular instruction: learning somewhat of Ohio from its native Minstrels, and hearing some few words of China where I remember being instructed how to get up my Mont Blanc. Paying a visit and a shilling at the Coliseum School, I have there had 'History made Easy' to my mind; which has been still more instructed in historical events by the Pantomime of *Robin Hood*, and the *Siege of Troy* burlesque, and by study of the erudite fly-leaf at the Princess's.

"Trusting, my dear tutor, you will view these facts as proofs that my education has not been neglected in the holidays,

"I remain (until next week),

"Your obedient and grateful pupil,

"HARRY HOPEFUL."

"P.S. The Onvelope aint stuck and so I open it to say that if theres any faults in this it isnt me but my Big Brother because I have been writing it all down from his Dicktation as he said he knew at classical schools like yours you didnt teach us English and so its him who have been altering the grammer and the speling. H.H.

"P.S. I have wrote these 2 P.S.es all out of my own head and without his corection. H.H."

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

WE have been startled out of four and a half at least of our five senses by perusal of the following couple of advertisements, which were inserted next each other in the *Times* of the 10th ult.

THE BEAR HAS COME TO TOWN.

SCOTLAND WILL BE IN LONDON on the 14th of February.

To persons like ourselves of a somewhat nervous temperament the first of these announcements is terrible enough: yet in productiveness of horror it is quite capped by the second. Although we frequently meet bears, both animal and human, we cannot say we feel quite at our ease in doing so: and the bare announcement that "the bear has come to town," has developed most unpleasantly our bump of Apprehensiveness.

The other piece of news is, however, far more terrifying, and tempts us to make use of the oft-cited quotation, that

"On horror's head horrors accumulate."

To think that Scotland will before these words are published be in London, is so startling an idea, that it completely takes our breath away, and has thoroughly unnerved us. There is something of the magical in so astonishing an advent, and it brings to mind the childish terror which we recollect we felt, when we read that the Genii had removed Aladdin's palace. There is another point too, which much increases our bewilderment, and in considering it we own we feel a "vague inquietude," and "hollow sense of insecurity," akin to that which the French Emperor described in his late speech. For, knowing that the Scotch whenever they leave home do so invariably for good, and that there are *vestigia nulla restrorsum* in their track, we tremble to reflect that when once Scotland is in London, it will be past hope that Scotland ever will go back again.

An Unpublished Compliment.

WE do not know whether it was FONTENELLE, or BEAU NASH, or MIRABEAU, or CHESTERFIELD, or SAM ROGERS, or COMTE D'ORSAY, or LORD PALMERSTON, or BEN CAUNT, or who it was—but we know it was somebody—who, upon hearing the popular song of "*Man the Life Boat,*" exclaimed contemptuously, "Take him and welcome—but my cry is for '*Woman the Pleasure Boat.*'" Three vociferous cheers from the entire assembly acknowledged the good taste of the compliment. —*Literary Recollections of an Old Trunkmaker.*

"ICI ON DINE À LA RUSSE."

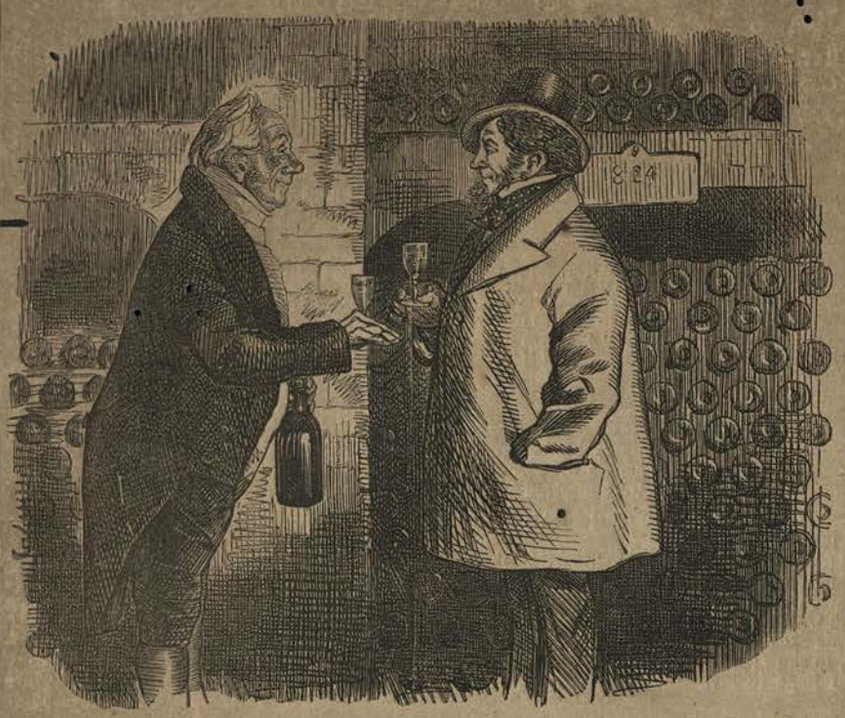
OUR *bons vivants* have been wonderfully eloquent in the papers about certain dinners, whatever they may be, *à la Russe*. For ourselves we should have a sensitive horror of such a thing, for we always supposed, in our ignorance, that a Russian's dinner mostly consisted of tallow-candles and train oil!

TO TRADESMEN WHO SEND IN THEIR BILLS TWICE.

THE truthful man always calls a spade a spade, and the same with an honest man:—you may be sure, when he says a bill is paid, it 's paid.

ADVICE TO TRAVELLERS.—If you are travelling in the neighbourhood of Rome, it is as well not to cry out "Bravo," before you are out of the wood.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PIPE OF PEACE.—A little too much of the '*Caporal*" in it!



Butler (to personal Friend). *"There, my boy! I wonder what My Lord would give, if he could get such a glass of Madeira as that!"*

JAPAN OUTDONE.

THERE is a pleasant custom among our new friends the Japanese, called the "Hiri Kari," or "Happy Dispatch." When a minister is disgraced—or a gentleman insulted—instead of the former going out of office, or the latter calling out his insulter, he takes a knife, and by one cut upwards and two cuts across, rips open his bowels, and expires, with the comfortable sense that he has done his duty to himself and to society.

We have lately opened up a trade with Japan, and the ports of Hakodadi, Kanagawa, and Nagasaki, are soon to be free to our ships and merchants. With what pleasure our new friends will learn by the first batch of British newspapers that may be translated into Japanese, that an attempt is to be made to introduce their usage of the Happy Dispatch on an enormous scale into the House of Commons, where some five-score members for small boroughs are to be asked to go through the process of bringing their own Parliamentary existence to a close, by stroke of Schedule.

"Whichever you like, my Little Dears."

IT was, we think, BUFFON, who said, "*Le style c'est l'homme.*" But really women nowadays write so much like men, that it requires a very clever judge indeed to tell from the style whether it is *un homme* or *une femme*.

"A WISE SAW."—A Saw, all the teeth of which are Wisdom-teeth.

THE PARSONS' BURLESQUE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE clergy of the Province of Canterbury assembled in Convocation on Wednesday last week, and had a merry meeting. In the Lower House especially, jocosity was the order of the day. Several funny things were said. The REV. W. MASSINGBERD went in for a rollick. In moving a ridiculous amendment to an absurd report complaining of the just and rational new divorce law, this droll and reverend gentleman remarked that—

"They knew that before the Reformation, interference of this kind was held to be intolerable, and it was not surprising that Parliament should be anxious to keep the clergy down, and to prevent them from assuming that government which the clergy had before the Reformation, and of which they were at the Reformation deprived."

This short extract will convey a sufficient idea of the wild and rampant comicality of the reverend speaker's discourse. The notion of any possible Parliament *not* trying to prevent the clergy from assuming that government which they had before the Reformation, is rich indeed.

Nearly after MR. MASSINGBERD followed ARCHDEACON RANDALL (of Berkshire). This divine talked like a jolly parson. He told his consecrated hearers that—

"Their great object, he thought, should be to keep Parliament in good humour."

The evidently good-humoured Archdeacon considered that the Divorce Act was a bad Act, but still that Convocation would not be justified in going and telling Parliament that it had not the power to pass such an Act; because Parliament had. But, he suggested,—

"They might, however, try to persuade Parliament that they had taken a wrong step, and that they ought to retrace it. They might also be told that for the future it was to be hoped they would be good enough to consult the clergy upon such matters. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)"

The laughter was well earned; though it cannot be forgotten that something very like the above has been said before. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii., Scene 3.

The DEAN OF ELY made a few remarks, excellent in their way, which was that of sense and reason, but wholly out of keeping with the general tone of the assembly. He told his hearers for instance, that Parliament "had not overridden the canon," and he reminded them that those present "were merely the representatives of the Church of England; and Parliament was bound to consider the whole nation." All very true, and very wise, but Convocation had not come there to listen to truth or wisdom. Accordingly,—

"DR. WORDSWORTH took a different view of the subject, and said the Dean had subjected himself to an anathema of the Church. The Canon said that if any one said that the Convocation was only a representative of the clergy, and not of the whole Church of England, 'let him be excommunicated and not restored until he repent and publicly revoke that wicked error.' (*Loud laughter.*) He hoped the new DEAN OF ELY would not find himself in that position."

The DEAN OF ELY had not said that Convocation did not represent the whole Church; he had only intimated the fact that it does not represent the whole nation. Well, therefore, might DR. WORDSWORTH's uncalled-for reference to the canon have provoked the loud laughter, which, as in a pantomime, never fails to reward a zany's vast impertinence, even if the bare allusion to excommunication, at this time of day, had not been of itself quite ridiculous enough to set the table of Convocation, or any other, in a roar.

Having voted, in respect to the Divorce Act, some resolution which nobody will mind, the reverend assembly adjourned to another day, when they will probably again meet, talk nonsense and twaddle, and say and do all they can to expose the Church, of which they call themselves the representatives, to public derision.

A SENSIBLE WIFE.

Mrs. Smith. "Why do I allow my husband to smoke in the house? Bless me, MRS. BROWN, I would not stop him for the world! Do you know that when he is angry with me,—when we have been having a word or two together, as I suppose the best of husbands and wives occasionally have,—he rushes to his cigar, and leaves me for a good hour all to myself. It seems to relieve *him*, and saves *me* an infinity of blowing up. After he has smoked it, I can assure you the poor creature is quite mild, and sometimes he will come up, and actually *beg my pardon!* The fuming that I should have got is bestowed elsewhere. I look upon a cigar as the very best friend a woman has, and I 'm positive, too, that it 's the saving of an immensity of swearing. After all, a volley of smoke isn't half so offensive as a volley of oaths. Good gracious me, only to think what beasts some men would be without their filthy tobacco! There would be no going near them, I declare! When all is said and done, my dear, smoke, take my word for it, is a very fine thing. It cures many a bad temper, and preserves many a sweet one!"

SHORT VACATION AT OXFORD.

MR. GLADSTONE resigns his seat to accept the office of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands for a few days, at the expiration of which he will return to his constituents, and present himself for re-election.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OVER THE WATER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY we allude to is at Canterbury Hall. Its President is MR. C. MORTON. Instead of limiting its walls to some forty members, it can boast of some four hundred. ROSA BONHEUR is not too proud to be one of its contributors. You meet with pictures good, bad, and indifferent—just as you do at the other Royal Academy. Perhaps, the indifferent preponderate—and this similarity only strengthens the likeness between the two rival exhibitions. However, Canterbury Hall has certain marks of superiority, which Trafalgar Square, if it be wise, will do well to imitate.

First of all, the price of admission is only sixpence. This is a clear gain of one-half.

Secondly. The catalogue is only one penny, instead of the shilling that is usually charged at the other colour-shop.

Thirdly. The catalogue is not disfigured by certain misquotations from the Latin or German.

Fourthly. Over and above your admission to the Gallery, you can retire to a magnificent Hall, which is as effective as any interior that DAVID ROBERTS ever painted. There is no extra charge for this privilege.

Fifthly. You may hear in this same Hall some capital songs, the tone of which is very superior to that of many of the *tableaux* at the opposition show, so inharmonious in their treatment, and so *criard* in all their artistic utterances, that they can scarcely be called "worth a song." This is an attraction, which might be imitated with advantage at the National Gallery. A comic song, relieved every now and then by a comic dance, might have the power of drawing, which is a faculty that more than one R. A. cannot boast of.

Sixthly. (We think it is sixthly, for really there are so many points of excellence to mark down, that we may be wrong in our scoring), you can order at Canterbury Hall exactly what you like. If some fruit by LANCE tempt your palate, as it often does that of some hopeless imitator, you can call for apples, or oranges, or even ginger-beer. If some cattle by SIDNEY COOPER provoke your taste, you can instantly gratify it by ordering a steak, or a mutton-chop. These are graces that touch every man most inwardly, for we doubt if RUSKIN himself could speak ill of a picture, after it had filled him with admiration to the happy extent of having proved both meat and bread and beer to him. Thus, critics, true to their capacity, can dine, and sup, and fatten off the pictures they have been previously cutting up.

Now, the Royal Academicians on the Middlesex side of the water have always shut their mouths against everything in the shape of refreshments. A lady might faint before a POOLE, and there would not be as much as a glass of water in the place you could offer her. Every one must recollect the choking sensation that the dust of the *Derby Day* (we mean FRITH'S) gave him last year. The very sight of the champagne-bottles that were being opened in every direction, helped, if anything, to aggravate one's thirst, and yet there was not a drop of anything to be had nearer than the Union Club, and one of the beautiful regulations of the Royal Academy is, that you pay a shilling every time you enter. Quench your thirst twenty times in the course of a long sultry afternoon, with scorching pictures of the Desert before you, and red-hot sunsets by DANBY behind you, and you must pay twenty shillings,—that is to say, if you are anxious to rejoin the pretty country cousins, to whom you are playing the cousinly part of a *catalogue* more or less *raisonné*. How different at the Royal Academy on the Surrey side! You can leave as often as you like, and enter as often as you like, and there is nothing extra to pay. The only payment is in the shape of a check, made payable to order.

We said that our *Quarante Immortels*, who have the right to write R. A. after their names, never allow feasting within their classic walls. This is scarcely true, and we apologise for defaming them. They do give a dinner once a year; but then the public is not admitted to it. Now, when PRESIDENT MORTON gives a dinner, any one is at liberty to go who chooses to pay a guinea. This is much more liberal, and the consequence is, the company is not so numerous as when persons go in for nothing, and the effect naturally is much more select. Ask the waiters.

Another point (we fancy it is the Seventh) MR. MORTON pays his rent, which is more than the Royal Academicians can say they do; for it is a notorious fact, which will not bear canvassing, that our great artists occupy premises that by right belong to the public, and from which the public, with the exception of the shilling section of it, is rigidly excluded. Turn them out!—Yes, but who is to do it?

We might multiply our points until they mounted up to a full rubber, but we imagine we have said amply enough to prove that the game is all on the side of MR. MORTON. Look as we might, we could not find the *Body of Harold* anywhere within sight of Canterbury. The old *Vicar of Wakefield*, too, is singularly absent, though his old friend MACLISE is there in great force. This is an absence that bespeaks great presence of mind on the part of the distinguished President.

Lastly, by way of a last finishing touch, we must say that we admire the cruet-stands of Canterbury Hall a vast sight more than the vile mustard and pepper-boxes of the National Gallery, which it is time were removed, for the building, being rather an old one, can no longer stand in want of seasoning.

MILLENNIAL SHELLS.

THE Peace Society, which used to be very noisy when war was never dreamt of, and has lately, whilst war has been imminent, held its peace, should vote a medal, or a sum of money to CAPTAIN J. NORTON. According to "Naval and Military Intelligence," in the *Times*, some missiles invented by CAPTAIN NORTON were tried the other day at Chatham, with a success that warrants the hope of the abolition of war. The first of these contrivances, of which the pacific properties were tested, was a handy little bomb, called by the inventor the "liquid-fire rifle shell," and its antibelligerent effect consists in burning any part of any ship, but an iron one, into which it may be shot, or the sails and rigging of any ship, except, as regards the rigging, a ship rigged with ropes of wire. This interesting invention is thus described in the *Times*:—

"The shell is about three or four times the size of an ordinary conical rifle bullet, but is hollow, the interior being filled with a glass in which is contained the 'liquid fire.' This chemical substance is prepared from a secret in the possession of CAPTAIN NORTON, but the chief ingredients are phosphorus dissolved in bisulphite of carbon, and hermetically sealed. Immediately on this shell striking any ignitable matter the glass is broken, and so powerful is the liquid that it almost instantaneously sets the object in a blaze."

Neither shells nor puddings can be taken for granted; as the proof of the latter is in the eating, so is that of the former in the explosion; and this proof was afforded by CAPTAIN NORTON. As thus:—

"During the experiments yesterday afternoon a number of large sacks were suspended on poles to represent the sails of a ship, and these were soon soaked through with rain, so as to become completely saturated. CAPTAIN NORTON then took a heavy three-grooved rifle, which he loaded with one of his shells, and fired at the canvas. Notwithstanding that the sacking was very wet, the effect was exceedingly surprising, the liquid spreading through the canvas, which in a short time began to smoulder, and after another interval burst forth into flame, entirely consuming the whole. Had the sacking been dry, the effect would have been instantaneous."

Certain Colonels on the other side of a certain part of the ocean will be flabergastered to hear that—

"CAPTAIN NORTON can undertake, with the same description of shells, but of larger size, to set fire to any line of battle ship in the navy."

Fire-eaters as the Colonels in question are, a few of CAPTAIN NORTON'S liquid fire-eggs, thrown into a vessel in which those officers were coming to tear imaginary assassins from their dens in London, and pillage that metropolis, would, when the shells cracked, be probably rather more than the most greedy of the ignivorous warriors could stomach.

Another of CAPTAIN NORTON'S messengers of peace called the "Spinster," is a rifle-shot charged with combustible matter, which will blow up ammunition waggons and bags of gunpowder, or set a camp on fire at more than a mile off. The spinster that can thus inflame a whole camp will, we may venture to say, prove more than a match, in every sense of the word, for all our enemies.

A Precious Native.

FANCY DANDOLO pretending to be an Ionian, and bellowing for the union of the Septinsular Republic with Greece. An agitation for the Repeal of the Union with Ireland might as well have been got up by DANDO the English oyster-eater, from whom, and not from

"blind old DANDOLO,
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe,"

there can be no doubt that this blinder owl of a DANDOLO is descended.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—Paris is said to be France—and we fancy that Manchester would, if it could, be England!

Fascinating Gent. (*to precocious little Girl*). "YOU ARE A VERY NICE LITTLE GIRL; YOU SHALL BE MY WIFEY WHEN YOU GROW UP!"——

Little Girl. "NO, THANK YOU; I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A HUSBAND; BUT AUNT BESSY DOES; I HEARD HER SAY SO!" [*Sensation on the part of* AUNT BESSY.

A NICE LOT OF INCUMBRANCES.

IF an Encumbered Estates' Bill for England is passed this Session, we fancy that the following eligible property will be able to send in a very good claim for relief. The statement, which briefly represents its melancholy position, is taken from the report sent in by MR. NELSON to the Committee of the Westminster Bondholders:—

"Those circumstances are as follows, viz.:—That the land is encumbered with *ten* mortgages, *twenty* judgments, and *sixteen* chancery suits, making a total of *forty-six* incumbrances, to which there are no less (exclusive of the Commissioners) than upwards of *eighty* parties."

New brooms enjoy the reputation of sweeping clean; so there could not be a better bit of encumbered ground for the New Act to be tried upon than the above overladen instance. How sixteen Chancery Suits are to be carted away we cannot imagine! It isn't every one who would like to have a Chancery Suit shot on to his premises. Supposing they were to be pitched into the sea, they never would settle,—for a settlement with a Chancery Suit is a fundamental impossibility. It will require a very sweeping measure indeed to get a property like the above clean of all difficulties, and the difficulty is certainly increased, when you have to satisfy twenty judgments, independently of what satisfaction you may be called upon to give in order to conciliate the judgments of the sixty other creditors. It would not be a bad title to call this highly-mortgaged Victoria Street, Westminster, BOND STREET, for every other house in the place seems to be, more or less, in that legal predicament. The Bondholders may console themselves with the happy delusion that they have been only locking up property for a time in a "bonded" warehouse. And it is effectually locked up, for most of the wards of the lock are in Chancery!

Maxims by Modern Advertisers.

THERE is no cement for broken vows. *Poo-Loo.*—The spirit that is bruised is the most sensitive of chaff. *Mary Wedlake.*—Advertising is the poetry of trade. *Moses and Son.*—Every cloud is electrotyped inside with silver. *Elkington and Co.*—All cats are the same in the dark, unless you burn a Night Light. *Price.*—The Hair and the Tortoise is a musty old fable, but if the Kalydor had been in existence then, the Hair would have won by several lengths. *Rowland.*—He who causes two blades of steel to be manufactured where there was only one before, is a benefactor to the human species. *Mechi.*—I wish you a Good Day. *Martin.*

FILIBUSTERO.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

AIR—"*Lillibulero.*"

OH—GIN'RAL WALKER, d'ye hear what 's to be?
Filibustero—buster—a—la;
That with Cuba the States are agwine to make free—
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, Filibustero,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.

With powder and shot you 've attempted the same,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
Till in Central America up was your game,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

Nicaragua don't walley your notions—I fear,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And says "GIN'RAL WALKER, you musn't lodge here,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

The United States Senate taught wisdom by you,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
Abhors sympathisers, and "Lone-Star" men too,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

We 've concluded that Cuba from Spain must be got,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
But we don't think the island worth powder and shot,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

We guess the raal weapon of conquest is gold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
No sensible isle can object to be sold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

So we comes forward handsum, and calls a spade, "spade,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And offers the Spaniard his island to trade,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

There aren't nothin' so scaarse as the Spanish, in Spain,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And so lib'ral a bid you may ne'er have again—
Filibustero, buster—a—la
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

The Spanish Ambassador he may look big,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
But I guess he 'll come round, if the dollars he twig—
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

And if e'en at our dollars he turn up his nose,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
We have still the "Lone-Star" to fall back on, he knows,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

So if to our coin Spain conclude to say "No,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
We have but to let WALKER and HENNINGSEN go,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, &c.

And then 'twill be Spain, and not Cuba that 's sold;
Filibustero, buster—a—la,
And she 'll wish she had swallered her pride, and our gold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (*Bis.*) Tero, tero, Filibustero,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.

A Brace of Advantages.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING AT EASTBOURNE.—That you get the morning papers earlier than you do in London.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING IN LONDON.—That you get much better fish than you do at Eastbourne.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, February 19, 1859.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF C-MM-NS SM-K-NG-ROOM,

SHOWING HOW DISTINGUISHED SENATORS WEAR OUT THEIR LIVES IN THE SERVICE OF AN UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY!

"A REFORM BILL IS COMING, OH DEAR! OH DEAR!"

A Cry from the Conservative Party.

A REFORM Bill is coming, oh dear! oh dear!
A Reform Bill is coming, oh dear!
Spite our ha'ing and humming,
To quarters they're drumming,
A Reform Bill is coming, oh dear! oh dear!

JOHN BRIGHT is all bustle, oh dear! oh dear!
JOHN BRIGHT is all bustle, on dear!
BRIGHT has braced up his muscle,
And ROEBUCK and RUSSELL
Have stripped for the tussle, oh dear! oh dear!

But how about DIZZY? oh dear! oh dear!
How about our hope, DIZZY? oh dear!
Our hope and pride, DIZZY,
With a Bill too is busy,
Turned Reformer now is he, oh dear! oh dear!

British Bulwarks are shaken, oh dear! oh dear!
British Bulwarks are shaken, oh dear!
Now by DIZZ we're forsaken:
And our shoes we all quake in,
Lest we mayn't save our bacon, oh dear! oh dear!

The country they'll ruin, oh dear! oh dear!
The country they'll ruin, oh dear!
The country they'll ruin,
Yet the storm they are brewing
Needn't be *our* undoing, don't fear! don't fear!

If by numbers we're beaten, oh dear! oh dear!
If by numbers we're beaten, oh dear!
If by numbers we're beaten
The leek must be eaten,
Still its taste we may sweeten, 'tis clear! 'tis clear!

We must make some concession, I fear! I fear!
We must make some concession, I fear!
Still of place we've possession,
And by a concession
We may tide through the Session, *hear, hear! hear, hear!*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 14th. LORD MALMESBURY, questioned, explained that we had given up, not the Right, but the Wrong of Search, and he thought that his predecessors had claimed the latter too long. But everybody seemed to agree that there ought to be some universally adopted mode of verifying the nationality of vessels.

This being Valentine Day, MR. RICH was naturally reminded of MR. ROWLAND HILL'S new ordinance for the prepayment of letters. He threatened a motion on the subject. The real state of the matter is, that extreme celerity of delivery is now absolutely essential, and MR. ROWLAND HILL does not think that the hundreds of millions of properly stamped letters should be retarded while the postmen are squabbling with servants for twopences in the cases of the small percentage of letters posted, unstamped, by foolish, negligent, or dishonest people.

St. Valentine was further honoured by the tremendous announcement, on the part of MR. DISRAELI, that, on the last day of February he should bring in the Derby Reform Bill. LORD PALMERSTON pulled his hat on a little tighter, LORD JOHN RUSSELL fidgeted menacingly, and MR. JOHN BRIGHT clenched his fist. The Ministers own to a sort of now-we-are-in-for-it feeling, like that of a young dramatist when the prompter has rung the bell for the curtain to rise on the first night. No escape now.

In the Epping Hunt, THOMAS HOOD describes the landlord of the inn as becoming exceedingly jolly at seeing so many customers, and adds,—

> "So certain congregations meet,
> And Elevate the Host."

MR. GRIFFITH, member for Devizes, is by no means inclined to consider that the object of elevation deserves the honour shown to it by British soldiers in Malta, and he elicited a long explanation from SIR B. LYTTON that the saluting it meant nothing at all, except that the English recognise and respect the religion of the country in their possession.

MR. DISRAELI gave Scotland a new grievance. He said that Government intended to bring in a Scotch Reform Bill, but he did not know when. This is most insulting. Why was not the Scotch Bill brought in first, and England dealt with when her betters had been served? Later in the week, LORD DERBY took the opportunity of inflicting another outrage upon the North. He refused to do anything for Scotch Education, because the two factions in the Scottish Church were so rancorous that they would never agree upon an educational measure. We only hope that Northumberland is well garrisoned, as we are provoking Scotland fearfully, and may expect an avenging invasion.

The Sale of Opium in China is now declared legal, under the new treaty. SIR A. ALISON'S publishers are in the highest state of ecstacy, and have already chartered nine large ships for Canton.

LORD STANLEY brought in the Indian Budget, and the cat which he let out of it was an Indian loan of £7,000,000. He delivered a long and clever speech, and augured financial prosperity for India.

Tuesday. LORD DONOUGHMORE stated that he could do no more (*joke*) for the shipping interest. The ship-owners are dreadfully mean, they require that all our coasts should be lighted up until they are as bright as Piccadilly, and then grudge paying. However, we think something might be done, and ships that sail in the day time only, should be toll free.

The City of London consists of ninety-eight parishes, and Bumbledom permitted the collectorship of nine of them to get into the hands of rogues. The rogues bolt, and Bumbledom wishes to spread the loss over all the parishes. There is no limit to impudence, but it is generally rewarded with a kick; and in this case, thanks to ALDERMAN COPELAND, a kick from the House of Commons sent the Bill into the middle of next week—it was thrown out by 89 to 57.

MR. SLANEY is a very good, kind gentleman, and wrote a charming little book on our little birds. But when he was going to rise in Parliament to propose the making of ledges in the thoroughfares for porters to rest their burdens upon, one of his own little birds should have whispered *De minimis non curat lex.* MR. WALPOLE, who is rather a big bird, had to say something of the kind.

Now cometh a curious little story. MR. W. FRANCIS HIGGINS, a very nice young person, marrieth MISS THESIGER. In due time his wife's papa becomes LORD CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD, and MR.

HIGGINS is provided for handsomely, in a public office, not beyond his powers. But a Mastership in Lunacy falls vacant. Its duties are most important, and require knowledge of law, medicine, the rules of evidence, and, in fact, very high accomplishments and experience. The salary is £2000, and rises from that sum. Papa-in-law is, in an evil breakfast hour, persuaded to give this office to dear W. FRANCIS. Gray's Inn groans, the Temple thunders, Lincoln's Inn lashes out, Clifford's Inn cusses, Serjeant's Inn swears, Thieves' Inn threatens, Barnard's Inn bellows, Clement's Inn cries, New Inn Nagitates, and Furnival's Inn flies into WOODS's for a drink. The profession, in short, is infuriate. MR. CLIVE just mentions the matter in the House last night, and to-night MR. DISRAELI rises to state that W. FRANCIS has resigned. This affair is decidedly Fishy. However, somebody must have the place, and so our friend SAMUEL WARREN, (not without reluctance, for he says that "the Eyes of Christian England" are upon him, watching his Indian resolutions about religion) takes the Mastership, resigning his seat. Long life and prosperity to MASTER SAM.

Lunacy again occupied the attention of the House, and a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the acts of Parliament affecting the mentally afflicted.

Another comfortable subject was brought up, namely, Bankruptcy. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, desirous to show that the Social Science meetings bore good fruit, obtained from divers practical men who attended them, an outline of a Bill for improving the Bankruptcy and Insolvency system, and having filled up the outline, to-night laid his performance before the House. The Bill is thought to be better than LORD CHELMSFORD's. MR. ALCOCK then began to talk against turnpikes, and went on until there were only sixty-four ears to listen to him, even supposing none of the owners were deaf on one side. This being an unconstitutional state of things, the House was counted.

Wednesday. BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, elected for Hythe, came to take his seat. NEWDEGATE, of course, the unrivalled Pious Clown, laid himself across the floor, in order to trip the Jew up; but LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. ABEL SMITH lifted him over the unfortunate acrobat, who got up, covered with shame and dust. The gallant LORD BURY perseveres, with the earnestness of a statesman, and the courage of a Scots Fusilier, in promoting the Bill for the emancipation of the Wife's Sister; and to-day, after a smart debate (in which MR. DRUMMOND compared a wife's sister to the Apple, and a brother-in-law who wanted to marry her, to Adam, and falsely accused poor Adam of making a most impertinent answer to the prohibition) the second reading was carried by 135 to 77.

Thursday. LORD GREY wanted to raise the Ionian question, but LORD DERBY told him that neither then, nor on the day he proposed, would the Government say a word on the subject. So LORD G. had to shut up.

To-day cometh ALDERMAN SALOMANS, M.P. for Greenwich (*vice* TOWNSEND, undertaker and play-actor) and taketh his seat. MR. NEWDEGATE turned very pale as he looked upon the faces of the *Three Jews* as they advanced up the House. He muttered (from COLERIDGE)

> "And they are coming, and they are Three.
> O Hall of Exeter, can it be?"

MR. AYRTON introduced a Bill for getting rid of some Statutes that nobody had ever heard of, and which inflicted hardships which nobody had ever felt. SIR HUGH CAIRNS saw an objection to the case as stated, but, like *Mr. Punch*, wished to hear a little more.

Friday. LORD CAMPBELL, sharing *Mr. Punch's* indignation at the abominable dawdling with the Great Clock and Bell, very properly gave notice that he should stir up all parties on the subject. The last thing we heard was that some additional "supports" (things FOX AND HENDERSON would have cast and fixed in three days) were wanted, and this was some time in last year. There is Imbecility somewhere.

More squabbling about MR. G. G. SCOTT and the new Foreign Office; a Peruvian Bark from MR. CAIRD about Guano (there is enough in the Victoria Dock to fill the Crystal Palace); an intimation from MR. KINGLAKE, that he thought Government was "cooking" the *Charles et Georges* Papers; and an Indian Finance debate, finished the week.

THE NEW POLITICAL CREED.

THAT a good thing is novelty now-a-days—everything must be quite spick and span new, or else what do people care about it? And there are many forms of novelty: there is the novelty of having Jews in Parliament; there is a certain amount of novelty in a Conservative Government, more especially when the Conservatives composing the said Government "write themselves down—reformers" and take to introducing elaborate vote by ballot, extension of franchise, and such like reform windbags.

It has been, however, reserved for the brightest jim of the sea, for a bould pisantry, their country's pride, to be the means of introducing to us the latest novelty, which is nothing more nor less than a new political creed, a new reading, in fact, of the Constitution. Timid old gentlemen, nervous agitators, start not! unless indeed your interests are in Liverpool, or in any other American shipping port. In that case you may be justly alarmed, as the new creed we allude to is nothing more nor less than the destruction of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Southampton, and the elevation, on the shattered ruins, of a new city. Where? in Galway.

MR. JOHN ORRELL LEVER, aided and abetted by FATHER DALY, has stood for Galway, and thanks to the disinterested eloquence of that reverend father is now Member of Parliament for—Galway? Not exactly. No! For Galway Packet Station. And what are MR. JOHN ORRELL LEVER'S political principles? Well, generally, Packet Station. "I will support any government that supports a packet station in Galway" Indeed. Is that quite enough? Is a Member of Parliament to have no ideas, no wishes, no principles, but the well doing of a particular business scheme, however excellent in itself, which he may happen to have founded? Never mind Reform; away with Education, bother the Navy, *à bas* everything, *vive* the Packet Station! This is the war-cry of the new Member, and oddly enough, a Constituency can be found to echo the cry, and to send a Member to Parliament for uttering it.

What next? Shall we have on the election placards such inscriptions as "SALOMONS and the Halfpenny Boat," "WARREN and Blacking for ever," or "SMITH and South African Sherry." What would happen if Banbury only thought of her cakes, if Cambridge believed in nothing but sausages, if Canterbury's electoral mind was centred in brawn? What a remarkable dead lock should we come to!

One word, MR. LEVER, perhaps you have erred from excess of honesty: next time you go in for Packet Stations, keep it to yourself. It is surprising how many Packet Stations there are in the House under fictitious names, and on false pretences!

MAGNANIMITY OF OUR MILITIA.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was summoned as a witness in the late tedious trial of an action for slander in high life. To a question about a matter of mess-management, in which accounts had got into a mess by some mismanagement, the following reply was given by the Royal Duke:—

"THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. I am not much acquainted with *militia matters*; but if you ask my opinion *as a military man*, I think it would be the most irregular thing I ever heard of."

The antithesis observable in the above, has, we have reason to believe, produced no excitement whatever among the officers of Militia regiments. Not one of them appears to have torn his hair, or to have cursed and sworn, or to have committed suicide, or has even written to *Punch* to complain of the distinction between military matters and the affairs of the Militia, drawn by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. The fact is, that English country gentlemen are English—and not French. They do not see those subtle antitheses.

PRO HAC VICE.

SCOTT *vice* HIGGINS, PHILLIPS *vice* SCOTT,
And *vice versâ* tread preferments round,
But *vice* CHELMSFORD, patron of the lot,
Where shall a worthier substitute be found?

For, in distributing preferment, he
Rises superior to mere party ends;
And, pure and lofty to the last degree,
Vice his party, gives it to his friends.

THE AUTHOR'S HEAVEN.—A place where there are no Printers' Devils.

OUR HOMELESS RICH.

THE fact that there exists in London a large class of persons who, although they are well off in a pecuniary way, really have no "home" (in the true sense of the word), and that moreover there exists a yet larger class of persons who if they have a home are glad occasionally to escape from it, has at length aroused the pity of the charitable public, and steps are being set on foot by the benevolent to supply the social want which is so severely felt.

There is little need to specify the persons we refer to. Every reader, we imagine, is acquainted with some few of them, and may with no great stretch of fancy think of many others. Casting a look round upon one's circle of acquaintances, one may see at the first glance at least a score of these unfortunates: and can fancy from that glance how many men there must be—men of gentlemanly, may perhaps even (who knows?) of noble birth—who if they were asked to give a schedule of their property could not include in their possessions the possession of a home. How many of these we know, and how many more may we not easily imagine! look, sceptic, at your visiting list, and then say if you agree with us. *Longum est numerare.* A leash of samples will suffice to convert you to our thinking:—

To begin with, we all know those poor wretched homeless creatures who by terror of their wives are driven nightly out of doors, and are glad of any refuge from the tongues they leave behind them. We all of us know too, that other large class of unfortunates, who although they have a house have no home to go to: their home comforts being sacrificed to their wives' idol, SOCIETY, at whose shrine they are devoted to a nightly immolation. Moreover, we are all of us acquainted with those wretched ones who having, alas! that British Institution, a MOTHER-IN-LAW, to support, are by consequence reduced to the most homeless of conditions. Having given up the mastership of everything belonging to them, they have no house to call their own, much less one to make a home of: and so these abject outcasts are thrown upon the streets, and avail themselves of any refuge which is open to them.

It may be asked, "Are there no Clubs for the relief of these unfortunates? Are there not Refuges in Regent Street, for rich refugees to run to: and sanctuaries for homeless CRŒSI in Pall Mall?" To this it may be answered, that all these useful places are already overflowing, and we find increasing numbers weekly of our outcasts unrelieved. Moreover, there are men who object upon high principle to make use of a Club, believing that such luxury is too enjoyable to last, and wisely fearing if deprived, they would not survive the loss of it. Besides when henpecked men, or mother-in-lawed, are seen much at their Club, the fact is pretty sure to come to their wives' ears, and may be used hereafter as ground for a divorce.

For the relief, then, of such sufferers, it is proposed to found a Refuge for the Homeless Rich, which, upon the system of the Field Lane institution, shall be open to all applicants of a genteel exterior, without undue inquiry in the matter of their character, habits, or estate. A confession of their homelessness first having been obtained, admission will be freely granted to all comers, and gratis board and lodging of a fit kind will be found them. No unnecessary luxuries will, however be supplied; it being thought desirable to follow out, in this respect, our prudent workhouse system, and not to make the Refuge too tempting an abode, but only an asylum for those who really need one.

The same admirable system will also be adopted with regard to the locality in which the Refuge will be built; it being wisely held, that as it is intended to be only used by persons in the direst of emergencies, the most out-of-the-way of spots will be fittest for its site. Accordingly, as those who are expected to resort to it exclusively belong to the superior classes, and have no knowledge of London further east than Charing Cross, the Refuge will most likely be placed somewhere in the City, so as to make it as remote, and inaccessible as may be, and to give all those in quest of it a good long hunt to find it out.

Although the Refuge will be furnished with a casual ward, and will professedly be open to receive all casual comers, it is intended, as far as may in decency be done, to deter such persons from applying for admittance. As the workhouse plan is found to answer so successfully, there is very little doubt that it will be adopted, and that the night porter at the Refuge will be generally ordered to be least ready to give entrance to those appearing most in want of it. He will, no doubt, be also specially instructed to slam the door with emphasis in the face of all first comers, and only to admit them when backed by the police, and never then to do so without an imprecation. By these wholesome deterrents, the Refuge will so speedily acquire a bad name, that none but those who are reduced to direst want will go to it; and thus, the cost to keep it up will be cut down to such a figure, that even a Poor Law Guardian would find nothing to complain of in it.

NOBLE BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.

ACCORDING to a law report, MR. EDWIN JAMES, Counsel for the plaintiff in the case of DICKSON *v.* the EARL OF WILTON, addressing the jury on behalf of his client, made the following eloquent but questionable remark on the defendant:—

"Though his Lordship was born with a coronet on his brow, he was subject to the same emotions and passions as the meanest creature."

The established notion that some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths may have emboldened the learned gentleman to say, if he said it, that the EARL OF WILTON was born with a coronet on his brow. We cannot suppose that he meant to represent the noble Earl as a *lusus naturæ*. A nobleman born in a coronet would be a specimen for the College of Surgeons, matchable only with a barrister born in a wig. If, however, the EARL OF WILTON did come into this world bringing his coronet with him, he certainly was not exempted, by that original peculiarity, from being subject to the same emotions and passions as those which actuate the commonest person. It is not, however, necessarily true that the passions and emotions of a nobleman are equally base and sordid with those of the meanest creature—namely, a Snob.

PAMPHLETEERING.

WE understand that it is the intention of the EARL OF WILTON to answer the French pamphlets about *La Paix, ou la Guerre?* and *Aurons-nous la Guerre?* and a military host of others. His Lordship will, to the best of his ability, endeavour to express the folly and extravagance of War, and give touching examples of the injury, and cost, and sacrifice of character, it inflicts upon every one who has anything to do with it. His Lordship will conclude by declaring that, though he has been a military man, and has no reason to complain personally of the hardships of war, still he has felt some of the damages of it; and it is the recollection of this feeling, in addition to a painful conviction that the little glory connected with it is scarcely worth the severity of some of its trials, which forces him to the bold, but honest, declaration, that, after all, for the enjoyment of one's life, and the spotless maintenance of one's dignity, there is NOTHING LIKE PEACE! He, for one, doesn't intend fighting any more.

We are informed that it is the EARL OF WILTON's intention to send a copy of his military views, as soon as they have been cast into type, to his esteemed friend, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, with whom doubtlessly they will have the greatest weight.

A Short Note of a Long Trial.

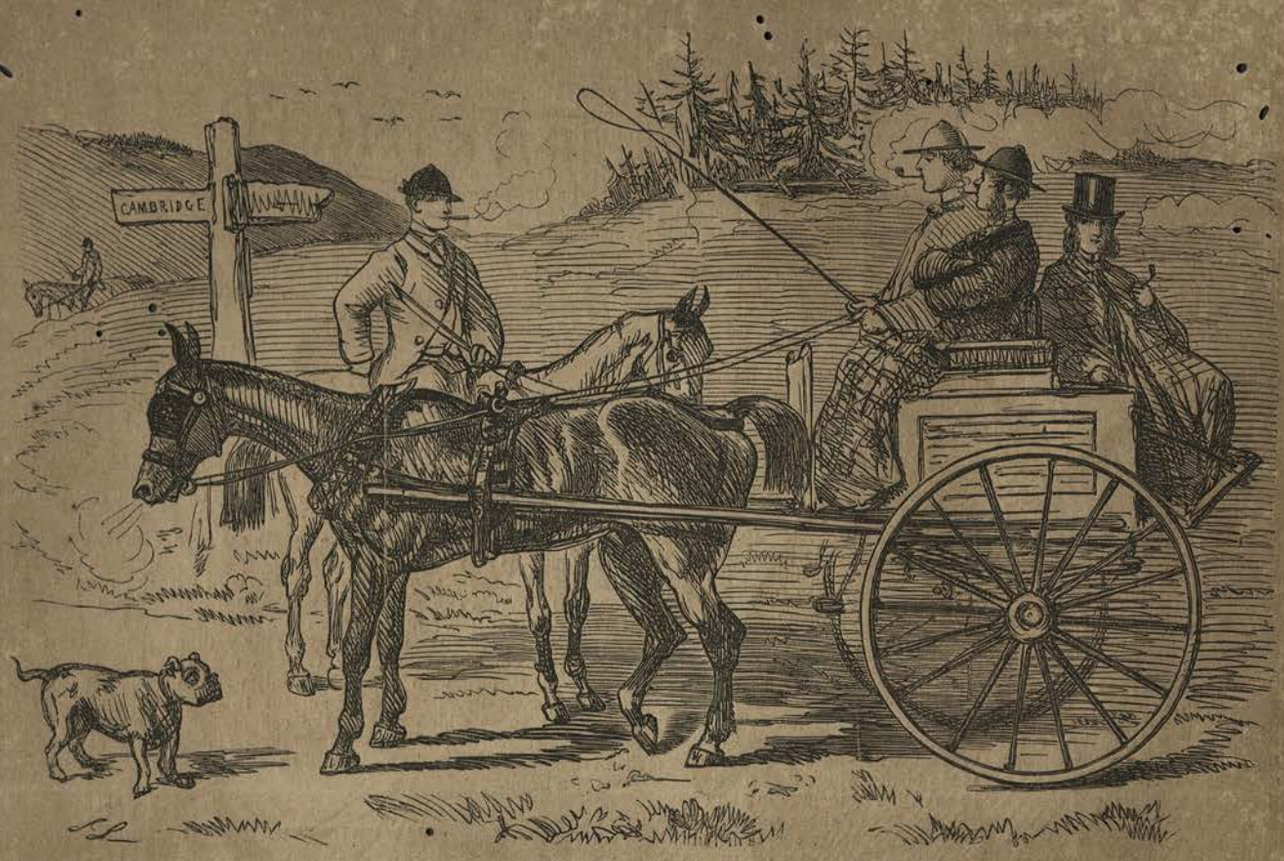
THE brave COLONEL DICKSON
It 's proved played no Tricks on
The mess chest, nor oped it with wrong key:
Some fresh mud is spilt on
The blubbering LORD WILTON,
And COMBERMERE 's just an old donkey.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Hat-keeper of the House of Commons has petitioned that august assembly to decide that he is entitled to extra fees now that Three Jews have been elected. He claims to charge these gentlemen for the care of Nine Hats.

A Place for National Pictures.

THERE is a vacant space of some dimensions over the archway of Temple Bar. This has evidently escaped the attention of the representatives of the Fine Arts in the House of Commons, not one of whom has as yet proposed to render it available for the reception of those pictures for which there is not room enough in the National Gallery.



MODERATION.

First Undergraduate. "HOLLO, CHARLEY! AIN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"

Second Undergraduate (driving). "WHY NO—NOT THIS MORNING. YOU SEE I'M ONLY A ONE HORSE MAN, AND AS I HAVE HUNTED HIM THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM A DAY'S REST IN A DOG-CART!"

"TEN, CROWN OFFICE ROW."

A Templar's Tribute.

"There is another block of old houses in the Temple now condemned, which are said to be upwards of 200 years old. They form what is called Crown Office Row. Their destruction will commence forthwith."—*Daily Paper.*

THEY were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring creaked, the windows gaped, the door-posts stood awry;
The wind whipt round the corner with a wild and wailing cry.
In a dingier set of chambers no man need wish to stow,
Than those, old friend, wherein we denned, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

But *we* were young, if *they* were old, we never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out, and let the sunshine in;
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our hopes bedecked the wall;
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to meet what might befall;
Will sunnier hours be ever ours, than those which used to go,
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in Ten, Crown Office Row?

We were two sucking barristers; briefs few and far between,
Upon our reading-tables, in their red-tape bonds, were seen;
But we had friends, and we had books, a pewter, pipes and weeds,
And tin enough to pay our way, or credit for our needs;
And so we doffed the world aside—gave Father Care to know;
Go where he might, he must not light in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Narrow and dark the Clerk's room; our kitchen 'twas, as well:
Whence a pleasant sound of frizzling at breakfast time befell:
Narrow and dark the bed-rooms, where we snored and splashed and sung,
Each in his tub, and took the rub of life with sinews strung.
Where we parted, in the small hours, friends, with a glad "good night,"
Where the struggling sunshine found us, still friends, at morning light:
Glad morning times, glad midnight chimes, come back from long ago,
Peopling apace the dear old place, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Those merry Sunday breakfasts—they never could be wrong—
When you made such scrumptious toast, and I brewed the tea so strong.
Were ever sausages like those from TUCKER'S famous shop?
Where could the sheep have grazed whose loins produced our special chop?
And then the lounge and weed, with the Garden green below,
And the Thames all smile and sparkle, past Ten, Crown Office Row.

You remember those queer dinners—from the Rainbow and from Dick's?
That great day of Kabobs—with fair hands to cut the sticks?
How deftly those white fingers on the skewers disposed the meat—
Till, for pleasure in the cooking, we scarcely cared to eat.
I've often since dined *à la Russe*, with G. H. M.—but, oh,
What are his dinners to those meals in Ten, Crown Office Row?

Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where all was frolic-fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about, like bullet out of gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with SOYER'S shilling book
Thrust, of a sudden, in her hand, and straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs, from those old walls would flow,
Could they give out all they drank in at Ten, Crown Office Row!

Some of those tuneful voices will never sound again,
And some of them will read these lines, far o'er the Indian main;
And smiles will come to some wan lips, tears to some sunken eyes,
To think of all these lines recall of Temple memories;
And they will sigh, as we have sighed, to learn the bringing low,
Of those old chambers, dear old friend, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

And one whose voice awaked the song, whose hand awaked the strings,
One of our guests, in those old rooms, even now beside me sings:

NAVAL REFORM.

MR. BULL. "NOW, MIND—MONEY IS NO OBJECT,—BUT I **WILL** HAVE MONEY'S WORTH."

To eat our bach'lor dinner, on a time she deigned to come,
And now she smiles my wife, by the hearthstone of our home.
You too have found a loving mate—ah—well—'twas time to go—
No wives we had—'twas the one thing bad in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Good bye, old rooms, where we chummed years, without a single fight.
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon your site;
More airy bed-rooms, wider panes, our followers will see;
And wealthier, wiser tenants, the Bench may find than we;—
But lighter hearts or truer, I'll defy the Inn to show,
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned this Ten, Crown Office Row.

A GOOD JOKE IN A LAW COURT!

IN the not very lively case of DICKSON *v.* LORD WILTON—which "like a wounded snake" has been "dragging its slow length along," we don't know how many close columns of the newspapers—the proceedings were agreeably enlivened for a while by the playfulness and pleasantries of MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, who in cheerful cross-examination, is reported to have said:—

"There was very little conversation between me and LORD WILTON before we got to COLONEL DICKSON'S. I can tell you what we talked about. It was racing (*laughter*) and homœopathy (*laughter*). I did not mention the Government Reform Bill. (*Laughter.*)

We can scarcely feel surprised at the repeated bursts of laughter with which this bit of evidence was received in Court. Law proceedings are in general so insufferably dull, that the least approach to humour is always made the most of; and although it may appear to our more sobersided readers that MR. DUNCOMBE'S statement was one merely of dry fact, we are not a whit astonished at the cachinnation it produced.

Besides, the thinking mind (if it only fathom deep enough) may really find some fun in MR. D.'s remarks; and they are clearly far more humorous than nine-tenths of the jokes which in general suffice to win the laughter of a Law Court. The idea that MR. D. should own he "talked of homœopathy," and then should say he "did not mention the Government Reform Bill," seems to our view, we confess, irresistibly facetious. It is as if one owned to having talked of lozenges, but said one had not mentioned "daff;" or had talked of Curiosity, and said nothing about Woman. It is in everybody's mouth that the Government Reform Bill will most likely be the most infinitesimal of measures, and in any conversation upon matters homœopathic the globule which LORD DERBY is concocting must be mentioned. "Talking of homœopathy, how about Reform?" appears to us quite an inevitable *sequitur;* and the joke of MR. DUNCOMBE pretending he avoided it is very much too good to be wasted on LORD CAMPBELL, and MR. DUNCOMBE clearly ought to have sent it to LORD PUNCH.

THE COSTUME FOR CELIBACY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PERMIT me to invite your attention to the confirmation which the remarks I addressed to you on the present sensible fashions have received from the report of the Registrar-General. According to this document, marriages are decreasing, in the face of advancing prosperity. There is absolutely no other cause to which this apparent anomaly can be referred than the wholesome anti-hymenæal influence exerted, as I pointed out, by stout thick-soled Balmoral ancle-jacks, and flounce-extending hoops of repellant Crinoline. The fact is quite in accordance with my theory. It is very interesting—at least to your philosophical admirer,

"NIX."

"P.S. As the mere *nucleus* of a lot of clothes, the best looking young woman is regarded in the light of an object simply expensive."

THE ORGAN OF FRENCH OPINION.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, too truly observed that—

"Now that the tribune is silent, and the Press without life, the Bourse has become the only forum where the opinion and the judgment of the public are exercised on the acts of the Government."

What the French Imperial Government has now to do, in order to prevent the expression of public opinion, is to suppress the Parisian Bourse reports and money-market intelligence, and prohibit the publication of the prices of funds and stocks. In short, effectually to stifle public opinion, it must burk the Bourse.

THE BATTLE OF QUACKERY.—Testimonials are glorious despatches written by the survivors, but which make no mention as to how many have been killed or wounded.

THE ILL-USED HOMŒOPATHISTS.

MR. PUNCH is accustomed to receive letters and treatises, imploring him not to call homœopathy fudge, and some of them attempting to assign reasons why he should not. In all these communications, the medical opponents of homœopathy are called "allopathists." "Allopathist," as contradistinguished from "homœopathist," of course means a person who treats diseases with other medicines than those which produce similar diseases, that is, who endeavours to cure unlike with unlike, instead of endeavouring to cure like with like. Who are the allopathists? *Mr. Punch* has an extensive medical acquaintance, but he does not know any. No intelligent medical practitioner attempts to cure diseases in general with specific medicines of any kind. There are very few such medicines known to the medical profession. The principle on which diseases, for the most part, are treated by rational and scientific physicians and surgeons, is that of removing impediments to the natural process of recovery, or that of assisting the curative efforts of nature, not necessarily, and not always, by causing people to swallow drugs. When drugs are given by such practitioners, they are generally given with a view to their indirect influence on disorders. For instance, the combination popularly known as the "black and blue reviver," which directly affects internal parts of the trunk, may be "exhibited" for the relief of a headache, or for the removal of an inflammation of the great toe.

PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY is perhaps an allopathist; however, he does not tell us on what principle his pills and ointment cure all diseases. The various doctors who advertise their patent medicines in the quacks' corners of newspapers of the baser sort, may be allopathists also; and likewise the medical profession possibly contains a few fools or impostors who are so describable. But the few specifics used in the ordinary practice of physic may absolutely even act on the homœopathic principle, that "like cures like;" thus differing from homœopathic doses only in not being infinitesimal, and, *Mr. Punch* supposes, in being efficacious.

In none of the communications about homœopathy received by *Mr. Punch* is there anything like scientific proof that infinitesimal globules produce any other than infinitesimal effects. Cases of alleged cures, subsequent to the swallowing of those globules, prove nothing, until they amount to enormous numbers. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, and Messrs. DU BARRY and Co., adduce plenty of such proofs; perhaps not fictitious. Mere swallowing and cure can be connected as cause and effect only by immense clouds of cases in which the cure is almost the invariable sequence of the swallowing. It does not signify whether the thing swallowed is a great bolus or a pill of the size of a pin's head, containing an invisible dose.

Quinine is acknowledged, on the strength of a vast accumulation of evidence, as a remedy for ague. It cures ague in one grain, two grain, three grain doses. Will quinine, or anything else, in infinitesimal doses, cure ague as obviously in an equal number out of a vast multitude of cases? Will an infinitesimal quantity of sulphur exert any curative influence on that cutaneous affection which delicacy expresses by the euphemism of the Caledonian Violin?

Mr. Punch's homœopathic friends seem to forget that statements of facts which are contradictory to common sense and received science, require rigid proof. None of them propose any method by which the active properties of an infinitesimal globule can be demonstrated. Neither homœopathists, nor mesmerists, nor spiritualists, either offer or accept the test of any *experimentum crucis;* and when *Mr. Punch* asks for it, they answer by abuse, and the comparison of themselves to GALILEO, and those who laugh at them to the Inquisition.

A Mad World, My Masters—in Lunacy.

SAYS CHELMSFORD to HIGGINS, "With terrible wiggings
I'm menaced, about you, in front and in flank:
I fear I must bid you come out of the diggings
It pleased me so much to allot you, dear FRANK."

"So be it," says FRANCIS, with mischievous glances,
"But closely I've studied one Lunacy case:
There is not a patient in Bedlam that dances,
As mad as yourself when you gave me the place."

Premature Pairing.

IN the Parliamentary Intelligence, the other day, there appeared the subjoined heading:—

PAIRS ON DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

This announcement appears to be premature. The Lords' Concurrence and the Royal Assent have yet to be given to the Bill for empowering Widowers to pair with their deceased wives' sisters.

THE DIVORCE MEASURE.—Half-and-Half.

SUGGESTION ON STOMACH WORSHIP.

HERE has been a great deal written lately about *Diners à la Russe*, and other dinners differing from our customary roast-beef, mutton, veal-and-ham, chops and steaks, potatoes, greens, apple-tart, plum-pudding, bread-and-cheese and celery. It is surprising that no gastronomer has hitherto proposed to revive the "Dinner after the manner of the Ancients," of which so appetitive a description occurs in *Peregrine Pickle*. For an epicure who is disgusted with his sirloin, what can be more tempting, what more likely to prove savoury and succulent, than a nice dormouse pie? Our gormandisers all seem partisans of the French romantic school—they might, for a change, cultivate a classical taste, remaining as remote as ever from the prejudices of the British palate. But we must not indulge in too much talk about eating, which on the sensitive stomach is calculated to produce an effect which is the reverse of that process.

SOMETHING LIKE A QUESTION.

HAPPENING to be in Court during the trial of the case DICKSON *v.* LORD WILTON, *Mr. Punch* was much struck with the briefness, neatness, and precision of the questions which HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General, SIR F. KELLY, put to the witnesses. One of these questions was so beautifully epigrammatic, that *Mr. Punch* could not help taking a note of it, that he might preserve it as a model for cross-examining Counsel. The punctuation is exactly SIR FITZROY'S:—

"Now COLONEL DICKSON will you be kind enough—I hope that you will indulge me so far my Lord—I am now coming to more general matters—but I wish just to satisfy myself on one or two points affecting these matters of account—those I mean we went into yesterday—COLONEL DICKSON now are you prepared to say from all your lengthened experience both in the Line and in the Militia here and elsewhere in the service of HER MAJESTY speaking as an officer you know to give me an answer—I am obliged to put this my Lord to give me an answer to one simple question—You have here two items COLONEL WILTON—I mean DICKSON—can you I say from your own knowledge now do let me ask you looking at the fact that after perusing these accounts I must take the answer as you give it me you know you yourself being most capable in many years service both in the Line and in the Militia since you paid the monies as you told me yesterday—Can you I say—[LORD C. Really Mr. Attorney]—I really must say my Lord that my learned friends who had more time to devote to this particular head of inquiry than myself cannot find at least in these vouchers how to account for certain discrepancies—can you of your own knowledge and tell me as briefly as possible I will thank you not to waste time by many words—*Now be good enough to give me a plain answer.*"

No wonder the trial was so short, and the verdict so logical.

A SPRING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

A BENEVOLENT and patriotic individual is about to erect a drinking-fountain in Palace Yard for the accommodation of Irish Members.

CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR facetious contemporary, the *Illustrated Times*, has been printing riddles lately in the place of criticism. One of these we find in the following remarks, having reference to a picture in the British Institution:—

"A MR. BURGOS gives HIS notions of Spanish life, which, I need hardly say, are not quite so satisfactory as MR. PHILLIPS', and anything more unpleasant than the attempted imitation of this great master's style cannot be conceived."

With the kind view of calling to console poor MR. BURGOS, and to ask him how he felt after this critical attack, we turned to the catalogue to find out his address, and were puzzled by discovering that his name was not inserted. We next consulted the *Directory*, and were perplexed still more by finding there was "no such never a person." In despair then, but resolved on the unravelling of the riddle, we paid a visit and a shilling in Pall Mall, to try and see the picture which had roused the critic's wrath. We speak with some slight diffidence (not being a critic), but by patience and an eye-glass we think that we discovered it in "No. 78," in which a Spanish subject is undoubtedly depicted, and which bears in the corner the initials of the artist, with the addition "Burgos, 1858." Remembering that Burgos is a town in Spain, we then thought that we could solve the enigma which had puzzled us, and could guess why Burgos, being a town in Spain, was not to be found in the *London Directory*. Had we thought of this before, we might have saved ourselves the hunt; but then who would ever dream of a critic writing riddles, and miscalling an artist by the name of a place?

THE LAWYER'S TEAR.

Shed on the First Reading of SIR H. CAIRNS' *Bill to simplify the Title to Landed Estates.*

UPON his heel he turned,
To take a last fond look
At the deeds by which such pretty sums
He had contrived to book.
Those abstracts too he eyed,
Which CAIRNS away would clear:
And the lawyer sadly turned aside,
And wiped away a tear!

He thought: "Alack! O law!
If thus they dock our fees,
Ere long thy votaries 'tis plain
Will scarce earn bread and cheese;
Some pleasant six-and-eight
Will daily disappear;
And who will o'er our beggared state
Let fall the pitying tear?

"Recovery and Fine
Have long abolished been,
JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE have both
Been banished from the scene;
More costly fictions still,
Hard truth! will disappear:
And all in vain the lawyer will
Implore the client's tear."

A second here he shed,
Oh, do not deem him weak!
A tear upon a lawyer's nose
Some pity should bespeak.
And yet thy grief repress,
For is the truth not clear—
When lawyers say they feel distress
A good time, sure, draws near.

OFFICIAL PANTOMIME.

SCENE—A Registrar's in Bankruptcy.

Clown. Nobody 's looking, so I 'll just pocket this—

[*Pouches bag of money labelled "Mastership in Lunacy, £2000 a-year," which is handed to him by* PANTALOON, *who has a Lord Chancellor's wig on.*

Enter POLICEMAN, *lettered to represent the press.*

Policeman. Hullo, you Sir! Where are you going with that Mastership, eh?

Clown (*confusedly*). Who?—I, sir?—me, Sir?—law!—I 'm only a-going—BACK AGAIN!

[*Drops it like a hot poker, and exit with a pantomimic flea protruding from each ear.*

ONE-ARMED ORGAN-CRUSHERS.

WHAT to do with our wounded? has been long a question among military men, and the problem has at length been satisfactorily solved by the starting of the "Pensioners' Employment Society," which is "patronised by the QUEEN and F. M. the PRINCE CONSORT," and enjoys the further patronage of F. M. the PRINCE PUNCH. That the patronage of the public will also be extended to it, after stating this last fact, there cannot be a doubt; and if there were one it would clearly be immediately removed, when the public is informed of the nature of the service, which the Employed Pensioners propose to undertake. A letter from their captain has briefly described this:—

"With regard to their utility, I think it is so apparent that I will merely say that they will carry parcels, deliver messages, hold horses, call carriages, lionise strangers and last, though not least, should any person wish for deliverance from the plague of organ-grinders, he has only to secure the services of one of these men, and should a few of his neighbours join, a weekly expenditure of 1*s.* will insure him peace."

Hearing this, who of the public will not patronise the Pensioners, and tender his subscription for keeping them on foot? Who that wants a horse held, or a cab called, or an organ crushed, will not willingly contribute his quota to their fund? It will be seen that such subscription will not be merely charity. The patrons of the Pensioners will get their *quid pro quo* for the sums which they subscribe. The Pensioners have published a fixed tariff of their charges; and the sums which they receive will not be charity, but pay. As their captain has explained for them:—

"There are so few people who can find work for one-armed men, that many of them are in a state of distress from want of it, and hence arises the necessity of their appeal, not for money, but for encouragement in the occupation they have chosen."

And it is added, for the benefit of that part of the public whose Cautiousness is bigger in the bump than their Benevolence, that—

"With regard to the advantage of employing this particular class of men, it will not be denied that the habits and education of a soldier, his punctuality and precision, qualify him especially for this purpose; and in addition to this, the enjoyment of a pension that is liable to forfeiture in cases of misconduct affords a guarantee to the employer otherwise unattainable."

We repeat, then, who can fail to patronise the Pensioners? To say nothing of the other fields of action they will take, doing battle with the organ-men will give them endless work. Considering the enormous forces of the foe, such a campaign cannot but be a protracted one; but the public cheerfully will subscribe to bear the cost of it. Who that has been ground down by our organ-grinding tyrants, would not give a shilling weekly to be freed from their oppression? Up, Pensioners, and at 'em! Upon them charge, ye Crushers! and charge the public for your service. Armed with our good wishes, go and battle for our peace; and one-armed though ye are, success will crown your efforts. The fight may be a hard one, but our Crushers will not shrink from it. What though, it is true, they have to battle single-handed! heroes who have fought at Inkermann and Delhi are not the men to show the white feather to an organ-grinder. That the enemy is Legion, no one can deny. Italian boys and German bands are numbered in his ranks. But we may crush this Foreign Legion by an organised attack; and who are fitter for such warfare than our one-armed Organ-crushers?

MRS. CARDINAL.

THE *Polonius* of the French Imperial Court the other day issued the subjoined official announcement:—

"The EMPEROR will receive on Tuesday the 15th inst., and all the Tuesdays from the 1st March, the cardinals, ministers, marshals, admirals, and other high functionaries, with their wives. The receptions will commence at nine o'clock. The gentlemen must be in uniform."

Everybody has heard of the "Liberties of the Gallican Church." They seem to have been extended. Cardinals, among the various high functionaries invited to the EMPEROR'S receptions, are to bring their wives. Perhaps their ecclesiastical uniforms will be additionally decorated with bows of white satin. Has this arrangement had the sanction of the POPE, or have the French Cardinals merely taken French leave to marry? Very likely, PIO NONO has recommenced the career of a reforming Pope, and intends to permit the marriage of the Roman priesthood. That apparent probability, no doubt, occasioned the postmen to be unusually loaded the other day with Valentines directed to Golden Square.

RONDELETIA.

(*A Plagiarism from various Poets.*)

DOWN came RONDELETIA, dancing,
Dancing, dancing down the lawn,
With her ancles glancing, glancing,
Hopping, hopping, hopping, skipping,
Tripping, tripping, tripping, tripping,
Tripping, tripping like a fawn.

In her eye there was a gleaming,
In her hat there was a feather,
And she heard the buzzard screaming
To the bluebells on the heather.
High she held her dress from flowing,
A scarlet under vesture showing,
Like a red-hot poker glowing.

And she looked upon the mountains,
Where the stormy soul reposes,
There she saw the sparkling fountains
Trickle down among the roses,
Like the joy-drops down her cheek;
Trickle down among the willows,
Trickling, running, pouring, dashing,
Tumbling, roaring, foaming, flashing,
Flashing, foaming, to the billows:
Oh, how strong! and oh, how weak!

So she went on dancing, dancing,
To the music of the mind,
Like a Vision heart-entrancing,
Her gushing eyes with rapture blind.
And her heart with tumult heaving,
With a joyousness of grieving,
And a darkness and a brightness,
And an aching and a lightness,
And a flowing and a tightness,
And a blessedness of burning,
And intensity of yearning,
And a thrilling effervescence,
And a calm profound quiescence.

As she went on dancing, dancing,
In the sphere of Spirit Powers,
Through the forest glade advancing,
RONDELETIA thought of flowers.
Of the loving laurustinus,
And the tulip and acanthus,
And the dahlia's royal highness,
And eternal amaranthus,
The terrible tiger-lily,
The rose and daffy-down-dilly,
And the jealous polyanthus.

Still she went on dancing, dancing,
With those blue eyes blindly gushing,
All the quags and puddles chancing,
Till she neared a torrent rushing,
Which a rugged plank had gotten
O'er it—and the plank was rotten!
On she danced—without a shiver—
Danced upon the rotten plank:
Crash—and she was in the river!
Can it be that there she sank,
And the trout and jack did get her,
And the eels and lampreys eat her,
And that the kingfisher drest
With her silken hair his nest?

No! she floated down the tide,
Sailing like a Water Queen,
On her scarlet vesture wide
Spread with ample Crinoline.
And the fishes never got her,
No kingfisher took her hair,
And she never fed the otter:
Her the waves in safety bare
To a ford, where she got out,
And dished the jack, and eels, and trout.

AN UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.—Generally, an universal fool, or else an universal humbug.

MR. PUNCH AND THE TALKING FISH.—AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

MR. PUNCH, who reads from end to end every country newspaper that is published, of course observed, in the *Manchester Examiner*, the following paragraph :—

"A 'TALKING FISH.'—On Tuesday there arrived in Manchester, for exhibition, an animal styled a 'talking fish,' which, no doubt, will prove a source of attraction to the public in general, and to naturalists in particular. Amongst others, we paid a visit yesterday afternoon, and were much gratified by what we saw. The term 'fish,' however, appears to be a misnomer, for there can be no doubt that the animal is a specimen of the *phoca leptonyx* of, &c. [here comes an irrelevant crib from some natural history books.] The animal readily comprehends whatever is said to it. * * * If it be told to turn over, it at once obeys the command, and repeats the evolution as often as directed. It is provided with two fore flappers, * * * and it extends either the right or left one, as the keeper commands; elevating both, in an appealing attitude, when requested. * * * It is extremely docile, and, although possessing a mouth full of formidable teeth, will kiss its keeper with an appearance of affection, and, when desired, will pronounce the words 'Mamma' and 'Papa' with considerable clearness of articulation."

It is needless to say that in ten minutes from the perusal of this paragraph, *Mr. Punch* had telegraphed to the Fish that he was coming to see it, and that in half an hour he was in the Manchester express train. Having arrived at Cottonopolis, and ordered dinner at the Palatine, he marched off to see the wonderful creature.

"Oh, Sir!" exclaimed the proprietor, who was waiting at the door with his head tied up in a towel, like MRS. SIDDONS in *Lady Macbeth*, "I am so glad you are come. The Fish has been in an awful state of excitement ever since your message was brought, it has bitten off both my ears, and nearly flapped the life out of one of the Aldermen. Pray, take care of yourself."

"I always do," said *Mr. Punch*, with the calmness of true greatness. He entered the apartment devoted to the Fish. The animal was lying quietly on its back, in a huge bath, smoking a cigar, and reading one of the Manchester penny papers.

"And how are we?" said *Mr. Punch*.

"Jolly," said the Fish, jumping out of the water, and holding out a fin. "Very kind of you to come down."

"But why did you bite off that poor man's ears," remonstrated *Mr. Punch*. "It wasn't at all pretty of you."

"Because I am a lady," responded the Fish.

"Ladies don't bite people's ears off, at least not habitually," replied *Mr. P.*

"Then what does he keep asking me to kiss him for. I'll teach him manners. But sit down, and have one of my weeds."

"Not sea-weeds, are they?"

"They are Cabanas, Sir. A Yankee fell overboard when I was swimming, and I bit his pocket off, and found these. They are good ones."

"They *are* good, Miss," said *Mr. Punch*. "But don't you spoil those pretty white teeth with tobacco."

"Don't make me blush," said the Fish.

"Any news from where you come from?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"Well, not much. Don't you put any money into the electric cable."

"Why not?"

"Because a party, a friend of mine, in fact, a very respectable walrus, is opposed to the scheme, and means to bite through every wire that is laid down."

"We'll have him harpooned."

"He's much too deep for that, I can tell you," said the Fish. "By the way, old man, don't you let out that I can talk like this, or I shall be bored to death, besides catching the Manchester accent, which is horrid. I never give them more than a word."

"You talk so well that you ought to talk more," said *Mr. Punch*.

"I'll bite you, you old flirt, if you go on like that," said the Fish, winking in the sauciest manner. "Will you come and see me when I come to London."

"Won't I!" said *Mr. Punch*. "Can I get you anything—some barley sugar—Everton toffee, genuine—what will you have?"

"No," said the Fish, "I am not hungry. I have eaten all the cats in the house, and I've got my eye on a fat terrier, but I take so little exercise here that my appetite fails me. Would you mind taking that man's ears to him, there they lie—no, the other's under the chair—and tell him with my compliments, that I don't bear any malice, but that he must not be rude."

"I will. I'm glad I've seen you," said *Mr. Punch*, "because I own I thought that what I read of your talking was a lie. Good bye!"

"Tip us your fin, old fellow," said the Fish, "and mind you come and see me in London. Papa! Mamma!"

Mr. Punch regrets to add that, as the Fish uttered these last words, she put her fin to the tip of her nose. He publishes these particulars, because a lady's interdiction is not always to be understood literally, and because the interests of truth are paramount to every other consideration with him.

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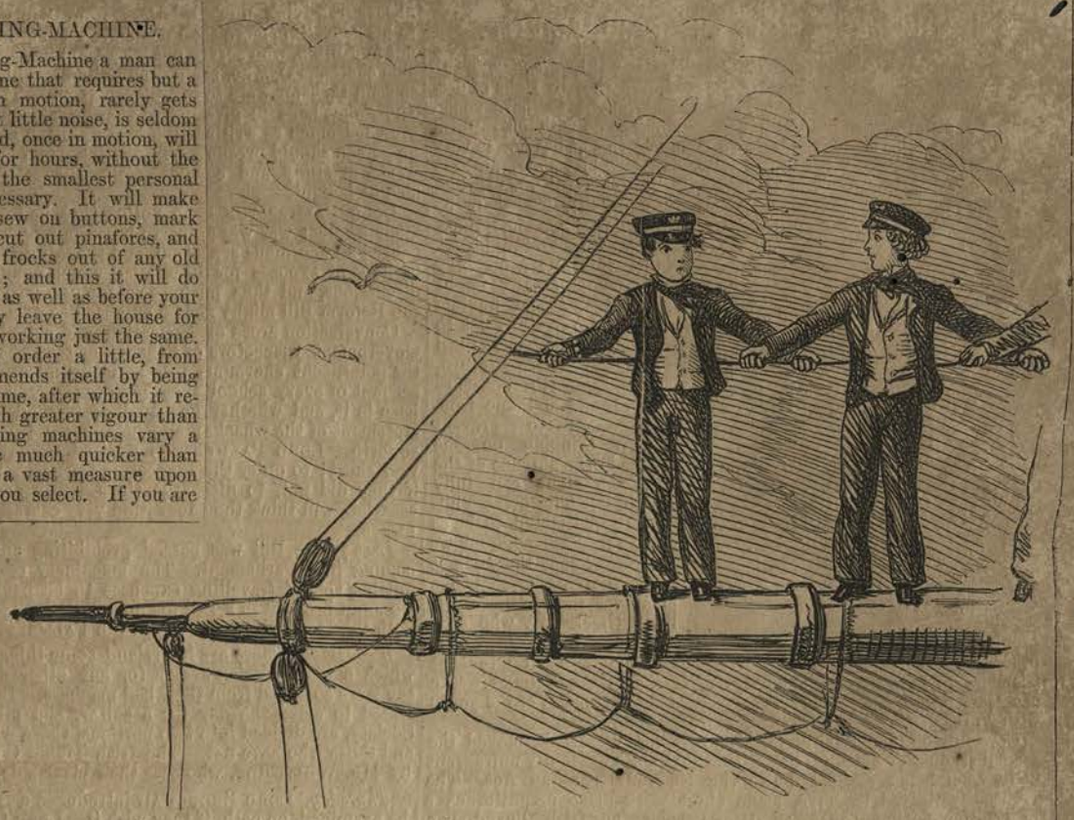
THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

THE very best Sewing-Machine a man can have is a Wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigour than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a Wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the Sewing Machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these Sewing Machines in the house!



SCENE ON BOARD H. M. S. ——

"I SAY, WHY AM I LIKE THE QUEEN'S CHIEF COOK? DO YOU GIVE IT UP?"

"YES."

"BECAUSE I AM IN A HIGH COOL-AND-AIRY (*culinary*) POSITION." [*Astonished Cadet nearly falls from the yard.*

You Young Monkey, how dare you joke up in the air like that? However, we look over it this time.—PUNCH.

THE IONIAN MEMBERS' ADDRESS TO THE THRONE.

To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY VICTORIA, *of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., Queen, Defender of the British Faith, the Candid Petition of the Representatives of the Natives of the Ionian Islands Plainly Sheweth:—*

THAT your Petitioners lately presented YOUR MAJESTY with a Memorial requesting that you would be so good as to abdicate your authority over their Republic, and allow them to transfer their allegiance to the KING OF GREECE: to which modest and reasonable application, YOUR MAJESTY declined to accede:

That it has occurred to your Petitioners to remember that they omitted to assign any reasons for the request which they made to YOUR MAJESTY, and that perhaps that was why YOUR MAJESTY refused to grant it:

That your Petitioners now propose to repair that omission, and tell YOUR MAJESTY their motives for desiring to become the subjects of KING OTHO instead of remaining YOUR MAJESTY'S:

That accordingly your Petitioners would have YOUR MAJESTY understand that they do not care a straw for your British constitutional liberty; but that, on the contrary, they hate it, and would much rather live under a despotism of their own choice:

That your Petitioners abhor and detest the dull regularity of English law, the plain uniformity of order, and the dead level of even-handed justice; that they prefer a state of facility for intrigue and corruption, with a popular tumult occasionally by way of change; any deaths occurring therein being passed over as accidents, no inquiries made, and nobody called to account:

That your Petitioners are disposed to tolerate a moderate amount of brigandage and piracy, the suppression of which, by hard police arrangements, robs life of poetry:

That your Petitioners do not like to be ruled by a Protestant Sovereign, and prefer a Popish one; because, although Popery differs from their own religion on some points of vital importance, it agrees therewith in nearly everything which Protestantism calls folly and superstition:

That your Petitioners want to be united with Greece, because Greece is devoted to Russia, and Russia desires to extend, with her empire, the orthodox Greek faith over all the world, inclusive of Great Britain and Ireland:

That the views of your Petitioners have been wholly unaffected by the eloquence of your great Homeric Scholar. That your Petitioners know nothing about HOMER, except that he was a Heathen, and has gone to Hades, whither they wish that all his scholars may follow him, and they hope never to hear anything more either of him or them:

That your Petitioners represent a nationality naturally governed, not by cold reason, but by the passion which is uppermost in their minds for the moment; and that they require a political government corresponding to their moral and intellectual nature. And your Petitioners, when their piratical propensities are unbound, will ever prey.

OBJECTIONS TO A TITLE.

WE much regret to state, upon the best of all authority (we mean of course our own) that VISCOUNT WILLIAMS will oppose SIR H. CAIRNS' Bill to Simplify the Title to Landed Estates: a measure which we trusted, but for this, might have passed. We believe the noble Viscount bases his objection on the ground that one of the intentions of the Act is to "confer a Parliamentary title" on any purchaser or holder of any real estate. The noble Viscount recollects how his more than Spartan virtue was once tempted with a title; and he views the present measure with suspicion and alarm, as an insidious endeavour on the part of the Government to seduce him into purchasing a square foot or two of land, in order that a title may be forced on him for doing so.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 21, *Monday*. EARL GREY, who, by right of descent, ought to have something to do with the Reform question, but has not, is very restless just now, and is rolling his tub about, like DIOGENES, rather than be doing nothing. The House of Lords was brought together this afternoon only that LORD DERBY might make a long and humble appeal to LORD GREY not to stir the Ionian business until MR. GLADSTONE'S return, and it took two speeches from DERBY and one from BROUGHAM, to prevent GREY'S bringing on the matter in the absence of the man who alone can fully explain it. The great Philhellene was stated to be *en route* for England, and we also know that the Ionians have utterly rejected his plans for their welfare. A little Greek boy, who sells oranges near the Royal Exchange, neatly remarked to *Mr. Punch* the other day, that the "wordy" GLADSTONE would not do for the islanders, in fact KING LOG-OS was useless, so KING STORKS was a necessary consequence. *Mr. Punch* rewarded the subtlety of the youth with a drachma.

CODRINGTON and SALOMONS, Members for Woolwich, moved the second reading of a Bill for preventing that most flagrantly unfragrant place from being drained under the New Metropolitan Act. The House, instigated by TITE, made short work of so preposterous a proposition. One JONATHAN RICHARDSON, an Irish linendraper, thought it was his duty to call upon HER MAJESTY and her people to return thanks for the suppression of the revolt in India. LORD STANLEY said he thought we might as well wait until the revolt *was* suppressed, and LORD DERBY gave an answer similar to his son's in purport, but much more ample and impressive in manner, to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who, never having gained any victories himself, wishes to be thankful for those of other people. He thinks he should do something, in return for Blenheim and the pension.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was stated to be busy on the Lions for Trafalgar Square, but LORD JOHN MANNERS could not say whether the fountains were to continue there. *Mr. Punch* observes that they throw up hot water (supposed by the public to be the waste from St. Martin's Baths); and he suggests that soap and towels might be supplied at the basins, under proper regulations. MR. WALPOLE, in answer to MR. DUNCOMBE, said that the law officers of the Crown had reason to believe that Smithfield had reverted to HER MAJESTY, and was no longer the property of the City. This is excellent news; and *Mr. Punch* only hopes that KELLY and CAIRNS, or rather, the learned gentlemen who do the work of which the leaders make show, will be able to sustain their law.

That same MR. WALPOLE then brought in a Bill for settling the Church-rate question. His plan is, to let the owners of land formally charge it with Church-rates in perpetuity, and when the amount, with the aid of voluntary subscriptions, shall be enough for the purposes of any given parish, the QUEEN is to be enabled to abolish the present Rate in that parish. He also proposes to relieve Dissenters, on their simply signing a paper stating their conscientious objections to the rate. LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought the plan opposed to the national character of the Church of England. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY has a Bill of his own, and gave notice that he should try to defeat that of MR. WALPOLE. What the plan really comes to is this—

> "If you like a Church-rate,
> You may fork it out straight:
> If you like to dissent,
> You may pay it as rent."

Tuesday. The Pre-payment of the Letters question came up again, and the DUKE OF ARGYLL made a speech against the new rule. He did not accuse the Postmaster of the vulgarity of wanting to look into other people's correspondence, and said, indeed, that however fond COLCHESTER might be of opening the oysters which gave him his family title, the Duke did not charge him with any hankering for opening the letters which give him his official one. But the Duke objected to the new arrangement; and, finally, the Postmaster said that he would rescind the rule. LORD CAMPBELL said that he was always receiving unpaid letters from "insane persons *and* suitors in his court" (in more than one case, we should call this tautology, but not in JOHN'S, who serves out very good justice, and is civil to respectable customers), who, seeing the writs bore his name, deemed it polite to send their answers to Stratheden House. The rule is rescinded; but *Mr. Punch* begs to give notice that he takes in no unpaid letter whatever, inasmuch as writing to him is a solemn and awful business, which no person should presume to undertake in a hurry, or without several weeks of study and consideration, during which time stamps can also be bought.

LORD PALMERSTON gave notice that he meant to ask the Government whether war was going to break out. This simple announcement caused an enormous sensation, and the Ministry began to see glimpses of hope of excuses for discussions which would cause delays in other discussions, and thus push back further discussions—in a word, that the Reform Bill might not be an absolute necessity after all.

Conversation arose on Education, and complaint was made that the Government Inspectors of Schools, instead of reporting briefly and to the point, sent enormous treatises on educational subjects, giving an account of every school that had ever existed, and every boy that had been in it, and whether he had been birched or caned (with tabulated statement of the whacks), and how he had turned out in after-life, and so forth. LORD PALMERSTON advised Government to cut the matter very short; to order the Inspectors to report like men of business, and if they did not, to discharge them. We dare say these ingenious essayists will think the suggestion very coarse, but life is too short for essays.

Last year a Bill was passed prohibiting any but rich people from coming into Parliament. The machinery of exclusion was the permitting voters' travelling expenses to be paid by a candidate. MR. COLLIER brought in a Bill for undoing that pleasant arrangement, but both the Home Secretary and LORD PALMERSTON opposed him.

Wednesday. There are in Ireland some things called Manor Courts, which a Shakspearian Jester (or any other donkey) would probably say were so called from their bad manners. In one of them bribery is stated to carry the day for a suitor, and probably the Courts, like Society, are divided into two portions, those who have been found out, and those who have not. The Irish Manor Courts are to be abolished by MR. WHITESIDE, who sees their black side.

Thursday. LORD BROUGHAM introduced a Bill allowing prisoners to be examined, on oath, if they wish it. LORD CAMPBELL said he viewed the innovation with alarm, and LORD BROUGHAM retorted that this was a view hollow.

In pursuance of a bright idea, PAKINGTON declared that if there were a debate on Foreign topics, he should not bring on the Naval Estimates on Friday, as proposed, and then MR. DISRAELI could not bring on Reform on Monday. PAM winked, and said that PAKINGTON need not frighten himself, and added, in plain terms, that Government wanted an excuse for delaying Reform.

The celebrated Catholic oath, which was held to be the safeguard of the Constitution, is to be overhauled, the Roman Catholics, according to MR. J. G. FITZGERALD, having found out that it is insulting. He beat the Government, and carried his preliminary motions; but it is dubious whether the Lords will permit the abolition of an oath which gives comfort to an immense number of old women of both sexes.

Friday. EARL GREY at work again. He has got a notion, in which there is a good deal of truth, that the last changes in the municipal franchise have thrown the government of our towns, in a great measure, into the hands of Bumbles and boobies; and he moved for some returns to enable him to establish the fact. Anybody who has had to deal with the "municipals" in reference to local improvements of any kind, can tell the EARL more than any returns can. LORD BROUGHAM took an opportunity of saying (*obiter*) that he hoped he should not survive the British Constitution. We hope he will not, though we wish the noble old boy many happy years to come.

MR. S. FITZGERALD, for Government, was perfectly rude in answering MR. MONCKTON MILNES about an objectionable appointment in Japan. MR. MILNES deserves plaudit for showing up the mistake.

Then came the grand event of the week:

> "Pray, tell us," says PAM, "are folks going to fight?"
> "*Au contraire*," replies DIZZY, "we hope it 's all right;
> Both armies, the Austrian and French, will go home,
> And his Holiness, PIO, stand *solus*, in Rome.
> And we 've sent off an envoy so grave and so owley,
> On a mission of peace to Vienna—old COWLEY."

This news happified the House. Shrewd JOHNNY RUSSELL hoped that the armies, once out, would keep out,—a speech in which, probably, lies a key to a good deal that will happen. But so the matter was left, and First Lord PAKINGTON had to bring on his Naval Estimates. We are to have twenty-six new men-of-war. (*Cheers from Mr. Punch.*) SIR JOHN asked for and received 62,400 men and boys, and £2,487,062 in money. (*More cheers from Mr. Punch.*)

THE TICKET FOR SOUP.

THE wisdom and propriety of encouraging mendicancy by giving money to street beggars was beautifully illustrated the other day by the subjoined police case:—

"GUILDHALL.—KEZIA CADGE, a respectably dressed woman, was charged with begging.

"PURNELL, the Mendicity Society's officer, said he relieved the prisoner a few days ago at the West End, and on meeting her again in Cheapside, recognised and followed her. She solicited charity from about forty persons; and when he took her into custody, he found on her 2s. 10d. On making inquiries, he ascertained that she had a most comfortable home; that her husband was a carpenter, in respectable employment, earning 30s. per week; and that she had displayed a considerable amount in sovereigns to a neighbour only a few days previously. She had also between £200 and £300 in the Bank, and boasted that she put by £1 a-week out of her own and her husband's joint earnings. Her husband had frequently cautioned her against the propensity she had for begging, but she was so attached to that mode of getting money, that he found it impossible to break her of the habit."

Perhaps ALDERMAN MOON will have succeeded better than MR. CADGE in breaking MRS. CADGE of what is commonly called cadging:

"SIR F. G. MOON said, it was as gross a case of imposition as ever came under his notice, and committed the prisoner for 21 days with hard labour."

When KEZIA CADGE comes out of Bridewell, having "had" her "three weeks," it may at least be hoped, or feared, that she will look carefully to see that the coast is clear of a policeman or Mendicity Society's officer, before imploring the passenger to "relieve a poor distress-ed creechur," and give her "a 'apeny to buy a bit o' bread." To this kind of appeal, however, we would by no means advise the affluent to turn a deaf ear, or a closed fist. Instead, however, of answering it with coins of the realm, let them meet it with tickets, to be obtained for a pecuniary equivalent of subscription from that same Mendicity Society. "Gentleman! ar yer got ar-a-copper to give a poor man?" is a demand with which most of our readers are probably familiar. There may not be much question about the deserts of the utterer of this very professional language. If he had them he probably would not escape whipping. But there may be some doubt. Give the poor man the benefit of the doubt. Don't give him "ar-a-copper," or "a 'apeny," but give him a Mendicity Society's ticket; and then perhaps the poor man will bless you,—perhaps he will do the reverse. In either case, you will experience that inward complacency that arises, on the one hand, from the consciousness of having done a really benevolent action, or, on the other, from the knowledge that you have "sold" a rogue and vagabond.

PROFESSOR OWEN ON BARNUM.

PROFESSOR OWEN, the other afternoon, in lecturing at the Royal Institution on the fossil mammalia of the middle tertiary strata, diverted his audience with some illustrations of Barnumian humbug. Having informed them that among the remains of mammals, principally those of Cetacea, found in the tertiary strata, there exist those of a very remarkable sort of whale called the Zeuglodon, an immense herbivorous creature that lived upon sea-weed: remains discovered in the United States:—

"PROFESSOR OWEN said, that about ten years ago there was exhibited in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, under the auspices of MR. BARNUM, an immense fossil skeleton which had been brought from America by a MR. COOKE. A long compounded Greek name was given to the animal whose remains it was represented to be, and crowds were consequently attracted to see the prodigious monster. PROFESSOR OWEN soon detected that this immense fossil animal with the strange Greek name was composed of the fossil bones of three large Mastodons put together to form one."

This Barnumised compound of pre-Adamite remains was bought for the British Museum; and one good Mastodon was made out of a selection of bones from those of the three imperfect specimens that constituted the *Polyphoisbois Thalasses*, or whatever name MR. BARNUM called his monster. MR. COOKE, notwithstanding he was a practitioner of humbug, was nevertheless a veritable fossil-hunter; and accordingly—

"MR. COOKE, on his return to the United States, was recommended by PROFESSOR OWEN to continue his researches in the same stratum for the remains of other animals; and the result was the discovery of the fossil bones of the enormous species of herbivorous Cetacea, the Zeuglodon. The bones of several were found, and by putting together those of three or four of them, a compounded skeleton was formed nearly 300 feet long, which was exhibited in New York as the skeleton of a veritable Sea-serpent. MR. COOKE was afraid to bring it to this country, but he exhibited it in several cities in Europe, and it was bought for the Museum at Berlin. The real length of the animal was about 180 feet."

Very like a whale was the Zeuglodon *per se*; very like a Sea-serpent when conjoined with three or four others by the ingenuity of MR. COOKE. From the latter of the foregoing cases of humbug, MR. COOKE appears to have been a pupil of MR. BARNUM, and one worthy of his master, inasmuch as he contrived to cook up the skeleton of a Sea-serpent and induce the Yankees to swallow it. The kind of humbug under the head of which proceedings of this sort may be arranged must be understood to be distinctly Barnumian; taking rank with humbug only by the favour of BARNUM. Great as is MR. BARNUM'S genius in the line of humbug, his humbug is not all humbug pure and simple. Merely to give an object designed for exhibition a long compounded Greek name in order to invest it with attraction for the British Public, is genuine humbug. If the Greek compound involves no misstatement of fact, anybody who is allured by it to pay his money for seeing something which, if he understood the meaning of its strange name, he would not care to see, is merely humbugged—he is not cheated. By a skilful operation on a certain weakness of the vulgar mind, that of being captivated with the grandiloquence which it cannot comprehend, the dupe is caused to take himself in, and ought to call himself a fool instead of calling the party who imposes upon him a knave; although he may with exact propriety call him a humbug. But when we construct the skeleton of a fictitious animal out of the bones of several other real ones, and give it a pompous name signifying what never existed, we directly do and say the thing which is not, and if we make an exhibition of the sham, and let people in to see it for so much a head, we then obtain money upon incorrect representations, of which the incorrectness lies in our word and deed. Illusion and artifice of this kind are too coarse to be called humbug, which can never be resolved into downright falsehood or fraud.

The respect which we entertain for MR. BARNUM'S elevated position in the domain of humbug proper, makes us regret that he should have given, by example and precept, the sanction of his high authority to the practice, under the name of humbug, of arts which are, to say the least of them, unworthy of that respectable appellation. The misnomer involves a compliment to the *Artful Dodger*, and an insult to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A Condensed Family History.

"H'M, h'm," murmured MR. JONES, running his eye down the *Times* Parliamentary report, "Government introduced an Act for Amending the Winding-Up Act." "I am glad of it," said MRS. JONES, who was cutting the bread and butter, "Perhaps it will save watches from being scratched all over by gentlemen who have been dining out on particular business, that keeps them till two in the morning." MR. JONES had the good grace to be ashamed of himself, and to mention that his wife would like to see *Masks and Faces*.

A SET OF MAINEIACS.

THE teetotallers have been meeting in Exeter Hall with a view to obtain the power of passing local Maine Laws. Let these frantic beings adopt the motto of true temperance, which is "Moral Suasion; but no Maine Force."

VIVE LE SPORT!

English Friend (to Foreigner of distinction). "THE FOX HAS BROKE, AND *GONE AWAY!*"

Foreigner of distinction (who has been galloping about the rides, to his immense satisfaction). "AHA! HE IS BROKEN, AND *GONE AVAY!* WHAT A PITY! ZEN I SUPPOSE IT IS ALL OVARE, AND WE MUST GO HOME!"

KEEP IT DRY.

IT is not that a small bird sings
With aught of warning voice,
And bids distrust Anointed kings,
Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
We trust them all, with all our soul,
We know their honour 's high;
But still we think, upon the whole,
We 'll keep our powder dry.

No Monarch ever broke his word,
Far less the oaths he swore,
Or if such things have e'er occurred
'Twas in bad days of yore.
All kings are now so good and true,—
What, doubt a Sovereign, fie!
But still, JOHN BULL, 'twixt me and you,
We 'll keep our powder dry.

No nation lashed by dastard greed,
Or priests, or ancient spite,
Will clamour to its chiefs to lead
Its armies to the fight.
We 're all a band of brothers, JOHN,
All linked by friendship's tie;
But this one whim we 'll act upon,
We 'll keep our powder dry.

No statesman now is led astray
By love of place, or fame,
To urge his wavering prince to play
At war's infernal game.
They 're all so cosmopolitan,
For justice each would die;
And yet it 's just as well, old man,
To keep your powder dry.

No chance lest hot sea-captains clash
On far Atlantic waves,
And raise a quarrel o'er such trash
As buccaneers, or slaves.
No distant parties burn to thrust
Lean fingers in the pie;
But though we 're all belief and trust,
We 'll keep our powder dry.

No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
No soldiers mass and drill;
No royal hands, on rifle's lock,
Test how the gun will kill.
No cannon stores with strange increase
Pacific pledge belie:
But though the world 's so lapped in peace,
WE 'LL KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.

PUNCH.

THE GARDENER OF COVENT GARDEN.

FROM a contemporary devoted to horticulture, we cull the following advertisement:—

WANTED, AS GARDENER, by a Clergyman in Yorkshire, a respectable middle-aged Man to look after two Cows, Pigs, and Poultry, and to make himself useful; a single man preferred; to board with the servants and sleep over the stables. Wages, 8*s.* per week, or to a Man with a Bass Voice, able to practise in the week with the singers, and to lead the church singers, 10*s.* Must be a member of the Church of England, and his character must bear strict inquiry. He must be a good Kitchen Gardener, and be able to attend to a small Greenhouse.—REV. C. T., &c.

Should the above meet the eye of the operatic super who does the Gardener in the opera of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it may put him in the way of finding employment, horticultural and musical, on the stage of real life. In obtaining it, however, there are a few difficulties which he may have to surmount. The artist who enters with the flower-pots in MOZART'S opera is apparently a drunken character, and this will not do for the REV. C. T., if it is the case with that Gardener's representative. Then the man for the Reverend gentleman's money must be a member of the Church of England, whereas the Italian operatic super is probably an adherent of the Church of Rome, and would lead the church singers to the Popish chapel. Lastly, the Reverend gentleman's money is at the most no more than ten shillings a week, whilst perhaps the salary of the super is superior to that amount, and in quitting Covent Garden to cultivate real cabbages, and deserting the footlights for cucumber frames, a super may consider that he would be accepting a rather too subordinate engagement.

THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (TO HER FAITHFUL SERVANT). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.'"

THE ARMSTRONG TESTIMONIAL.

WE understand that an eminent firm of jewellers in Bond Street has received an order from the Peace Society for the execution of an elegant work of art in silver.

The design is to be that of a dove about to take wing, with an olive branch in her bill. This chaste production, which has been modelled by an eminent Artist, is intended by the Society for a testimonial to SIR W. ARMSTRONG, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of peace, rendered in the invention of the wonderful gun, from the mouth of which have proceeded the strongest arguments that have ever as yet been advanced to disarm an adversary.

IMPROVED PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—APRIL 1, 1865.

MORNING SITTING.

THE SPEAKER took the Chair at a quarter past 9.

NEW WRIT FOR PADDINGTON.

A New Writ was moved for Paddington in the room of MR. KITE, who has accepted Accommodation Bills.

LAW REFORM.

The Bill for the Abolition of Wigs was read a third time and passed.

THE RIVER PLATE.

The Report of the Special Commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of parties to the River Plate, consisting of salt spoons, punch ladles, toast racks, &c., carried down by the Metropolitan culverts to the bed of the Thames, was brought up by MR. HATFULL, and ordered to be printed.

RUMOURED VISIT OF THE EMPERORS OF JAPAN.

MR. PUMP, seeing the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his place, wished to know whether HER MAJESTY'S Government had received any intimation of the expected visit of the EMPERORS OF JAPAN to this country?

SIR A. ROEBUCK stated that the only intimation HER MAJESTY'S Government had received of the anticipated visit, was derived from a paragraph in the Leading Journal (*Punch*). He had no doubt therefore that such report was substantially correct.

THE DERBY DAY.

MR. TITCUP, addressing the Secretary of State for the Home Department, desired to be informed, whether the system of retrenchment adopted on the last occasion of the House attending in state at the National celebration of the "Isthmian Games" would be adhered to on the forthcoming occasion, and whether covered vans would be provided alone for HER MAJESTY'S Ministers?

SIR W. COX stated that all the vans would be covered, but that Honourable Members would be required to contribute *pro rata* to defray the expenses of the tolls.

ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS moved that an address be presented to HER MAJESTY praying, that at the next Levee, permission for passing through the Housekeeper's room may be given to Honourable Members wishing to avoid the crowd.

MR. TURNBULL characterised the motion as being suggested by the minor theatres during the Pantomime season, when a premature audience was allowed to pass through the green room, and recommended Honorable Members who were apprehensive of a squeeze to "come early."

The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

PROTECTION OF WIFE FROM FIRE.

On going into Committee on this Bill, a clause was proposed by MR. LOVELACE rendering wire-gauze over-skirts on the Davy-lamp principle, compulsory in certain cases—agreed to.

The hoop-clause was struck out, it being understood that the Commissioners of Woods were making arrangements for widening the entrances to the Parks.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

The adjourned debate was resumed by MR. PARKE DRUM, who could see no difference between a protected duty and the duty of protection, we admitted French silk—how then could we consistently shut out French steel? (*Hear hear.*) He reminded his honourable and gallant friend, the Secretary of War, that he was once the champion of Peace at any price (*cries of no, no, from the Ministerial benches, and ironical cheers from the opposition*). His honourable and gallant friend now proposed to establish a Training College, where Young England might be initiated into the noble accomplishment of single stick (*hear, hear*)—he also understood that his honourable and gallant friend had assumed the command of the Dockhead Volunteers. (*The conclusion of the honourable Member's speech was drowned in shouts of laughter and cheers which lasted for several minutes.*)

SIR J. BRIGHT protested against any allusion to opinions expressed by him in an unreformed House of Commons—they now breathed a purer atmosphere, and saw the true policy of England in a clearer light (*hear, hear*). They had now an "Improved Parliament," and he hoped the House would support him and the Government, of which he was a member, in their determination to uphold the honour and dignity of the country (*loud cheers*). He should not have taken office had he not seen with indignation the deplorable condition of our national defences, and the apathy with which they had been regarded by all former Governments (*groans from the opposition*). The Dockhead Volunteers, which he had embodied and was proud to command, were ready in case of invasion to defend the entrance to the Thames Tunnel—every man in that distinguished corps being an expert player at quarter-staff—a fact of which Honourable Members might convince themselves by personal application at the practice-yard (*loud laughter*). The Staff was England's safeguard—it was an arm that never missed fire; he could speak with confidence on this point; he had tried it and never found it fail. In the words of an immortal Bard, continued the honourable and gallant Member, I would say—

> "Let the green tree of Liberty
> Be planted in the centre of our land,
> And every man have power to cut his stick."

The honourable Member sat down after a speech of nearly twenty minutes amidst prolonged cheering from all parts of the House.

On the Motion of MR. HOUNSLOW HEATH, the debate was adjourned to Thursday next. The House rose at a quarter before one.

AFTERNOON SITTING.

The House met at two precisely.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

MR. RUFUS BOX rose to call the attention of the House to a defamatory libel upon himself, which had recently appeared in an obscure print called the *Refiner of Parliament*. The libel complained of was as follows: "Once a hatter, always a hatter—the Honourable Member for Brentford can't leave the shop at home; wherever he goes he carries a blockhead with him." The Honourable Member concluded by moving that the Publisher be brought up by the Serjeant-at-Arms.

After some remarks from the Attorney-General and SIR M. T. PATE, the House divided.—For 690, against 2. Majority for bringing up the Publisher, 688.

REFRESHMENTS FOR MEMBERS.

MR. CRAMWELL brought up the Report of the Refreshment Committee. It recommended that Honourable Members should be supplied under certain restrictions with DISHER'S Ten Guinea reviver, but negatived the proposition for chinsurahs.

MR. TIGHT was sure that the working men of England would not grudge their Representatives that solace which would enable every Honourable Member, in the words of the great LORD LYTTON, to think like a Philosopher and feel like a Samaritan. (*Cheers.*)

MR. BITTERS decidedly approved of fumigation—it might destroy those parasites with which every greenhouse was found more or less to abound. (*Cries of order, and loud expressions of disapprobation from the Ministerial benches.*)

SIR M. T. PATE observing that strangers were present, moved that the Gallery be cleared.

On our readmission we found

MR. CAVENDISH on his legs. If Honourable Members desired to enjoy the post-prandial luxury of a whiff, he felt assured that the country would willingly pay the piper (*a laugh*), he however deprecated extravagant measures, and would propose that every Honourable Member on application at the bar of the House, be furnished with returns.

After some remarks from MR. SYDER SELLERS which were inaudible in the Gallery, the motion was carried without a division.

The House rose at a quarter to five.

EVENING SITTING.

The SPEAKER took the Chair at six precisely, at which hour there were no Members present, and the House was counted out, owing to the production of a new farce at the Adelphi.

PLUM-PUDDINGS IN PERIL.

AN ALARUM FOR FAMILIES.

WHAT do we care about the Ionian Islands? is the question of many a shallow, unthinking, domestic oaf. Poor creature! Do you know what we owe to the Ionian Islands? Plums, you deplorable creeping thing, you personal and private-spirited being!—currants, whereof is made that plum-pudding of which you have devoured so many great wedges in the course of your sensual, unpatriotic existence, and which, in consistence, resembles your own soft head. What would you say, if the Septinsular Republic were to be annexed to Greece, and then KING OTHO, influenced by Russian intrigues, were to lay a prohibitive duty on the exportation of currants from Zante? The Ionian Islands' question is a plum-pudding question,—nothing less national, nothing less familiar. Think on the boys and the buns. Those Isles of Greece are connected with your own suet, in your own pudding-cloth and your own pot. Expose no more of your densely selfish unconcern about foreign politics: eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.

THE NONSENSE OF THE NATIONALITIES.

No more talk of national races,
Panslavic, Hellenic, all stuff!
Of rant, gestures wild, and grimaces
On that point, we've had quite enough.
JOHN BULL you will vainly appeal to,
That in his own person contains
Both Saxon and Norman; a deal, too,
Of Danish blood runs in his veins.

Of Great Britain the Kingdom United,
Indeed, is a thorough hotchpotch;
We couldn't stand discord, excited
Between us, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch.
To struggles for legal equality
And freedom, we'll never refuse
Our aid; but hang mere nationality,
Like that of your friends the Hindoos!

Constitutional liberty go for,
You peoples, as hard as you like.
Free speech, conscience, press, hit a blow for,
And with England's best wishes you'll strike.
But the fight to replace a strange ruler,
By a native as tyrannous, full,
Is a cause for which no man feels cooler
Contempt than plain-thinking JOHN BULL.

THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES' ACT.—We hope Trafalgar Square will be the first to take the benefit of the Act, as there is no property in England, looking at the buildings about it, that is so heavily encumbered.

REFORMED CABMEN.

LET the Clubs say what they will about the "national apathy" in the matter of Reform, it is quite clear to our mind that Reform is now *par excellence* the order of the day. Government included, we are all having a hand in it. Measures of Reform are without measure being crowded on us. Everybody's bent upon reforming everybody. Besides being urged to reform our tailors' bills, we are prompted to attempt to reform our lawyers', even. Our navy and our knavy, our sailors and our swindlers, are alike undergoing a reformatory process: and, by way of climax, the reformation of our criminals will ere long, we believe, be extended to our cabmen!

This millennial expectation we base on a report of a "somewhat singular" meeting, which was held the other evening at the Ragged School, in Bell Street, "for the purpose of forming a Cabman's Club, consisting of a provident society, reading-room, and library." Good LORD SHAFTESBURY was good enough to occupy the chair, and "several ladies" graced the meeting with their presence. The Wrongs and Rights of Cabmen formed the subject of the speeches, and it was urged (without unnecessary expletives) that the public had "imbibed a prejudice" against them; that they were "maligned" and "misunderstood:" and that although perhaps there might be some black sheep among the flock, even these were not by several shades so black as fancy painted them. That the speechifying was quite up to public-meeting pitch, the brief extracts which are furnished us suffice, we think, to show. Among the pearls of eloquence which were dropped on the occasion, one jewel of a cabman, we are told, let fall the following:—

"One driver, in a very forcible and intelligent manner, strenuously advised his fellow men to abstain from using profane language, which he knew they were addicted to; also intemperance and incivility. He had done so, and found it answer exceedingly well; for even when gentlemen only gave sixpence, he politely thanked them, which very often brought out another sixpence, which all the swearing in the world would never have done."

If this "intelligent driver" be as good as his word, we regret that the report has not informed us of his number. His sentiments are worthy of a man of higher standing than one upon the cab-stand; and prove to our mind that—

"The Rank is but the cabman's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!"

To find a civil cabman is so perilous a task, that we would gladly save ourselves in future from the risk of it. "When found," we would not only take care to "make a note of him," but we would gladly appoint him as our Cabman in Chief, and hand down his name to posterity in *Punch*.

Let cabmen take the hint, and by following the advice of this their model in morality, let them aspire to win the *premium* we thus offer for reform. In common with the public, we own to having "imbibed a prejudice" against them: one chief reason of which is, that they so often are imbibing. Their weakness for strong liquors and strong language is what damns them. Intemperance in drinking leads to that of speech, and excess in language as in liquor is injurious. This is clearly shown by the Solon we have quoted; who has proved by experience that, for cabmen, civility is always the best policy. His sage reason for prescribing it is that "he has found it answer;" and it would puzzle us to find a more convincing plea for it. Many a cabman might be blind to subtler ways of reasoning, but of the *argumentum ad pocketum* none could fail to see the force.

Cabs have so long been regarded as mere vehicles of abuse, that a meeting with a civil cabby is indeed "somewhat singular," and we are not surprised at the reporter's having called it so. We hope such meetings may ere long be spoken of as plural; and as civility costs nothing, and is moreover "found to answer," we trust the public call for it will soon be generally responded to.

GENTLE REMONSTRANCE

TO ALL CONCERNED IN FINISHING THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER.

LAZY, idle, sluggish lot,
Dilatory dawdles,
Stagnant, slow, and sleepy set,
Temporising twaddles!
Tardy, slack, and crawling slugs,
Helpless, creeping snails,
Stolid, loafing stick-in-muds!
Paring of your nails!
How much more delay d' ye mean,
Will you please to tell;
Apathetic animals,
Where's our Clock and Bell?

A New Fact in Ornithology.

AMONGST the visitors to St. Paul's, we observe the name of JENNY LIND. The fact is worthy of note, as it is not often one sees a Nightingale inside a WREN'S nest.

THE IMPERIAL SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

Louis Napoléon (as a décrotteur—to Italy). Beg your pardon—don't you want your Boot cleaned?

"THE ISLES OF GREECE!"

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where glib Ionians gammoned YOUNG;
Where crops of currants never cease;
Where MAITLAND ruled, and BYRON sung—
We have them, and must keep them yet,
Though nothing by the job we get.

'Twas there that SAPPHO, first of blues,
By PHAON treated like a brute—
(No Crinoline Greek maids did use,
Or it had served as parachute).
Down white Leucadia's stony breast
Flashed, like a sea-gull, to her rest.

DISRA'LI looked SIR LYTTON on;
SIR LYTTON on DISRAELÉE:
Each thinks "were GLADSTONE only gone,
Much easier our game would be:
For changeful still, as wind or wave,
One never knows how he'll behave."

SIR LYTTON tapped his thoughtful brow,
His finger by his nose laid DIZ':
"Those troublesome Sev'n Islands, now!
If the Commiss'nership were *his!*
There's sure to be the deuce to pay;
And means to pay it—where are they?"

Ay—where are they? And where art thou,
My GUERNSEY? Through thy prison-door
They shove thee in thy victuals now:
On MILLER thou canst call no more:
How must a soaring soul like thine
On prison rules and rations pine!

And so YOUNG went, and GLADSTONE came,
Homeric rapture in his face;
With Philhellene tacked to his name,
To calm the heady island race:
His rounded periods they cheer;
He gave them tongue: they lent him ear.

They listen: to obey were best:
He talks: old MAITLAND *did* instead:
We might have spared the kiss he prest
On the Greek Church's Holy Head:
When Greek meets Greek, strife's sure to be:
When Greek meets GLADSTONE, we shall see.

The senate gathers at his call,
And flings his offers at his head:
Reforms they don't require at all
But union with Greece instead:
To aught but this, the chamber 's glum;
DANDOLO deaf, LOMBARDO dumb.

In vain, in vain his honied words:
Deaf adders, they'll no ear incline:
"For Greece, we'll draw—bills, if not swords:
For Greece, for Greece we'll shed—our wine:
For Greece—Bavarian, Russ, and all—
Union with Greece, whate'er befall!"

You have the GLADSTONE presence yet,
Where is the GLADSTONE influence gone?
Free of King Log you chafe to get,
Nor think King STORKS is coming on;
The Constitution SEATON gave,
But lends you means to misbehave.

JOHN BULL won't let you raise a shine,
Though you may talk what stuff you please:
You might get GLADSTONE in a line,
But STORKS you'll find less hard to squeeze.
We're tyrants, if you like; but then,
What are your so-called countrymen?

Trust not for freedom to the Greeks,
Whom Russia buys and Otho sells;
In British bottoms, British breeks,
Your hope of trade and money dwells;
What were Greek language, lyre, or sword,
Were once your currant-business floored?

Fill high the bowl with currant wine!
GLADSTONE returns, his feathers laid;
I see DISRAELI's black eyes shine
O'er an old debt of vengeance paid;
The Commons' wrath while BULWER braves,
Deaf as a rock that breasts the waves.

Plunge GLADSTONE into HOMER deep,
With pen and ink and paper by,
There let him prove the world asleep,
There gloze and Hellenise sky-high;
While BULWER office shall resign
To stick to novels and the Nine!

A DIVISION OF PROFITS.

THE sum of 10,000 francs has been paid to MONS. DE GUERRONIÈRE, being the amount of profits that have hitherto accrued upon the sale of the pamphlet, *Napoléon Trois et l'Italie*. But we always considered that NAPOLÉON TROIS himself was the author of that cock-crowing production; or, at all events, that it was written at his dictation. Ought not the 10,000 francs, then, to have been handed over to the Emperor? or, in any case, should not he and his favoured *confrère* go halves together? We should advise his Imperial Majesty to stick to his pamphleteering propensities. The speculation seems to be a profitable one. In these hard times, the receipt of a sum like £400 is not bad remuneration for a puny post octavo that would not fill half-a-dozen columns of a newspaper. We doubt if our illustrious wielder of the sceptre and the pen will ever realise as much from any other pursuit of war. The campaign of Italy, far from bringing in anything equal to what the pamphlet written upon it has produced, would, doubtlessly, only return a dead loss. It is, therefore, for his own interest that we seriously recommend our Imperial contemporary to seek for no other victories than those he can gain in the fields of literature. Let him foolishly rush into print as often as he pleases, so long as he wisely abstains from rushing into war. Spilling ink is more harmless than shedding blood, and, apparently, pays better. A pamphlet a week, at the rate of £400 per pamphlet, would bring the Emperor in a comfortable income of £20,800. NAPOLÉON TROIS should cultivate those capabilities that he has at his fingers'-ends. With one or two more paper-triumphs, he might be crowned, with imperial foolscap, "*Le Premier Pamphlétaire de l'Europe.*"

WANTED FOR THE IONIAN AISLES.—A good stout Beadle.

HONOUR TO OUR BEADLES!

THE Press must clearly leave off calling us their "facetious contemporary." Our success in comic writing is so marvellously marked, that it is spurring to compete with us a whole host of copyists. The most serious of newspapers are getting more and more facetious, and the prosiest penny-a-liner can hardly write a paragraph without cracking a joke in it. Every journalist seems bitten with a sort of punomania, and the spark of wit bursts forth from the driest sticks of writers. To show the liveliness with which the dullest subjects are now treated, we cite the following bit of humour from our business-like contemporary, the *Building News*:—

"THE CITY PAVEMENTS.—Last week, for the first time within the memory of the oldest beadles of the City, some of the numerous porters, beadles, and messengers in the Bank of England, or persons employed by them, were seen busy in sweeping the footpaths around the Bank of England. The cause of this operation is not apparent, although it did remove the dirt, and the Bank footpaths were clean. Whether the beadles will ever condescend to do it again, remains doubtful. There are now even bets among the members of the Stock Exchange that the Palais du Lord Maire—the Mansion House—will succeed to the Dignity of having the filthiest footways in the City, lately and for many years enjoyed by the Bank of England. It has been supposed that the paths were never swept, to prevent respectable men from engaging in designs to break into the Bank."

If, in spite of its jocosity, this paragraph be true, we would commend the *Building News* for giving it insertion, and we are glad to extend its publicity in *Punch*. The fact of British Beadles condescending to turn street-sweepers seems at first thought so appalling that the mind can only shudder at it; and it requires a considerable stretch of comprehension to grasp the grandeur of the action which is sought to be conveyed. Such a sacrifice of dignity should not pass unrecorded; and we even think it due that it should not pass unrewarded. We hope we know our place. To contemplate a Beadle should inspire us with humility. In all humbleness of mind, then, we would venture to suggest that a presentation of new brooms should take place at the Bank, as a tribute to the heroism which the Beadles have displayed there. To take a broom in hand, and actually sweep with it, is a labour which the boldest British Beadle might have quailed at; and their daring it is proof that the brave Beadles of the Bank are eminently heroes who are fitted for the post of defending the Old Lady whom they have in keeping.

French Art.

A COMPANION to the celebrated work "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*" is to be published in Paris. It is to be called "*Les Françaises peintes par elles-mêmes.*" It is to be profusely coloured, and the style of each lady's painting is to be strictly preserved.

A "TAPER WASTE."—Burning the candle at both ends.

OUR FUTURE STAFF.

A rather Heavy Dragoon (who has some idea of going in for a Staff Examination, rides over to the College to make inquiries). *"Well, how are you getting on? What sort of things do they give you to do?"*

Gifted Member of Staff College. *"Oh, pretty well—been up Three Nights reading for last Examination. Knocked off dead and living languages, campaigns, trigonometry, analytical geometry, perspective, differential and integral calculus, rectification, quadrature and cubature of curves, theory of equation, contact and osculation, statics, dynamics, hydrostatics, castrametation* (the Cavalry finds himself rising in his stirrups), *equilibrium of arches, method of tangents, vanishing fractions, pneum—"* * * * * * [PLUNGER rides furiously back to Camp.

CLO' FOR THE POOR CLERGY.

(NO FICTION.)

IT is a positive fact that there exists an actual *bonâ fide* Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society at 345, Strand, London, W.C. It is really true that there is such a person as the REV. W. G. JERVIS, Secretary to that Society, not a myth, but a live and kicking divine—kicking in vain against the doors of episcopal palaces, deaneries, and other fat parsonage-houses. Furthermore, it is literally the case, and no mistake, and no joke, that this Society will thankfully receive Warm Clothing, Blankets, and Sheeting for the use of the destitute Clergy.

In consequence of the appearance, in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, some time back, of a notice of this charitable association, a great increase has taken place in the number of its reverend applicants for relief—who understood *Mr. Punch*. They were quite aware how possible it was that the richest church in the world should contain starving clergymen. But no corresponding increase has taken place in the number of benefactors to the Society: the charitable public naturally but erroneously thinking the idea that the opulent Church of England can allow such a Society to exist ridiculous. Let the benevolently disposed, then, clearly understand that if they will visit 345, Strand, they will find the Society there, and be satisfied of the authenticity of the REV. W. G. JERVIS.

It is clear that one half of the clerical world cannot know how the other half lives, or else they would not allow brethren of the cloth to go about famished, threadbare, out-at-elbows, and glad to get a suit of cast-off clothes, in which, however, to the judicious eye, the ragged reverend gentlemen will look infinitely less shabby than the wealthy but close-fisted wearers of canonical sable and fine linen.

A Tremendous Crammer.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is hugging secretly to himself some wonderful gun which, we are told, is to be the death of every other gun yet borne into the battle-field. We look upon this as a bit of Imperial *gasconade*, which will be no sooner put to the test than it will be blown to atoms. Or, to cast a new word for the occasion, shall we name this new invention, the EMPEROR'S *Gascannonade?*

A STERLING SUGGESTION.—All the persons employed in the Mint should be Jews, properly, for they seem to make money faster than anybody else.

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Stout Gent. "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A *SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!*"

WHAT'S HIS LITTLE GAME?

UPON the whole we think the Government have dealt pretty fairly in the matter of Reform, and although they have been forced to sacrifice two trumps, it would not surprise us to find they "do the trick." Much depends upon the way in which LORD PAM will play his cards, and he is much too old a hand to let one get a peep at them. His Lordship is, we know, a master of *finesse*; and as the stakes are rather high, we may depend he will not wittingly let slip a chance of winning. The game, as we may see, is just now at its turning point; and if it were played by the rules of Five-card Loo, now is just the time for Government to call out: "PAM, be civil!"

An Early Season.

WE noticed two or three perambulators in the Sun last week. They were very young specimens; but it is rarely they make their appearance before a more advanced period of the season. They looked fresh and healthy, though a little pinched, we thought, by the cold.

THE MOST USEFUL FORM OF "BRAY'S TRACTION-ENGINE."—A well fed Donkey.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 28. *Monday.* This was the Great Day of the Session. This day did BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ.—in other days author of a Revolutionary Epic,—introduce a Reform Bill to the notice of the House of Commons. Unable to trust himself to deal in prose with such a subject, saturated as it were with all the richest jews of poetry, *Mr. Punch* has, upon another of his golden leaves, inscribed with pen of diamond the story of this day. Here, therefore, it shall suffice to say that, when MR. DISRAELI had made his speech, sundry Members ventured remarks, but most of them in gingerly fashion; for an explanatory oration is usually a thing which must be read before its theme can be understood. MR. BAXTER, Member for Montrose, however, having discovered that the measure, being avowedly an English Reform Bill, did not affect Scotland, was safe in denouncing it on that ground. MR. HEADLAM was dissatisfied, but would wait; and BAXTER, who wanted Scotland put into the Bill, was obliged to withdraw his proposition. MR. CRAWFORD, another Scot, complained of the "insolent silence" with which Scotland had been treated, upon which the Lord Advocate promised a Scotch measure; MR. FOX said that the Bill did not provide for the emancipation of the working classes; LORD JOHN RUSSELL, suddenly inspired with a veneration for those classes, whom he has hitherto been thought to hold in no great regard as politicians, said the same thing; MR. ROEBUCK declared the Bill a boon to the landed class; MR. BRIGHT, of course, abused it *ore rotundo*; MR. DRUMMOND scoffed at everybody, rather amusingly, and likened LORD JOHN to ALEXANDER, and MR. ROEBUCK to THAIS; and LORD PALMERSTON (Wily Old Party) had not heard enough about the Bill, and wished to be supposed not to have any particular opinion at present,—the W. O. P. wishing to know what the country thought upon a matter on which he is profoundly indifferent, except so far as it affects political relations. MR. CROSSLEY spoke so; MR. EDWIN JAMES said he came in "fresh" from Marylebone, but spoke soberly enough; MR. BENTINCK simply abused MR. BRIGHT; and there were some other speeches, not worth delivering or recollecting. After this, BENJAMIN, like *Falstaff*, took all their points in his target, fenced smartly enough, and fixed the second reading for Monday, the Twenty-First. *Mr. Punch*, who is not always exactly at MR. DISRAELI's feet, begs on this occasion to make that gentleman a bow, and to state that his manner of introducing a most important measure was worthy of the occasion.

LORD MALMESBURY explained that the POPE himself had asked the French and Austrians to depart out of his dominions. This was a marvellous modification of previous statements that they were certainly going; and it seems by no means sure that they mean to do anything of the kind. One of the Bills for reforming the Debtor and Creditor Law made progress; OVERSTONE *obstante*, as became a very rich man, more likely to have debtors than creditors.

Tuesday. LORDS CAMPBELL, BROUGHAM, and CRANWORTH helped on a Bill for preventing people from being indicted until a magistrate should have had an opportunity of looking into the case. LORD WENSLEYDALE thought this provision unconstitutional. This old lawyer was stuck in the House to advise the Peers; and he generally gives advice which he would do inexpressibly better to keep to himself.

The Commons had the pleasure of hearing MR. WALPOLE state gracefully, and MR. HENLEY grumblingly, why they had respectively quitted office. It is very meet and right that such statements should always be exacted, as everybody is interested in knowing that public men act on high motives. There could be no doubt of the perfect purity and the extreme absurdity of the reasons which actuated both these gentlemen. MR. WALPOLE is succeeded in the Home Office by MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT, and MR. HENLEY at the Board of Trade by LORD DONOUGHMORE. After the explanations came an exceedingly important and unreadable debate on the state of the Shipping interest; and a Committee was appointed, to save the House the misfortune of being again bored thereon.

Wednesday. If TITIUS dies, which he usually does some time or another, and leaves personal property—not such an invariable, but an equally laudable act—the law divides it among his representatives, in case he makes no will (and if he makes none, he is a negligent and culpable idiot); but if TITIUS leaves landed property under the same conditions, it goes to his eldest son and heir. MR. LOCKE KING proposed to assimilate the rules, and divide the land; but this is not a proposition which was likely to find favour in England, a family-founding nation; and after a debate, the whole weight of the House went against the measure, which was rejected by 271 to 76. So, if TITIUS wants to split up his land into slices, he must go to an attorney, and get a will made; or make one himself, which will probably send his representatives to the attorney with a squabble,—a course the latter gentleman will probably prefer.

The Bill for undoing the Bill allowing Candidates to carry about

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voters in carriages had a squeak for it, but the second reading was carried by a small majority. Honourable Gentlemen do not like their kindness to their poorer friends (who have votes) to be interfered with.

Thursday. Some row made by MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY at Hong Kong was poked into by the ever-restless LORD GREY, but LORD CARNARVON with a piteous allusion to the masses of despatches which MR. ANSTEY sends home by every mail, begged to postpone the subject.

The Jews having been fairly, if not in very dignified fashion, landed in Parliament, the House is to consider how the arrangement can be made a little more decorous. The House then decided that the duties on foreign wood should not be removed; that a commission should be appointed to consider the Liquor Laws of Scotland, and what could be done to make that dreadfully drunken province more moral; that an inquiry into the condition of the West Indies should not be made, and that people should be at liberty to marry their defunct wives' sisters. LORD BURY gained this final triumph by 137 to 89.

Friday. LORD LYNDHURST, as became the son of SINGLETON COPLEY, painter, made a very good speech about the Royal Academy, which, it seems, is dreadfully afraid of being considered responsible to the country, or anything but an institution under the Crown. It demands, however, about half of Burlington House, which cost £140,000 of our money, and something will have to be said about this little fact. Why do not the artists of England, Academicians or not, meet, and let the country, which only desires to do the best for art, know what is the feeling of the painters, generally, upon the giving this grand present to an exclusive body. If the Palette finds it unpaletteable, let it say so.

The Commons got on the Army Estimates, and gave PEEL 122,655 men, and £3,724,474 in money, and *Mr. Punch* went off to his Club, cheering like one o'clock, which it was.

TWELVE LITTLE JOCKEYS.

WE copy this from the *Inverness Courier*, only varying names and address, as a lady is mentioned:—

"At the marriage of MISS HENRIETTA BIGGS, of Walton, a few days ago, her bridesmaids, twelve in number, were arrayed in the racing colours of the EARL OF ZABULON, a near relation of the bridegroom, the dresses and scarfs being of white muslin with scarlet spots, white silk bonnets, *piqueés* with a spray of holly and frosted leaves inside."

The aristocracy and those who imitate them, are so wise and so refined, that they never do anything without the best and most graceful of reasons. Therefore in all humility, and with a sincere wish to be instructed, *Mr. Punch* asks, why twelve young ladies condescended to array themselves in garments designed to remind the spectator of the liveries which the EARL OF ZABULON puts upon his jockeys? Also, whether the groomsmen, for there must have been companions for the twelve graces, were arrayed in the colours of the EARL OF ZABULON'S footmen. Surely a footman, home-trained and fastidious, is as legitimate an object for the imitation of a gentleman, as a promoted stable-boy is for that of a lady. Next, in the same humble spirit, we would ask (nothing doubting to receive a sufficing answer) what was the fitness of bringing racing associations into a sacred edifice? Rejecting any miserable jingle about a horse's halter and a holy altar, we enquire—Did the twelve young ladies keep up the idea by going off at a scamper, on alighting at the church door, first bridesmaid being rewarded with a bracelet, but being bound to accept any one who would claim the winner. And who was first? Did EMILY DE LONGSHANKS come in at a canter, was little CLARA POTTY a bad second, and were the rest no where? Finally, we would respectfully demand whether, if the Turf is to contribute ecclesiastical adornments, the Ring may not do the same, and what the EARL OF ZABULON and the twelve bridesmaids would say to this?—

"At the marriage of MISS MARY ANN CRASHER, of the Boxing-Gloves Tavern, a few days ago, her bridesmaids, four in number, were arrayed in the fighting colours of the TIPTON SLASHER, a near relation of the bride, the dresses being blue, with red spots, tastefully copied from the fogles distributed by the Slasher at his last mill with the Birmingham Bubblyjock."

SCOTS WHA HAE.

(*Mr. Punch's Version.*)

Scots wha hae dune WALLACE dead,
Scots wha BRUCE fling at our head,
Drop sic havers and instead,
Let 's like freens agree.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
Britain 's a united power;
Why should Scotland's lion glower
Wi sic angry 'ee?

Scots hae wuts, and Scots hae wills,
Gudeness knows, to help their-sels,
Out of Southron pocks and tills,
Sacking the bawbee.

For each plack JOHN BULL can make,
SAWNEY still his pound will take,
They are Scottish hanns that shake
The Pagoda tree.

Wha wad idly rant and rave,
Ilk dead feud dig frae its grave,
Scour auld spear and rusty glaive,
Let him growl wi' ye.

Wha in bonds o' luve an' law,
British hearts wad closer draw,
A' wi' each, an' each wi' a',
Let him laugh wi' me.

Wha speaks scorn o' WALLACE wight?
Wha denies that BRUCE could fight,
BURNS could sing and SCOTT could write,
Wi' the best that be?

Wha 'd ding Scotland's Lion down,
Clip his claws or shave his crown?
The bonnie beastie need na frown,
At Lions gude as he.

I 'm no anxious to oppose
Case o' Thristle *versus* Rose;
Why still thrust it neath my nose,
Wi' the holly tree?

Baith hae glories to maintain,
On the land and on the main:
Gude sake, let 's each keep our ain,
Nor wi' ither jee.

"RACK THEM WITH AITCHES."—*John Kemble.*

MR. HADFIELD, or ADFIELD, as he would call himself, is really too bad with his aspirations, and something must be done. *Punch* is overwhelmed with complaints of MR. H.'s or MR. A.'s liberties with the alphabet. The other day he was speaking to SIR G. C. LEWIS, who, adapting his discourse to his companion's *calibre*, remarked, "Very warm to-day, but the rough winds of March will play the deuce with our skins."—"Yes," replied H., (or A.), "as the Greeks said, we must beware of the Hides of March." SIR GEORGE (being a classical scholar) nearly fainted, but (being a patriot) supported himself into the lobby, and voted. But this is not the worst. Meeting another Member on his way to the washing rooms, H., (or A.) said, "Ah, going to wash your conjunctions?"—"My what?" asked the other senator, aghast. "Why, your Ands." We repeat it, something must be done.

"'TIS A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER."

MEN newly raised to honours used to be described by old heraldic writers as "sons of their works." On this principle will SIR W. ARMSTRONG take it as an offence to be styled "son of a gun?"

COMPANIONS IN CAPTIVITY.

THE *Morning Post* informs us, that MR. MITCHELL, the energetic Secretary of our own Zoological Society, is preparing a collection of birds and beasts for the French EMPEROR in the Bois de Boulogne.

Judging by the part that LOUIS NAPOLEON is now playing in Europe, he evidently anticipates a time when he shall be able to exhibit in one cage the British Lion, the Russian Bear, and the Prussian and Austrian Vultures, all perfectly tame and cordial. Meanwhile, as he has succeeded in transforming all France into one great cage for the Gallic Eagle, it is not to be wondered at that he should be anxious to give that spirited, but for the moment discomfited, bird, companions in captivity. The collection will be rich in the genus *Raptores*, species *Aquila*, if it include nothing beyond the Kites, which the Imperial *entourage* is in the habit of flying, and the Buzzards who entrusted LOUIS NAPOLEON with the task of saving society.

RAILWAY COMPENSATION.

IT is so generally admitted that accidents *will* happen on the best regulated railways, that we *shall hardly* be accused of any wish to startle or astound our nervous readers, if we apprise them that even on the Eastern Counties line it is within the bounds of possibility that they may meet with a mishap. That they may know in such case what a trial may await them, we quote the following account of one which came off very recently in the Court of Common Pleas:—

"ROBERTS *v.* THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY COMPANY.

"This was an action brought to recover damages for injuries sustained by the plaintiff on the railway of the defendants. The plea was that the plaintiff had received £2 in accord and satisfaction. In the month of October last, the plaintiff, who was in the employment of a firm of shipbrokers, was coming up to town from his residence at Barking, in one of the carriages of the defendants, when at Bromley Station, owing to an error in the turning of the points, a portion of the train got on to one line of rails and the remainder on to another. The train was overturned, and the hat of the plaintiff crushed. He was not aware at the time that he had been seriously injured, and when he arrived in London, the station-master, MR. COVERLY, suggested that he should have some remuneration for his spoilt hat, and gave him £2, for which he signed a receipt. The plaintiff went to his business as usual, but he soon began to suffer great pain in the head, and became nervous and sleepless. Eventually he consulted a DR. RAMSKILL, who told him he had been more seriously injured than he had at first conceived. He was obliged to leave business, was light-headed, vomited, &c., and at last went to Redhill, where his health improved, and he returned to town. He is still far from well, has lost his memory, and is unable to resume his employment.

"The plaintiff having been examined, MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE was cross-examining him as to how much he usually gave for his hats, when

"CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN observed that it surely could not be urged that if the plaintiff had been seriously injured he was precluded from recovering because he had agreed to accept £2 for his hat.

"MR SERJEANT BALLANTINE said that he had certain instructions, and that his duty was to act upon them.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Of course you must obey your instructions. I am only surprised that a Railway Company can give such instructions.

"The learned SERJEANT then proceeded to cross-examine the plaintiff with great minuteness as to his having been intoxicated on many occasions since the accident, but without eliciting anything favourable to the defendants.

"The evidence of DR. RAMSKILL having been taken,

"MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE rose and said that, after what that gentleman had said, he could not deny that the plaintiff had met with serious injuries, at the same time it was the duty of Railway Companies to see that their shareholders were not imposed upon.

"A verdict was entered by consent for the plaintiff—Damages £250."

It will be seen from this instructive statement what a sufferer by an accident upon a railway may expect, if he be rash enough to bring an action for the damage he has sustained by it. By the express instructions of the Company, he will be chaffed and badgered by the Bar, and insult will be copiously added to his injury. If his hat be smashed, the question will be put, "Pray, who 's your hatter?" or if his attire has otherwise been damaged, he will be asked if he did not buy his coat at an old clo' shop, and if he ever in his life gave so large a sum as half-a-guinea for his trousers.

It is possible that Railway Companies may issue such instructions to deter their damaged passengers from suing for their damages; but it is also possible that where actions are so brought, such instructions may tend rather to the damage of the Company. We heartily commend the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN for expressing his "surprise" that such instructions should be issued: but we really think his Lordship might have gone a little further, with the view of making the Eastern Counties Railway fare worse. Were LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH to have the charging of a jury, his Lordship would instruct them to take note of the way in which the plaintiff was examined, and to increase the sum which they awarded, in proportion to the verbal injuries sustained. When Counsel are instructed to badger and to chaff, LORD PUNCH would give the sufferers compensation for their evidence; and would in such cases consider they had not had justice done them, until they found a compensating balance at their bankers, not only for the injury which their persons had sustained, but also for the insults which in Court might hurt their feelings.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION.

THAT taxation and representation should go together, is the plea on which Reformers of the BRIGHT school go in for Universal Suffrage. But how, if Universal Suffrage be found to separate the two things—to give us a set of representatives who pay no taxes, and a set of tax-payers who have no share in the representation?

An American little bird—not a mocking-bird either—sings in *Mr. Punch's* Conservative ear—*Mr. Punch* has one Conservative and one Progressive auricular appendage—that this pleasant state of things may be seen in full play in the State of New York. In that "airthly paradise" the body politic is divided into two large sections, one of which is called "the Tax-payers," the other "the Non-tax-payers." The first class includes all persons with incomes above a certain amount: the latter, all with incomes below the favoured level.

The latter body, having the absolute majority, controls all the elections, both state and municipal, appoints to all the offices, votes all the taxes, monopolises all the jobs, and appropriates all the loaves and fishes. To the former is left the solitary satisfaction of contributing the money.

In this way is attained a division of the duties and rights of property highly satisfactory to the largest portion of the inhabitants of the state. The minority bears all the duties; the majority appropriates all the rights. On the Benthamite theory, that the ruling principle of human society should be, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," what can be better than this arrangement? The non-tax-payers are the greatest number, and their greatest happiness is realised when they have shifted all the public burdens off their own shoulders and transferred them to their wealthier neighbours.

We recommend the case for the study of the British middle classes, in connection with any scheme that may be pressed upon them for transferring the entire control of political power from themselves to the masses, who have not yet reached the not very unattainable level of a £10 occupancy, or, in other words, who do not pay 4*s.* a week for their lodgings.

The Beauties of Hastings.

THE Hotels have no smoking-rooms! We tried two of the principal hotels, and there was not a smoking-room in either. This is, undeniably, a very great advantage to persons who do not smoke.

Again, the letter-box of the Principal Post Office is closed on the Sundays during the hours of Divine Service! This, it must be admitted, is a very great service to persons, who take very little service, as it is the cause of bringing them out of doors a second time. Moreover, it is a deserved slap on the face for not going to church.

Wheels within Wheels.

THE *Presse* newspaper, the organ of *Plon Plon*, who is just now Lord of the Ascendant at the Tuileries, has been sold to M. SOLAR, who is already the proprietor of the *Pays* and the *Constitutionnel*. Frenchmen are fond of declaring France the central influence of the world, and Paris the central influence of France, and the Press the central influence of Paris. From proprietorship, as well as influence, the Press of Paris seems now, more than ever, entitled to be called the Solar System of Europe.

THE DEFENCE OF THE TAY.

"Is it the Tay you 're defending?" burst in an impetuous Irishman, not paying the slightest attention to the previous part of the discussion, "Well, I can tell you, it 's not bad stuff, gentlemen, screaming hot, lots of sugar, and plenty of whiskey in it!"

Youth. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM. STAND BEHIND ME!"

THE SLEEPING BRITISH LION.

"GET up, British Lion, get up," says JOHN BRIGHT,
"And then you shall have such a feast;
Get up! What, asleep? Do you take day for night?
Get up, you great lazy old beast.
Here, I've brought you a carcase of prime Reform pork;
I'm the man to supply you with prog;
So jump up and pitch in; tooth and nail set to work:
You observe that I go the whole Hog."

"Awake, British Lion, awake and be fed,"
Cries DERBY; "awake, you slow brute,
Here's a haunch of buck-venison, the finest e'er bred,
Which just your digestion will suit.
Look, only just look, what a nice joint of meat;
You could manage a bit if you'd try.
Take this now, or you may be wanting to eat
And unsatisfied be, by-and-by.

"Arise, British Lion!" LORD JOHN shouts, "arise!
You are famished—I'm sure you must be.
Then why do you snore so? Come, open your eyes,
And you shall see what you shall see.
I'll warrant you'll find it a better blow out
Than those other fellows can give:
I'll provide you a meal, which, beyond any doubt,
Will last you as long as you live."

They talk to the old British Lion in vain;
The Lion does nothing but snore:
He won't wag his tail, and he won't shake his mane,
And they can't get the Lion to roar.
But you may make him roar and his jaws wide expand,
Just presume on his peaceable mood,
You may then find it hard to supply the demand
Of the roused British Lion for food.

THE FLOWERY LAND.—The Chinese call a cocoa-nut "a Cow's Egg."

GOOD SENSE AT THE PALACE.

BRITISH snobbishness has been snubbed, and well snubbed, in Egypt. Poor little PRINCE ALFRED, after escaping from the awful boredom of Maltese ceremonial and Tunisian official civility, has been rescued from a repetition of the annoyance at Alexandria by "peremptory injunctions received from England."

In consequence of these injunctions, says the Egyptian JENKINS, with evident disgust, "all public demonstrations of welcome have been reduced to the lowest possible point." The only amusement the youthful Prince has been allowed to partake of since his arrival in Africa has been lion-hunting. Considering that his usual fate is to be stalked by snobs, with the most unrelenting pertinacity, it must be an agreeable relief to him to figure as a hunter of lions, instead of a lion to be hunted. He ought to be much obliged to his Royal Mamma and his kind Papa for the good sense which has prompted their peremptory injunction for the suppression of snobbery, in the disguise of loyalty. There is quite enough of the real article extant to allow of their dispensing with its base and Brummagem counterfeit.

PHŒBUS IN A FLASK.

FRENCHMEN are not usually suspected of a propensity to "hide their light under a bushel;" but M. NIÈPCE DE ST. VICTOR, to judge by the account of his recent experiments, has at all events "hid his light in a bottle," and drawn it out to photograph with, after six months' bottling.

What next? We shall be shortly seeing advertised, "Best Italian beams, at per dozen," or "Fine dry South African sunshine, in the wood, at per quarter cask." We may expect, too, that the new invention will be invoked to remove the prejudice against home-made wines, and that we shall be invited to patronise "the raisin" of the British medicine-man, on the strength of the rays that have been absorbed in it.

Some incredulous persons declare that M. DE ST. VICTOR'S bottled sunshine on being uncorked will turn out mere moonshine; but have we not MR. WHEATSTONE'S testimony to the fact that it has blackened sensitive paper?—which ought certainly not to be made light of.

WHO WILL ROUSE HIM?

THE REFORM BILL.

DONE INTO HIAWATHAN VERSE BY MR. PUNCH.

If you question, if you ask him
What about this new Reform Bill,
Just brought in by BEN DISRAELI,
Fluent, mocking BEN DISRAELI,
In fulfilment of the pledges
Given by him, and by LORD DERBY,
Fluent, mocking EARL OF DERBY,
When last year they entered office?
Punch will answer, *Punch* will tell you
That the Bill has seventy clauses,
Not to mention certain schedules.

If you ask him, if you question,
Who, in case this Bill 's adopted,
Will, of all this British nation,
Have the right to vote, at poll-booth,
For the candidate aspiring
To be chosen and elected
To the English House of Commons?
Punch will answer, he will tell you,
Those he 's now about to mention.

He, with forty shilling freehold:
He who is the happy owner
Of five pounds of other tenure:
Or shall occupy, as tenant,
Aught of ten pound yearly value:
Or shall occupy apartments
(Here 's the clause to let in lodgers)
For the which he pays the moderate
Sum of twice four shillings weekly,
Or of twenty pounds per annum.
He whose stock, (or Bank or Indian)
Brings its owner ten pounds yearly,
He whose pension (army, navy,
Civil or uncivil service)
Is what 's called a twenty-pounder:
He who in a bank of Savings
Sixty pounds hath wisely hoarded.
He, a graduate of a College,
He, a clergyman, established,
He, a minister dissenting,
He, a barrister, or pleader,
He, a proctor, or attorney,
He, a doctor, (quacks excepted)
He, a certified schoolmaster,
And all other men, if any,
Qualified by the Reform Act
Passed by GREY, BROUGHAM, and RUSSELL.

These are those to whom LORD DERBY
Gives, or else preserves, the franchise.

If you further ask or question,
What is in some fifty clauses,
Next ensuing numeration
Of the various coves, or parties,
Who will henceforth have a franchise?
Punch will answer, *Punch* will tell you,
You may go and read those clauses.
Those who do not like can lump it.
All that verbiage (as it seemeth)
Is what statesmen call machinery,
Not affecting you, sweet reader.

But, if you make further query,
(As you will do, if inquiring,
Intellectual, patriotic,
Nil humani alienum
A te putans) What great feature,
Principle, or point of party,
Is involved in this Reform Bill,
Planned by the inventive DERBY,
Published by the daring DIZZY?
Punch must answer, *Punch* must tell you,
That the Bill is, rather wisely,
Framed of Compromising order,
Doing much that 's good and proper,
Greatly pleasing neither party,
Greatly riling all the ultras;
And the British Lion slumbers,
Spite of everybody 's poking:
Long *in pace requiescat*.

For the boroughs and the counties
We have now a different franchise.
But this Bill, of good LORD DERBY'S,
Makes in both the franchise equal,
This, unto the ultra-Tories
Seems an awful step and horrid,
Tearing down the Constitution,
Letting in a revolution,
Such the awe and such the terror
This proposal hath excited,
That the good and gentle WALPOLE,
And the good and growling HENLEY,
Both have jumped clean out of office;
Just as in the nursery legend,
MOSES and his brother AARON
In a pot were set a-boiling,
Whence, the legend adds, meek MOSES
Straight ('ere hot was AARON) jumped out.

Fifteen boroughs, now returning
Each its brace of members, henceforth
Must put up with half that number.
If, before, they 've sent two thin men,
Let them now elect one fat man,
Thus the self-same weight preserving
In the English House of Commons.
Fifteen seats, thus rendered vacant,
Unto places are allotted
Which it seems want representing.
When he states that one is Gravesend,
With its shrimps and snobs and slippers,
Punch might be received with jeering
(But that well he wields a cudgel),
'Tis the truth, and no mistake, though.
Where, oh, where is BARON NATHAN,
Here 's his seat, by BARON ROTHSCHILD?

Henceforth, freeholders in boroughs
Cease to have a vote for counties,
This displeases LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
Who, besides, proclaims his anger
That the Bill does next to nothing;
For, he says, the working classes:
So declare both BRIGHT and ROEBUCK,
Who are bent on giving battle.

Needs not waste your time and *Punch's*
On a scheme of Voting Papers,
Meant to save some folks the trouble
Of attending at the hustings,
Or a scheme of polling-places,
Or on divers other details:
You requested general knowledge
Of the Bill which mocking DIZZY
Introduced on Monday, speaking
Just three hours and fifteen minutes;
And the gracious *Punch*, delighted
To diffuse such information
As may lead to make the crisis
Plain to even the least enlightened—
WILLIAMS, SPOONER, COX, of HADFIELD—
Hath supplied you this description,
Daisied with his star-bright fancies.
Thank him, touch your hats, and hook it.

SLOW RETURNS AND SMALL PROFITS.

WHENEVER, by an accident, a Minister lets fall a sensible remark, *Mr. Punch* is always pleased to preserve it for posterity, encased, like a fly, in the amber of his type. As a specimen which he thinks fit to add to his collection, *Mr. Punch* from a month's speeches has picked out the piece following:—

"SIR C. NAPIER asked when the return of deserters, moved for last session, would be laid on the table of the House.

"SIR J. PAKINGTON said: he hoped his answer would be borne in mind by hon. gentlemen on both sides of the House. The return of deserters could not be prepared at the earliest in less than two months from this time. Six clerks had been employed upon it ever since last August, and it would cost the country not less than £500. Perhaps he ought to take blame to himself for having granted the return. Had he been aware of the cost and labour, he should certainly not have granted it. (*Hear.*) He hoped hon. Members would abstain as much as possible from pressing for returns involving an amount of expense by no means commensurate with their value or utility. (*Cheers.*)"

To this reply of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S *Mr. Punch* would fain give credit on two separate accounts. *Mr. Punch* would first commend the manly conduct of SIR JOHN, in condescending to confess that he "perhaps" had done amiss, and ought to blame himself for doing so. It is so new to hear a statesman volunteering to condemn himself, that one really, at first thought, can scarcely tell what to think of it. The novelty is charming, but it also is alarming: and one almost fears SIR JOHN "doth profess too much," when he professes himself doubtful if his conduct be not censurable. If such self-scepticism as this becomes a precedent, it will clearly be the death-blow to the British Constitution. It is the right divine of Governments to go wrong; and whoever doubts this axiom saps a bulwark of the State, and lays a train to blow up both the Lords and Commons. Who will undertake to fill an office under Government, if, when he finds himself in fault, he is expected to degrade himself by deigning to acknowledge it?

The other cause for commendation which *Punch* finds in SIR JOHN'S speech is, the hint which he throws out in the matter of our blue-books. Viewed as touching their expensiveness, these blue books are our black books; and all who wish for the reduction of the national expenditure must echo SIR JOHN'S wish to see the rage for them abating. The causes of the mania may easily be fathomed. The Member for Great Muffborough wants to get upon his legs, that his constituents may see he is "attending to their interests." So he moves for a return of the number of mutton-chops which are consumed per week at BELLAMY'S; or of the numbers of the cabs which for the last half-score of sessions have stood upon the stand contiguous to the House; or for the returns of any other matters which appear to him as being of like national momentousness. To catch a Minister asleep, needs (just after dinner) no such wary watching; and without being "aware" of the expense of the returns, in a moment of unconsciousness he nods assent to granting them. *Punch* trusts, then, that the hint which his friend SIR JOHN has dropped will be laid to heart *verbatim* by all honourable Members; and, to ensure its bearing fruit, *Punch* would beg leave to suggest that in future any Member moving for returns should, if their "expense be not commensurate with their value or utility," be personally liable to have to bear the cost of them. Were *Punch* returned for Parliament, *Punch* would move for a return of the returns which have been granted, where this reasonable rule might have with justice been enforced. As a taxpayer, *Punch* feels purse-onally interested in the matter; and as his literary tastes do not "incline" so "seriously" as to tempt him to read blue books, *Punch* objects to the collection of slowly-made returns which, for the most part, are attended with remarkably small profits.

Fred. (*affectionately taking the arm of his friend* HARRY—*as he thinks*). "OH! DO LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS. HOW WELL THEY WOULD BECOME YOUR SWEET SISTER!"

Coal-Heaver. "COME, NOW! WALKER!"

OUR TREASURES IN THE DEEP.

Borrowed from MRS. HEMANS, *and Dedicated to* SIR JOHN PARINGTON.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves, by Swells'
Official blunders, thou mysterious Main?
Huge cannon-balls, and lots of monster-shells,
Old rusty things all fired away in vain.
—Keep, keep thy rubbish, melancholy Sea!
We don't ask that from thee.

But more, the Depths have more!—What sum untold
Far down, and sunken in their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the heaps of notes, the loads of gold,
Wrung from the millions' various industries.
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou tax-devouring main!
We shan't see them again!

Still more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have rolled
Above the frigates of years just gone by!
Sand, in effect, has choked up every hold,
Sea-weed o'ergrown their decks fragmentary!
—Dash o'er them, ocean, with unfeeling play:
Our riches thus decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
Gunboats and brigs are gathered to thy breast!
There sleep the Seventy-two and Seventy-four,
All Cherbourg's thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy old rotten hulks, thou stormy grave!
Hand back the price we gave.

Give back the lost, the money, thou on whom
Our place to keep we've fought and paid so long;
The Estimates went up 'mid looks of gloom,
And the vain grumbling woke the comic song!
—Hold fast thy buried tubs, thy pans o'erthrown:
Our failures are thine own!

To thee the iron steamer hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er paddle-wheeler's head,
O'er GRAHAM'S old junks, which WOOD'S last luggers crown;
Yet hear thou JOHN BULL'S voice—Restore the bread
In countless millions which we've cast on thee!
Restore our cash, thou Sea!

NEW BONDHOLDERS FOR SPAIN.

"OLD HOSS,

"I EXPECT you are a tarnation sight too 'cute to be in possession of any Spanish bonds. But perhaps among your acquaintance you may have got a few softhorns owning some of them precious securities. Well; now I'll give you a bit of good news to tell them there unhappy 'coons, for the comfortin of 'em.

"Fust you must know that our illustrious GENERAL CASS, in a splendoriferous letter that he wrote to GENERAL LAMAR, laid down this here just and necessary doctrine consarnin our relations with other powers. He declared it is the duty of the Government of the United States to enforce the obligations of foreign Governments to our own citizens.

"Now then, just you see here the program for acquiring the Island of Cuba, which has just been published in a paper to Washington:—

"A Cuban now in this city designs to make that principle the life of his speculation; and it only remains to establish the other doctrine, that foreign claims may be Americanised by passing into American hands, and when thus Americanised, come under the operation of the rule laid down by MR. CASS, and substantially re-affirmed by the President a little later. To achieve this point is the first thing to be done. Assurance once given that the United States will recognise this new species of sudden naturalisation, our speculator in the Cuban fancy designs the formation of an American company to go into European markets and buy up a large amount—a hundred million or more—of Spanish Bonds, the best of which sell at less than fifty cents on the dollar, while the others, if I mistake not, can be had for less than twenty-five per cent. When this is accomplished, the United States are to assert the CASS-LAMAR doctrine, and say to Spain, 'Pay these obligations to our citizens dollar for dollar, or we take Cuba and pay them for you.'"

"There now, if that air ain't as smart a plan for doin a stroke of business as ever was chalked out by an enlightened citizen, I'm a nigger. Sitch a lovely mixtur of patriotism and philanthropy did you ever hear of afore? I, never. Fust look at the philanthropy on it—repayment in part of the poor unfortunate ruined critturs that lent their money to Spain, has lost it principal and interest, and despairs of ever sightin a cent on it again. And mind, the sufferers is mostly Britishers, so 'tis a kinder showin charity towards strangers—them defenceless victims of Spanish injustice, whose own Government is too weak for to obtain 'em redress. Besides all this here benevolence to the Britishers, jest think what a considerable quantity of the milk of human kindness gushes out in the project of liberatin the Cuban population from the gallin yoke of the Spanish monarchy. Next, cock your eye at the patriotism of the notion—annexation of that fertile, productive, and important Island of Cuba to the great and glorious Republic of the United States. Last, look at the pure and spotless justice of the whole of the speculation, purchase of the territory from Spain with her own bonds, makin of 'em as good as her own money, redeemin of 'em, as I may say, from bein bonds of iniquity, and visitin of her at the same time with a righteous retribution; by that means makin of her a caution to national sinners.

"Expectin you'll keep on screamin for a long time with enthusiastic admiration of this here last new specimen of American design, intelligence, and 'cuteness of moral perception, I conclude,

"Yours, under a sense of responsibility,
"AMOS B. SLOPE."

"P.S. How about Michigan, Mississippi, Florida, and Arkansas repudiatin states?—perhaps you'll ask. How about part repudiatin Illinois and Indiana, and Michigan, that pays interest on the part of her debt not repudiated, and whose Governor always cracks her up by the official statement respectin her debt that the interest 'has been paid with usual regularity?' Well; buy up all their indebtedness too, and if they won't pay you, distrain—if you can."

A Prophetic Shot at Long-range.

AN insane Shakspearian student, who finds everything prophesied in his favourite author, declares that the Swan of Avon clearly foreshadowed SIR W. ARMSTRONG'S elevation to Knighthood, in the lines

"It is the sport to see the Engineer
Hoist with his own petard ——"

"NOTHING TO EAT!" OR THE LADY'S REVENGE.

A Satirical creature has told the distress,
Of a certain fair maid, in the matter of dress;
How, although a new bonnet she'd daily bespeak,
And buy at the least four new dresses a week,
Yet whene'er she went out she was heard to declare,
That she really and truly had "Nothing to Wear!"
Now another sad story I fain would reveal,
Of the wants which rich people so bitterly feel;
Not the ladies alone, if of truth there's locution,
But the gentlemen too are in dire destitution;
A piteous complaint in all quarters we meet,
That the lords of creation have "Nothing to Eat!"
'Tis now scarce a month since that sorrowful day,
When Sir Julian Dainty, of Asterisk Street,
Was heard by the wife of his bosom to say,
That, although he had dined, he'd had "Nothing to Eat!"
"Nothing to Eat? why, there stood just before you,
Of mutton a haunch, in the primest of cut:
Had been hanging a fortnight—it had, I assure you,
And cook took *such* pains"—but my mouth here was shut;
Julian turned up his nose, as much as to say,
"*Toujours mouton!* One can't eat it *every* day!".
So I ventured again: "There was boiled fowl by me"—
"Boiled fowl! ugh!" (a shudder afflicting to see:)
"Well, at least the first course to your notice had claims,
That clear soup"—"Was muddy and thick as the Thames!"
"Noble cod's head and shoulders"—"Looked fishy and queer;"
"And *such* smelts!"—"Out of season at this time of year."
"Well, the side-dishes then: the sweet-breads"—"Weren't sweet:"
"Oyster *pâté*, home made"—"*That* I never *can* eat!"
"Stewed pigeon"—"A libel to call it a stew;"
"Calf's head"—"Looked and tasted extremely like glue!"
"On that jugged hare a prince might have dined, I declare"—
"But one 's not a chameleon: can't *live* upon *hare!*"
"Then the cutlets"—"Too cold"—"And the curry"—"Too hot,"—
"And the dainties which followed, the *soufflé*"—"The *what?*"
"Call that mess a *soufflé!*"—"Well, the sweets were divine,
Fit for gods!"—"But not men: may suit nectar: spoil wine:
And as fellows who're mortal can't live without grub,
And I've had no dinner, I'll—sup at the Club."
Away went my half-starving husband with this,
(And without going through e'en the *form* of a kiss!)
—Left alone: all my wifely attentions rejected:
On the Wrongs of poor Woman I sadly reflected.
I had taken *such* pains to have everything nice,
Had ordered *such* dainties, regardless of price,
Yet our last guest has scarcely set foot in the street,
When my Julian bursts out—"I've had Nothing to Eat!"
Pursuing the theme, (on the fender my toes,
And a tear trickling over the bridge of my nose,)
I thought—If a wife in our "Upper Ten" sphere
Were allowed (say) a trifling Five Thousand a Year
For housekeeping, and spent every penny upon it,
And ne'er put down as "*Poultry*" some "duck" of a bonnet,
Don't you think she'd be troubled to make both ends meet,
If her husband were one who finds "Nothing to Eat?"
Well, since that fatal night, (I need scarcely relate
When my Julian returned he was in *such* a state!
Nor need I say here how those vile Clubs I hate,
For they smell *so* of smoke, and they sit up *so* late!)
Since that fatal night, the most saddening statistics
I have gleaned of the Want in the well-to-do districts:
And by patient enquire of their wives I have found
That alas! starving husbands in London abound:
That our homeless Poor suffer in quite a low pitch,
Compared to the pangs of our Dinnerless Rich:
Those poor creatures who lately have filled the *Times*' sheet
With their pitiful stories of "Nothing to Eat."

MORAL.

Now, Ladies! Wives! Sisters! for Vengeance prepare!
To a woman, we all know, the last word is sweet:
When they twit us for saying we've "Nothing to Wear,"
We'll reply, "And, poor fellows! *you've NOTHING TO EAT!*"

JEZEBEL REDIVIVA.

"Mr. Punch,

"On Wednesday night last week, M. Fould, *Ministre d'Etat*, and Madame Fould, 'received,' according to the Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'at their apartments at the Tuileries, the fashionable world of Paris *en costume*.' That is to say, they gave the fiddle-faddle part of Parisian Society a masked ball. The *Post's* correspondent then proceeds to describe the scene of depraved love of approbation dancing-mad. Try if you can gulp the ensuing dose of his nauseating narrative:—

"The majority of ladies who did not assume any foreign national dress, availed themselves of the French latter Louis periods of powder, paint, and patch. Many might have been the originals of those old enamel miniatures, now so much sought after, where you get masses of powdered hair dotted with gems, pink cheeks, deep red lips, and that dead white complexion which you do not care to meet in the truth-telling light of the day."

"Of this bedaubed, beplastered, befloured, bepainted, female Clown's ridiculous and horrid style of visage, the following opinion is added to the above description:—

"And yet it is a pretty, great-lady style of toilette. The eye looks brighter framed about with powder, the skin more pearly pure; and women under such circumstances doubtless may keep up an appearance of youth even when they have a son old enough to ask for a latch-key."

"Is not the eye, *Mr. Punch*, the window of the soul, and does not all its proper brightness consist in the spiritual light which shines through its transparency? A frame of powder surely cannot heighten that light. The light which it does heighten is simply light reflected from gas or tapers; the light as of glass, glassy, and such is the glitter of the soulless eye of a patched, varnished, whitened, vermilioned woman.

"Any lady who has a son old enough to want a latch-key will only render him ashamed of his mother, by making up her face like that of a zany. It is to worse than no purpose that a withered aged creature calks the seams of her creasy old face with composition, and ruddles her cheeks. Rouge and putty only serve to make the old hag look more haggish and hideous.

"Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, I am seriously afraid that we shall soon be really hag-ridden. See how all the foolish and ugly old fashions are reviving. Powder, paint, and masquerades, as we have seen, have arisen from the sepulchre, and are flaunting in the saloons of Paris—where four or five more masked balls are arranged to come off in high places. Hoops, which we once imagined that Hogarth had demolished for ever, have been restored. I suppose that the costume of the period may correspond to its moral inflation. Witchcraft—the mention whereof till lately was never made without a comment on the absurdity of the very idea of such a thing in the nineteenth century—has reappeared under the name of Spiritualism. Ladies actually profess to practise necromancy, and there are some whom you know, and I could name, that will perhaps, before long, mount steeple-crowned hats, and afford us an aerial spectacle of high-heeled Balmoral ancle-jacks, displayed by the medium of an intervening broomstick.

"But, *Mr. Punch*, although we may be destined shortly to see some of the fair sex riding upon broomsticks, in the meantime, thank hoops and other extravagant fashions, we are not so liable to be bewitched by them as we were formerly. What is, perhaps, more conclusive, they do not bewitch young men in the way that their mothers did you and

"Avunculus."

"P.S. I can't sign myself Paterfamilias, and I don't envy anybody who can, if he has any milliner's bills to pay."

"Flog High, Flog Low."

Mr. Wiscount Williams the other night expressed his dissatisfaction that any honourable Member should have moved for a return of "Corporal Punishments in the Army." Such returns were very likely to mislead. What is wanted is a return of Private punishments. "Corporals," observes the Member for Lambeth, "being petty officers, are, on our aristocratic system, less exposed to punishment than rank and file."

An Unequal Match.—A Poole of Pimlico against the *See* of Canterbury!

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Frame-Maker (who comes to measure STODGE'S Academy pictures). *"Now, I think it's a pity you don't let me have some o' these for my Winder, since you have no idea of the amount of Rubbish I can get rid of at times."*

POKING AT THE BRITISH LION.

(*From* MR. BRIGHT'S *Organ.*)

"CANNOT the Ministers see that they and their outrageous, aristocratic, revolutionary, and do-nothing Bill are alike doomed? The country is up, and in a storm of indignation. Enormous and enthusiastic meetings are being everywhere held, and the voice of the nation is speaking in no buttered thunder. Among the most important demonstrations which we have to-day to chronicle are the following:—A meeting of the noble tailors of Tadcaster, where the measure was denounced in language worthy of the Roman orator, THUCYDIDES. A glowing address delivered in the school-room of the Independent Anabaptists at Scroffleton, and a petition signed by the pew-opener, teachers, and children. An eloquent debate in the Commercial Room at the Boiled Goose, Waddlington, where a resolution, couched in quaint but significant language, and carried by 11 to 3, declared the Bill to be a Rum Go. Petitions from the Islington Areopagites, in which those intelligent young men and their sweethearts (for even woman's gentleness is roused by tyranny) denounce the Bill in language that may be sneered at as extravagant, but which is based on intense indignation. A grand meeting of the vestrymen at Blobberby, at which the Mayor, (whom one day we hope to see in a reformed Parliament, if his bone-boiling pursuits will spare him to his country) aptly compared MR. DISRAELI to CORIOLANUS in chains before CÆSAR, envying the humble cottages of Britain. A torchlight meeting by the linkmen of Leeds, at which it was more than hinted that the aristocracy wanted a new light upon several subjects. A meeting of the chemists and druggists of Little Holliwaggle, at which it was unanimously resolved, that if physical force should be needed, physical force should not be wanting; but that for the moment they should bottle their indignation, and watch the course of events. These are but a few of the gatherings which we have daily to notice, and we may add, that if the tyrants and slaves who call themselves a Government rely on their army and their police, they may find themselves mistaken. We have heard, but shall of course not expose the poor fellows to aristocratic vengeance by being more precise, that at the Albany Barracks the Bill, the Ministers, and Parliament generally, were denounced by a corporal in no measured terms of commination, and *we know* that several policemen have borrowed the *Morning Star* from the youths who tout for it at the omnibuses, and have been seen reading its articles with a satisfaction suppressed by habits of discipline, but none the less true and real. In a word, the DERBY Cabinet has brought in a Bill which will lay that hollow mockery, the Constitution, level with the ground or the intellects of the framers."

THE DERBY REFORM BILL BRIEFLY JUDGED.

YOUR Bill is good, because it is so small:
(P'raps 'twould be better, were there none at all.)

MIRROR FOR LADIES.—Show me a lady's toilette-table, and I will tell you what she is.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Brid. in the City of London.—SATURDAY, March 12, 1859.

FLOWERS OF VESTRYDOM.

THERE was a Meeting the other night, in the Vestry Hall of St. Pancras, to consider LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill, and a Churchwarden was stuck in the Chair. The Members for Marylebone were ordered to be in attendance, and were; and there also came a batch of the Marylebone patriots, whose names the public have learned, as it will learn any name incessantly thrust before it. There was also a hall full of admirers of the batch, and all went on as vulgarly as could be desired. That people who have not the misfortune to be ratepayers of St. Pancras, may know the nature of those who are the dictators therein, *Mr. Punch* (with sincere apologies to the lady mentioned for helping to bring her name before the world), extracts a charming epigram launched at the wife of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by one of the set, named T. ROSS. Objecting to the Savings' Bank clause in the Bill, he said:—

"He would like to know how MR. DISRAELI would himself have fared in this particular had he not married that rich old woman. (*Laughter and Cheers.*) He questioned if he would have saved twopence. (*Laughter and hear, hear.*) He was nothing but a political adventurer, but it would not do this time. (*Renewed cheering and laughter.*)"

This argument against the Bill was received with the favour that might be expected. The insolent allusion to MRS. DISRAELI was rewarded with "cheering and laughter." That might be expected of the people who admire St. Pancras spouters. Insult to a lady is just the sort of illustrated logic they love. But there were two or three gentlemen present. SIR BENJAMIN HALL, who is a gentleman, and hopes to be a lord,' was there. Why did he not tell the vulgarian Ross that there was no necessity for brutality? MR. EDWIN JAMES, who is not only a gentleman, but an honourable and learned gentleman, was there. Could he not have smashed Ross with one of the poetical quotations so telling on juries—

"Come, you Ross,
Shut up, old hoss,"

or some such effusion? MR. WYLD, M.P., who sells maps (and very good ones), was there. Could he not have hinted to the fellow not to get into such low latitude. None of them interfered, however, and so we may charitably suppose sat humiliated at being obliged to make speeches and answer for their conduct before an audience that could accept as a political argument, a blackguard scoff at a man's private means, and an offensive sneer at an inoffensive lady. *Mr. Punch* is ready to go in for Manhood Suffrage, if it will take political power out of the hands of unmanly snobs, and MR. ERNEST JONES may call at No. 85, as soon as he likes, and swear *Mr. P.* to the Charter.

ST. PETER AND THE POPE.

WE read in the *Daily News* that:—

"The *Univers* advances a tremendous argument against the politicians who propose a re-organisation of the Roman States, viz., 'The Roman States are not the property of PIUS THE NINTH, they are the property of ST. PETER. The Pope has only a life-interest in them.'"

"Tremendous" as it may be, we are not surprised to hear the *Univers* say this. It has so often tried to startle us with strange statements about England, that we always keep our nerves well strung up when we read it; and its comments upon other countries never can astonish us. We fancy we have now such perfect self-command, that we could bear a much more terrifying story without wincing. We should hardly feel astounded were the *Univers* to state, not only that the Roman States were "the property of ST. PETER," but that his title-deeds had lately been discovered in the Vatican, and that the faithful had received the Saint's permission to inspect them. Indeed, we really almost wonder this idea has not been acted on, if only for the sake of filling up the Papal purse. The faithful are getting tired of their stock Church exhibitions. The sight of bleeding statues has palled upon their palate. Winking pictures serve no longer to excite their veneration. The Papal showmen clearly are in want of taking novelties. Now, we think ST. PETER'S title-deeds are just the very things for them. The knowledge of the *Univers*, of course, is universal; but, the *Univers* excepted, nobody has knowledge of them. Let the *Univers* be paid for the disclosure of their hiding-place, and let the POPE proceed to advertise these interesting relics. When the faithful have forked out their utmost for the sight of them, and no more money can be drawn by them into the Papal pockets, it would be easy to get up "ANOTHER MOST MIRACULOUS DISCOVERY!" and to announce that His Holiness had found "ST. PETER'S OWN HANDWRITING!!" wherein was conferred the Pope's life-interest in the States. This might be be-postered in all the Romish Churches, as being an "ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION!!!" to the Show.

If the Roman States be still "the property of ST. PETER," it would almost seem to follow that ST. PETER can't be dead: and this reflection might give basis for a further imposition, and ST. PETER might himself be "discovered" by His Holiness, and be announced to act as showman in the show of his own deeds. Anyhow, we think that the POPE should have the benefit of the marvellous discovery which the *Univers* has made, and that ST. PETER'S title-deeds should be immediately looked up. They should be added to the "properties" of the Romish Church, and be used on all occasions requiring an enhancement of theatrical effect. Not being of the faithful, we have little faith in relics; but we should quite as readily place credence in the genuineness of ST. PETER'S Title-deeds as in ST. VITUS'S Dress Hair Shirt, or ST. FILTHIUS'S Great Toe Nail, or in any other of the holy curiosities which are now "on view" in any of the Peepshows of the POPE.

GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

ADFIELD'S LAST.

PROCEEDING along Oxford Street the other day in company with a little boy whom, in fulfilment of promise of a holiday, the onourable Member for Sheffield was taking to a missionary meeting, MR. ADFIELD'S heye fell on a hall-mat exposed for sale, and bearing the classical greeting "SALVE!" This, of course, MR. A. at first took for an English monosyllable, and justly remarked that it was a rum place to advertise salves and ointments on. But being set right by his little companion, who translated the word into "Hail!" the onorable Member immediately bought it as a present for a certain publican-constituent, who, MR. A. remarked, ought to hadvertise his Hale, it was so strong and good.

Gentlemen's Fashions.

THE sleeve is fuller than ever. A little more, and the old *gigot* sleeve will be revived, with the simple difference that men will carry the *gigots*, instead of the women. LADY M. says that the "peg-tops" are leaving the gentlemen's legs, and taking shelter under their arms.

THE LAWYER'S PETITION.

"THE VACATION JUDGE.—Any person who has seen the Vacation Judge at work must be pained to see what he has to undergo; from morning till two o'clock, or thereabouts, he hears summons not attended by counsel; some of the solicitors and their clerks, who are then heard, may be competent to their duties, and aware of the proper limits to which they may approach in propounding their difficulties: but however they may assist the judge, their numbers are legion, and some of them bore him, and waste public time, with their ignorance, vulgarity, and importunity. Worse than all, we have many a time seen little office boys in jackets rushing into the room to ask for time to plead; two of these small urchins are said to have fought in the august presence of the late MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, who witnessed the onset with calmness and resignation, remembering how he himself had battled for his clients in days long gone by. At two o'clock come the counsel and pleaders, too often forgetful of the trials the judge has undergone, and they frequently detain him to a late hour in intricate arguments.—*Law Magazine.*"

ITY the case of the Vacation Judge,
Who sits in Chambers, and decides the law:
To hear his griefs a moment do not grudge,
Oh, give me leave awhile your tears to draw!

Each day at ten his weary toils begin,
And thence till two in purgat'ry he sits;
While squabbling lawyers with their ceaseless din
Deafen his ears, and stupify his wits.

Of these, his torturers, are haply some
Who to "my Lord" a proper deference show;
Briefly to ask for his decision come,
Quickly, this granted, from his presence go.

But—and their name is Legion—there are those
Who drop their H.'s at his Lordship's feet:
Call orders "horders," and speak through their nose,
In breath which beer and 'bacco have made sweet.

And some there are, importunate and loud,
Bears in their bearing, boreish in their speech,
Who with rude clamour round his table crowd,
And in egg-sucking fain my Lord would teach.

And worse fate yet! Small "fiends in shape of boys,"
With insolence of lawyer's office big,
Worry the Judge with childish chaff and noise,
And strip to fight before his very wig!

Then counsel come, and in his wearied ear
Their prosy *pros* and *cons* relentless pour:
Wrangle and jangle until night draws near,
Nor cease their speech e'en though they hear him snore.

From day to day, from weary week to week,
Tortured he sits, nor from his seat may budge;
Oh, let me then your sympathy bespeak,
Pity the griefs of the Vacation Judge!

A HINT TO DISTRESSED UNCLES.

OUR good friend AVUNCULUS was entrusted with the care of a child for a couple of hours. He rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross; he ran up the hill with JACK and JILL; he expatiated merrily on the agricultural distress of LITTLE BO-PEEP, who had lost all his sheep; and eat bread-and-butter an infinity of times with MASTER TOM TUCKER. He played at coach-and-horses; he crowed, and grunted, and brayed with a fidelity worthy of HERR VON JOEL; and laid bare all his wealth of nursery lore. His young charge was in ecstasies; it laughed, and clapped its hands, and opened its eyes and ears eagerly for more. The success was undoubted; but alas! what was fun to the young child was fatigue to the elderly uncle: his strength and memory had alike come to an end, and there was still a big hour left for dandling and romping. Should he pause but for five minutes, he knew only too well the fatality that would infallibly ensue. The child would certainly cry!—probably howl!—perhaps kick!—and then what was he to do? Not a woman within reach, and he unused to the rebellious ways of children! The crisis was alarming. At last, in his despair—for he had been doing a "ba-a-a-lamb" with very indifferent *éclat*—he hit upon the following bright expedient:—"Now, MASTER JACKEY," he exclaimed glowingly, "we'll have a fine game! Let us play at bye-bye." So saying, he closed his eyes, and so did the child. Ten minutes afterwards, AVUNCULUS opened half an eye-lid to reconnoitre: the trick had answered, almost beyond his hopes. The child was fast asleep! He removed the young picture of innocence to the sofa, as tenderly as any mother; and UNCLE continued his newspaper with the greatest comfort, until "MAMMA" came home to release him from his difficulties. N.B. Remember: the best game to play with a playful child—when there is a great disparity of years between the two playfellows—is "Bye-Bye."

BLOATED ARISTOCRACY.

A Warning to Young Women.

A YOUNG Lady, dancing with a gentleman at an evening party, consisting chiefly of respectable mercantile people, informed him, with an evident desire to intimate that she considered herself a cut above her company, that she had a cousin in the Army! In the same spirit, apparently, as that evinced in this statement, a contemporary lately published the following paragraph:—

"WHITTINGTON CLUB.—A ball was given on Tuesday evening, at the Whittington Club, by way of inaugurating the dining and refreshment department of the Institution. Whether in honour of the dining-room, or for the sake of the ball itself, there was a large attendance of dancers, and, from the general success of the entertainment, it may be argued that the directors would please the subscribers, and benefit the Club by inaugurating something else as soon as possible in the same manner. MR. SHURY'S band was in attendance, and played some two dozen quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, schottishes, redowas, varsovianas, cotillons, mazourkas, polka-mazourkas, and galops, in the course of the evening. A gay, and at the same time distinguished appearance was given to the ball-room, *by the presence of a gentleman in a militia uniform.*"

It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that there is anything peculiarly snobbish in worshipping a militia-man as an officer and a swell: the snobbery simply consists in worshipping officers and swells. Officer-worship and swell-worship are equally snobbish, whether the idol is a militia subaltern, or a colonel of what is called the "crack" description of regiment. *All due honour,* nevertheless, to the brave, whether the regiment in which they serve be the Tower Hamlets or the Coldstream.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 7. *Monday.* The House of Lords paid a tribute to DR. JENNER, by getting up a vaccination debate, in which the value of JENNER'S system was earnestly proclaimed on all hands. Such is the course of the career of a real reformer. Sham ones are shouted for while they live, true ones receive homage when they are dust. Even *Mr. Punch* himself, far and away the greatest and wisest man who ever wrote, awaits his laurels, though millions profit by his teaching, and it was not until the other day that one of the ablest of the Judges of England, BARON BRAMWELL, referred, in his place upon the bench, to the immortal pages of *Mr. Punch*, and cited one of his dicta as a rule of conduct. Be not disheartened, therefore, worthy philosophers, priests, physicians, soldiers, scholars, artists, who humbly follow in the footsteps of *Mr. Punch*. Your reward will come some day. Wait for the waggon. In reference to this particular debate it may be mentioned, that there are still thousands of fools who neglect, or object to vaccination, and that the Government is wisely bent upon enforcing the practice.

MR. SPOONER gave a notice which was marked by true Spoonerian wisdom. He fixed a motion on the Maynooth question for the night appointed for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. "Oh, wise old Spoon, how doth *Punch* honour thee!"

An Indian debate which followed was chiefly remarkable for a speech by MR. BRIGHT, in which he pictured the past, present, and future of India in colours so black that it would seem that he thinks India in almost as wretched a condition as England, crushed, mangled, and flattened by the Juggernaut car of a territorial aristocracy.

Tuesday. Every Englishman who has ever been at school, that is to say, about every man in England except Cox of Finsbury, must have been reminded, by this night's debate, of a couplet which British youths, during their educational period, are wont to chant. Its orthography is exceptional, its politeness is questionable, but the spirit of the song is one which it is highly desirable to cultivate:

"Two skinny Frenchmen and one Portuguee,
One jolly Englishman 'll lick 'em all three."

The lines were not quoted in the grand debate which arose to-night in both Houses on the *Charles-et-Georges* question, and which some persons said was intended to damage and cripple the Ministry, by way

of preparing it for a *coup de grace* on the Reform Bill (as blacklegs who shoot pigeon-matches contrive to have the bird pinched as he is being put into the trap, that he may not fly so fast), but the poetry would have been as pertinent as much that was said in the speeches. In the Lords the proceedings were these. In the *Saturday Review* of the preceding week there was an extremely clever, and like most clever things, extremely unkind article directed against LORD MALMESBURY and his management of the French slaver question. This article LORD WODEHOUSE, late our Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, recited, by way of a speech, and LORD DERBY deliberately told him that he had done so. A debate took place. LORD MALMESBURY defended himself as best he could, but the great strength of the Government that night was in the maiden speech of LORD KINGSDOWN (born 1793), a nobleman who used to be MR. PEMBERTON of the Chancery Bar, and who afterwards took the elegant and distinguished name of LEIGH. He is a first class lawyer, and a man of scrupulous conscientiousness, and when such a man risks his reputation, in a first speech, he is not likely to be very far wrong. It may be safe to assume, with LORD KINGSDOWN, that the Portuguese acted erroneously, and that England could not properly have done more than she did. The manner of her doing nothing, however, was about as bad as it could be, and a man of spirit is rather inclined to back his friend a little over-ardently, than to avail himself of the slightest error on his friend's part as an excuse for being ignobly quiescent. Especially is this the case when his friend is bullied by a much stronger party. LOUIS NAPOLEON bullied Portugal, who had not been, technically, quite regular in her acts, and it would have been more chivalrous in England to have given the bully a little defiant English, than to have been so very ready to tell Portugal to drop on her knees. The matter having been battled, the Petersburg Plenipo dropped it.

In the Commons (to which body MR. GLADSTONE returned to-night) MR. KINGLAKE brought up the same subject, and there was a night's fight. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who meant more than he said, emphatically declared that the case was not one for Censure, but for comment. This was a hint to certain clever folks in Opposition. The debate was adjourned.

To-day came the welcome news that BARON POERIO, and the other victims liberated by KING BOMBA when he fancied that he was dying, and wanted to cheat another sulphureous sovereign (a friend of course), had induced the American captain to steer for this country, and had landed in Ireland. Everybody rejoiced, but it was left for MR. J. D. FITZGERALD, a tool of the Romish priests, whose pet the baffled BOMBA is, to ask in the House whether POERIO and his friends had murdered the Master of the vessel. So spiteful and vulgar a sneer might have been spared to brave and honourable men escaping from a ten years martyrdom. MR. BOWYER, M.P., CARDINAL WISEMAN's lacquey, will perhaps suggest that the exiles be given up to the excellent BOMBA.

Wednesday. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, having succeeded in obtaining his own consent to be a Minister once more, gave notice that he should give notice of an Amendment, which he should move on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. HER MAJESTY's Servants sent out for cord to pack their boxes.

Misfortune is of a matrimonial character—that is to say, it never comes single. The elegant and harmless little Church Rates Bill, brought in by MR. WALPOLE for the Government, was furiously set upon by SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY, and slaughtered. The majority against Government was a wopper—254 to 171. It was remarked that SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who is usually as polite and argumentative as becomes a gentleman-minister, "let out uncommon," whence it was inferred that he descried the hopelessness of carrying the Bill, and possibly that of carrying on the Government.

Thursday. After a discussion on the curious desire of the Singapore merchants to be transferred from the rule of the Indian Government to that of SIR BULWER LYTTON, the Chancellor brought in a Bill for getting rid, in great measure, of that once useful institution, but now obstructive nuisance, the Grand Jury. He pointed out how this body frequently prevented a proper trial being had, as in the painful case, to which his Lordship adverted, of the poor lunatic pauper, who was kept in a shower-bath for half an hour and then dosed with tartar emetic, by order of a medical man named SNAPE. The Chancellor, then SIR F. THESIGER, had strongly advised the Lunacy Commissioners to inquire into SNAPE's conduct, and "one of the ablest London magistrates" decided that the case ought to be sent for trial. But the Grand Jury threw out the bill to the astonishment of all, and SNAPE was not tried. LORD CHELMSFORD added some other arguments in favour of the abolition, and LORD SHAFTESBURY said that having had to prosecute a pickpocket his grave Lordship had been kept "dancing attendance" at Clerkenwell waiting for business that did not occupy five minutes. We hope that the *Record* will explain that his Lordship did not use the word "dancing" in its worldly sense, and that LORD SHAFTESBURY was not seen performing the *Cavalier seul* on Clerkenwell Green. LORD WENSLEYDALE, as usual, was obstructive, but the Bill was read a first time.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Minister intending, fulfilled his threat. He gave notice that on the motion for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, he should move "that the proposed interference with the freehold franchise was unjust"—

(MR. DISRAELI *smiled, having a checkmate move in his head.*)

"and that no readjustment of the franchise would be satisfactory that did not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities and boroughs."

(MR. DISRAELI *smiled no more.*)

The bell had rung for the curtain to rise on a tragedy, and a shudder went through the House. Nevertheless,

MR. DISRAELI rose, and stated with reference to the first part of his enemy's motion, that the Government intended no disfranchisement, and that he meant to introduce clauses to preserve the rights of the freeholders in boroughs. Chased by the wolves, the Caucasian parent flings one of his children to them, in hopes to save himself and the others, but it is gobbled up, and the wolves are again on the track.

The House passed on, with a sensation, to a finance debate, in which MR. GLADSTONE came out. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been lending more money and funding more Exchequer Bills, in other words increasing the National Debt, and it is thought that there should be some little check on the practice. If, MRS. JONES, you send MARY round the corner with halfpence to buy a bloater for JONES's breakfast, and she lends the browns to her cousin in the Blues (an honest fellow, mind), and has the bloaters scored up to you, MARY is a financier of MR. DISRAELI's school. *Comprenez?*

Friday. Restless LORD GREY, who had intended to bring up the Ionian question to-night, relinquished that design, at the instance of LORD DERBY, who overwhelmed LORD DIOGENES with a shower of compliments upon his patriotism in abandoning his motion.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE made a smart speech in reference to the appointment of divers Tory Magistrates for Huntingdonshire: and the democrat's complaint that a "common brewer" had been put into the commission, was met by a reminder of a certain Huntingdon brewer, called O. CROMWELL. A Navy Debate followed, and its result was the voting £995,647 for sailors' wittles.

A New Style of Puffing.

A PRESTON Quack advertises some Cough Lozenges, which "owe their curative powers to the invigorating properties of concentrated sea-air." This chemist must take the public to be a set of "Gulls" indeed, if they will swallow this. We wonder, with all their "concentrated sea-air," if ever "a Sale! a Sale! in sight appears" for these highly-puffed lozenges? We should advise the Prestonians not to take too many of them, for fear of the "sea-air" being too much for them, and sea-sickness following.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Newly Married Daughter (*whose Husband's income is, if anything, decidedly limited*). "—AND SEE HERE, PAPA DEAR, WE ARE GETTING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR FURNISHING! WE BOUGHT THESE LOVELY GOLD AND SILVER INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY, AND ONLY GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR THEM, WASN'T IT CHEAP? WE ONLY WANT A LITTLE CRACKED CHINA TO MAKE THE ROOM QUITE COMFORTABLE!"

A DEATH-BED AT BARI, 1859.

COULD I pass those lounging sentries, through the aloe-bordered entries,
up the sweep of squalid stair,
On through chamber after chamber, where the sunshine's gold and
amber turn decay to beauty rare;
I should reach a guarded portal, where for strife of issue mortal, face
to face two kings are met—
One the grisly King of terrors, one a Bourbon, with his errors, late to
conscience-clearing set:
Well his fevered pulse may flutter, and the priests their mass may
mutter, with such fervour as they may;
Cross and chrysm, and genuflexion, mop and mow, and interjection,
will not frighten Death away.
By the dying despot sitting, at the hard heart's portals hitting, shocking
the dull brain to work,
Death makes clear what life has hidden, chides what life has left
unchidden, quickens truth life tried to burke.
He but ruled within his borders, after Holy Church's orders: did
what Austria bade him do:
By their guidance, flogged and tortured; high-born men and gently-
nurtured chained with crime's felonious crew.
What if summer-fevers gripped them, what if winter freezings nipped
them, till they rotted in their chains?
He had word of Pope and Kaiser; none could holier be or wiser;
theirs the counsel, his the reins.
So he pleads excuses eager, clutching with his fingers meagre, at the
bed-clothes as he speaks;
But King Death sits grimly grinning, at the Bourbon's cobweb-
spinning—as each cobweb-cable breaks,
And the poor soul, from life's eylot, rudderless, without a pilot,
drifteth slowly down the dark.
While mid rolling incense-vapour, chaunted dirge and flaring taper,
lies the body, stiff and stark.

PUNCH AND THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

IN St. Martin's Hall, Westminster, at a Reform Meeting the other day, MR. H. G. ROBINSON made the following joke at the expense of *Punch*:—

"He was sorry to see their old comical friend *Punch* following in the wake of the leading journal. It could not be because the *Times* sometimes copied its articles that their facetious friend occasionally went against the people."

The assertion that *Punch* ever went against the people is certainly a high joke; by people, being meant the whole British Public. But it is nevertheless true, that *Mr. Punch* has occasionally felt it his duty to stand in opposition to that body which perhaps MR. ROBINSON means when he talks of the people; namely, MR. ROBINSON himself and two other gentlemen, named, respectively, BROWN and JONES. These three gentlemen, if we mistake not, once issued a manifesto signed with their three names, and beginning with "We, the People of England." At that time, we believe, MR. ROBINSON was unconnected with Westminster, as were also MESSRS. JONES and BROWN; all three of them carrying on business in the same line on the other side of the water: the line being the tailoring one, and the locality Tooley Street.

All Round our Hats.

MR. DISRAELI has announced the intention of the Government to abandon that clause of their Reform Bill which was to disfranchise the Borough freeholders in regard to the Counties. The British Oak used to be the cherished symbol of the Conservative party, and the old Tories preferred being blown out of office to yielding the least point; but the Derbyites have adopted the plan of bending to the storm, and the tree for their emblem is one of which the mere name is significant of flexibility. Sing, oh! the green willow shall be their garland.

PROGRESS IN FRANCE.—The march "*De mal Empire.*"

J—N B—T. D—L—I. L—D J—N R—S—L. P—ST—N.

THE LAST PANTOMIME OF THE SEASON.

GREAT REFORM MEETING.

From our own Reportress.

N important, and it is believed, highly influential Meeting was held at Phillis's Rooms, on Friday evening last, for the purpose of considering the Government Reform Bill, and of expressing what the ladies of England wished to say about it. It being thought desirable to secure unbiassed utterance, none of the male sex were permitted to be present. Husbands were, however, suffered to attend in an antechamber; and, with the view to their comfort and consolement, notes of the proceedings were from time to time sent out to them.

After an exciting squabble as to precedence, the chair at length was occupied by MRS. SHRIEKER SCREECH, the talented authoress of "*The Rights and Wrongs of Woman*," "*A Warning to Wives*," "*The Mission and the Miss*," and several other pamphlets of acknowledged weight.*

In opening the proceedings, the Chairwoman remarked, that the question of Reform had come to such a crisis that she thought it was high time to be up and doing, and therefore she (the Chairwoman) had got upon her legs. (*Sensation, and cries of "Gracious!" and "Oh, my!"*) Ladies might object to the strength of that expression, but she was a plain woman (*titters*), and she liked plain speaking, and it had always been her motto to "call a leg, a leg." (*Oh! Oh!*) This put her in mind of the position of the Government, for it was as clear as *crochet*, if they stood on their Reform Bill, they had not a leg to stand upon. (*Hear!*) The Bill made no provision to redress the Wrongs of Women. (*Groans.*) It therefore was a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and she, for one, was much too old a bird to be found caught by it. (*Cheers, and subdued whispers of "How old did she say she was?"*) Her feelings were too strong for her to trust herself with utterance, and she therefore begged to call upon some other lady present to be calm enough to move the Resolution she would read to them.

Several ladies here rose in a most excited manner, and at the tip-top of their tongues declared themselves "quite calm:" on which the Chairwoman observed, it was a rule at female meetings that not more than six ladies be allowed to speak at once, and she therefore begged to exercise her power of discretion by selecting MRS. SNORTER as exponent of her sentiments.

MRS. SNORTER, who was as well received as, after what had passed, could have in reason been expected, proceeded in a moving speech to move as follows:—

"That the chief fault of the present representative system is the exclusion of Woman from electoral power, and this Meeting will be satisfied with no measure of Reform which does not remedy that glaring grievance and injustice."

The fair speaker said that, with the exception of her wedding day she felt the present was perhaps the proudest moment of her life. (*Hear!*) To see such a Meeting as that she was addressing was as pleasant to her eyes as the sight of a new bonnet. (*Cheers.*) In a ribald publication which she owned she sometimes read, although the way it laughed at ladies, and especially strong-minded ones, was often deeply painful to her (*sensation*), she had observed a picture of the Sleeping British Lion, which she supposed was meant to show that her husband and the rest of men were not sufficiently awake to the matter of Reform, and wanted somebody to rouse them to a sense of its importance. Now, she thought the present Meeting was just the very thing to do what *Punch* thought wanted. It would show that though the British *Lion* might be sleepy, the British *Lioness*, at any rate, was not to be caught napping. (*Cries of "Dear no!" and loud cheering.*). Englishwomen were alive and awake to what was wanted. Reform was what they wanted, and their husbands might rely on it that they would get no rest until Reform was granted. (*Hear!*) She (MRS. SNORTER) meant mischief, she could tell them. (*Renewed cheering, and screams of "So do we!"*) She perhaps was not possessed of so sharp a tongue as *some* people (*Sensation, and cries of "Name! name!"*) but MR. SNORTER might depend he'd not have a night's peace, until she got her Right to Vote safe underneath her pillow!

This assertion was received with a prolonged burst of cheering, a waving of *mouchoirs*, and a brandishing of scent-bottles. Several ladies very nearly fainted from excitement, but, remembering there were no gentlemen to hold them in their arms, they restrained themselves, and didn't. The Resolution, which was seconded by a MRS. SMITH, or SMYTH, or SMYIJTHE (we could not catch the spelling), was then put formally, and carried *nem. fem. con.*

Twenty minutes having been allowed here for refreshment, some conversation of a desultory character ensued, family matters and the fashions being the chief subjects. On business being resumed—

MRS. SCRATCHER said, she should not have arisen to address them but that her husband had forbidden her to speak. (*Shame!*) Yes, it was a shame; but of course she didn't listen to him. (*Cries of "Brava!" "He's a brute!" and "How I'd like to pinch him!"*) She hoped ladies would be calm. She (MRS. SCRATCHER) was an advocate for peace; but they knew that, to obtain peace, war was sometimes a necessity: and at the present time she felt like the angel in the poem. (*Name!*) Let ladies read their MILTON, and they would see she meant her "sentence was for open war." (*Hear! hear!*) For her own part, as they all knew, she (MRS. SCRATCHER) was as peaceful as a dove. (*Question!*); but she scarcely need remind ladies that even doves have claws. (*A voice, "Yes, and some know how to use them!"*) She cried, then, War to the finger-nails, and, if need be, to the carving-knife! If they could not rouse their husbands by *fair* means, let them try what a diet of perpetual boiled *fowl* would do! Or, if that be insufficient to get the British Lion's monkey up, there was but one course left them, a course of every-day cold mutton. (*Cheers.*)

MISS TABITHA M'CLAWLEY said, She heartily concurred in the views of the last speaker; and if she ever had the misery to be pestered with a husband (*Question!*), she should certainly adopt the pacific course suggested.

MRS. GREYMARE ventured to remind her gentle hearers, that they had met to attack Government, and not, just then, their husbands. She, like MRS. SCRATCHER, liked having her own way; but she had never been reduced to use her finger-nails to get it. She (MRS. GREYMARE) thought, while ladies had their tongues, they certainly had need of no more formidable weapons. (*Hear!*) As for the Reform Bill, it was a most iniquitous, because one-sided, measure. Averse as she was always to vituperative epithets, she thought that *such* a provocation justified her using them. (*Hear! hear!*) The Government Reform Bill was an insult to womanity (*loud cheers*), and, in the name of outraged Woman, she indignantly rejected it! Her reasons for so doing might be stated in six seconds. (*Hear! hear! and cries of "Don't be longer; there's a dear!"*) She had called it a one-sided, and a therefore unfair measure. It made no provision at all for the fair sex, and was intended solely for that which in distinction she would call the *un*fair sex. (*Hear!*) If they looked to the last Census (*a voice: "Gracious me, what's that?"*), they would find that women formed *by far* the better half of the British population; and the people, it was clear, could not be rightly represented while their *better halves* were thus excluded from the Suffrage. (*Cheers.*) She therefore begged to move—

"That this Meeting, having proved that Woman has a Right to Vote, hereby pledges its unanimous support to any Government which will extend to her the use of what is logically hers."

MRS. PRETTYWOMAN seconded the resolution, observing, that she, personally, did not dislike LORD DERBY: indeed, in certain of his views she completely coincided. He was fond of going to races,—and so, she owned, was she. (*Oh, fie!*) To MR. DISRAELI she had not much objection, except that she must say, she thought him far from handsome. (*Oh! oh!*) As to the other people, she did not much like MR. BRIGHT, because he dressed *so* queerly, and he talked *so* loud; and she could not place much confidence in LORD JOHN RUSSELL either: he really looked *so* small, and was getting—oh!—*so* Grey. (*Order.*) If she *must* make her choice, she thought that she would rather give LORD PALMERSTON her countenance (*oh! oh!, and whispers of "Does she mean to kiss him?"*), because she had always thought him such a "love" of a man. (*Sensation, and vociferate cries of "Order! order!"*) She (MRS. PRETTYWOMAN) was *not* out of order. She was only making use of a popular expression. Were ladies not aware his Lordship had been christened "Cupid?"

This explanation was received with general titters, and a lady was proposing "Three cheers for LORD CUPID!" when

The Chairwoman observed, that she regretted to deprive the noble Cupid of his due, but ladies ought to be informed that their husbands-in-waiting had all pulled out their cigar-cases, and declared their intention of adjourning to their Clubs. Hearing this, the Meeting separated in considerable confusion, and it is difficult to say to what precise results the proceedings had arrived.

* Query, Heaviness?—*Punch.*

AGRICULTURAL PREJUDICE IN HAMPSHIRE.

WITH some oddity, the place named in the subjoined advertisement from the *Andover Advertiser*, calls itself, by the mouths of its natives and their neighbours, Uphusband. It is, like one of LORD MALMESBURY'S truths, immortal, having been rendered so by that great paragraphic poet, WILLIAM COBBETT, in his *Rural Rides*. Further celebrity will now be conferred on it, by the publication of the fact that it contains an "A. Z.;" though this may not be exactly the way to spell the name which that individual might more correctly assume, he being evidently, by reputation, a man of three letters, of which, albeit the first is A, the two others are not Z's. The following announcement expresses a want—so does a bray:—

WANTED—on a Farm, a Man and his Wife, to live in a Cottage; the man to work on the farm and the woman to do the washing for the house, either by the dozen or by the quarter. A good character required. No Dissenters need apply. Address post-paid, A.Z., Post Office, Hurstbourne Tarrant.

What can be the object of the Uphusband agriculturist in notifying that, for the privilege of working on his farm, "No Dissenters need apply"? This question for some seconds puzzled us considerably; but at length we arrived at the conjecture, that he had probably contracted a dim idea that Dissenter and Independent were convertible terms; so that, if he were asked what objection he entertained to Dissenters, he would, as soon as he had been made to understand the question, if put to him in those words, probably reply, "Oh! I wun't never ha' noth'n to do wi' none o' them there Dis-zenters; they be a precious zight too independent vor me, mun!"

If the advertiser is an old woman, the answer would be just the same, only pitched in a high key, of the nature of a shriek, instead of being grunted in a profound bass.

The Ciphering Boy.

"I CANNOT print," said meek LORD MAM,
"All the despatches you apply for,
"For mortally afraid I am
Lest foreigners find out our Cipher."

That fear comes late, 'tis past a doubt.
Ask at Vienna, Lisbon, Paris,
Long since they've found our Cipher out,
And know his name 's JAMES HOWARD HARRIS.

A Musical Critic.

"YOU are quite right, Sir; VERDI is a crack composer, on the just ground that he has cracked more voices than any other composer of the present day."

THE GENERAL BRAND OF HUSBANDS.

IT is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, *until* he is attacked, and then, "dear fellow," he is the very best!

"WHITE LIES."—Mock-Auctioneers selling Plated articles for Silver.

PECULIAR ANIMAL POLARITY.

To the Editor of Punch.

"PERHAPS I may gratify some of your readers by the relation of a little incident, interesting both in a domestic and philosophical point of view, as illustrative both of the probable nature of a familiar article of consumption, and also of the keenness of canine instinct in combination with olfactory sensibility.

"This morning at breakfast I was indulging in the luxury of that well-known admixture of animal substances and aromatic condiments commonly denominated a German Sausage. This peculiar compound of savoury ingredients is, as you are probably aware, enveloped in a membranaceous investment, formed, I believe, of the outer or serous coat of a portion of the smaller division of the alimentary canal of one of the *Ruminantia*.

"Beside me on the floor lay a small dog of the Skye Terrier species, by some erroneously believed to be a French Poodle. I am in the habit of employing this animal in the disposal of those portions of my food, which, in relation to the exigencies of my own economy, are too hard and indigestible. I may mention, amongst other fragmentary matters, crusts and bones.

"As I sliced disc after disc from the cylindrical column of nutriment with which I was recruiting my organisation, I separated from it, by peeling, the outer rind or integument, the density of whose texture renders its mastication difficult, and is therefore incompatible with its due assimilation by the human stomach, although presenting no obstacle to the functional energy of that organ in the dog. Accordingly, from time to time, rejecting these strips of membrane, I consigned them to the more appropriate discussion of my canine companion.

"The expectant avidity with which the quadruped awaited each morsel of the sapid substance was only equalled by the appetitive celerity with which he caused it to disappear. The most diminutive particle was eagerly apprehended with the lingual extremity, or, if not at once recognised, was perseveringly traced by a nasal investigation on the floor.

"In divesting the German sausage of its containing membrane, the latter is often separated into two layers. I dropped on the carpet a section of the inner one of these. It fell like a snow-flake. The creature was unable to distinguish its whereabout by the sense of vision. But its odour, derived from the meat with which it had been in contact, was instantly recognised by his olfactory perception, and after a prolonged series of forcible nasal inhalations, he succeeded in discovering the minute delicacy. To despatch it was, of course, the work of an instant.

"When we consider the peculiar predilection of the canine species, as above exemplified, in connection with the similar excitement manifested by the same *Carnivora* whenever a wheelbarrow laden with a certain description of aliment approaches their vicinity, we shall perhaps be enabled to form a probable conjecture of the nature of the animal substance which constitutes the basis of German Sausage. We may, I think, safely suspect that the matter which, in its inanimate state, is so eagerly sought by the dog-tribe, may, during life, have followed the hounds, and subsequently perhaps have been employed in the traction of public vehicles. In short, the hypothesis of the equine origin of that article of food seems confirmed by the experience of

"A STUDENT OF COMMON THINGS."

"*Pumpton Institute, March*, 1859."

"P.S. A visitor known in families by the name of Puss has just entered my apartment. She approaches the cupboard in which a remnant of the viand above alluded to is reserved. She utters plaintive cries, whilst scratching and smelling at the keyhole she attempts to open the door. This is very interesting. Appetency for the Teutonic species of sausage is evidently characteristic, not only of the canine race, but also of the domestic variety of the class *Felis*."

VERY VULGAR TRANSLATION.—*Audi Alteram Partem.*—Before believing a "party," you should always hear what the other "party" has to say.

"THE MELTING MOOD."—The Future,—when a woman says "I will."

PASTORAL SIMPLICITY.

ALTHOUGH the prospect of the Scarlet Hat be dazzling to his eyes, good ARCHBISHOP CULLEN still looks to his old flock, and takes the tenderest care to see their welfare is provided for. In the Lenten Pastoral, which he has lately issued for their spiritual guidance, the perils of "societies" are denounced in the same breath with the pleasures of Society:—

"As Secret Societies are the cause of the greatest evils to religion, tending to promote impiety and incredulity, and most hostile to the public good, the Catholic church has solemnly excommunicated all her children who engage in them. Hence, no Catholic can be absolved who is a Free-Mason, a Ribandman, or enrolled in any other secret Society. Drunkenness, a vice so degrading in itself, and the occasion of so many evils, and improper dances, such as the polka, and others of the same description, so repugnant to the purity of Christian morals, are to be avoided, not only during Lent, but at all times by Christians who profess to be followers of the immaculate Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. All are exhorted to perform works of piety and charity during Lent, visiting the widow and the orphan, relieving the poor, and, above all, contributing to provide a good Catholic education for Catholic children, and to preserve them from the innumerable snares now laid for them in mixed and proselytising schools."

Our Free-Masons will feel flattered to be coupled thus with Ribandmen: and it doubtless will astonish the strong minds of our young ladies to be told that the polka is "repugnant to pure morals," and an evil to be shunned by all "professing Christians." They will, however, know what value to attach to such denunciation, when they find the voice of warning raised in the next breath against the vice of proselytism, which is accounted "above all" an evil "all" should guard against. *By coupling such sins as making proselytes and polking*, the Archbishop, we think, weakens his denouncement of them both; and if we view his pastoral with the eye of a logician, we must regard it as a specimen of pastoral simplicity.

SUPERSTITIONS.

(In Full Force at the Present Enlightened Day.)

1. WHOEVER receives a letter with "*On Her Majesty's Service*" printed on it, may make up his mind that there is some unpleasant summons in store for him.

2. If a husband comes home late from the City, and doesn't find the dinner ready, he becomes fretful.

3. The alphabet, stamped in gingerbread, should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

4. To receive gloves from a lady, who has lost a bet to you, is a sign of great luck.

5. A long yarn, when spun by an elderly gentleman who has lost half of his teeth, possesses wonderful virtues of sleep.

6. Reading in bed over-night betokens heaviness in the morning; and the same may be predicated of pork-chops, when taken after a late dinner, for supper.

7. The curtains are sure to smell in that room in which cigars have been smoked.

8. The young lady who sleeps with JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* under her pillow is sure to find the Christian name of her future husband in it the next morning.

9. Forgetting to close the street-door after you, when you go home late, is unlucky.

10. Hearing a Frenchman crow before breakfast, generally produces a feeling of nausea during the remainder of the day.

11. When women are picking characters, men should not listen, or else a few sharp truths may come flying through the keyhole.

12. To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.—The Correspondence between SIR FRANCIS HEAD and France's Head.

THE JEWEL OF LIBERTY.

THERE, PADDY, my honey, are the men for your money,
The Exiles for Erin to brag of and boast,
Those noble Italians, no factious rascalions,
Who have just set their feet upon Liberty's coast.
They made for the dry land of your happy island,
A refuge to seek from the winds and the waves,
From a tyrant escaping, and then their course shaping
To a land of free men from a nation of slaves.

In them is exampled what 'tis to be thrampled,
Insulted, degraded, and loaded with chains,
On the limbs of your betters you'll see marks of fetters
Fit to make all the blood of ye boil in your veins.
In the kingdom of Naples, to positive staples,
Of iron, set fast in a solid stone wall,
Those patriots were fastened, with rale scourges chastened,
And not bate in nothing but figures at all.

Some linked to each other their groans had to smother,
And whisper the curses they couldn't restrain;
No hope for to-morrow to lighten their sorrow,
No prospect but Death to release them from pain.
And these are no traitors, nor yet instigators
To riot and bloodshed with daggers and pikes,
They are patriot statesmen—not Ribbonmen's mates; men
Of whom you may go far to meet with the likes.

And they 're come to old Erin, that freedom to share in,
Which all QUEEN VICTORIA'S true subjects enjoy.
What a proud situation, and fortunate nation,
Must yours then be, PADDY, my broth of a boy!
So join we together in extending, like brethren,
A fist to the band who at BOMBA may smile,
No tyranny dreading, the soil who are treading
Of Liberty 's jewel, the Emerald Isle.

A PRINCE OF THE BRITISH CHURCH.

To the Editor of the "Record."

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

WHAT do you think the REVEREND ARCHDEACON LAW has been and done? See, here, what the *Morning Post* says:—

"PRINCELY GIFT.—We are informed that ARCHDEACON LAW has given to the inhabitants of Weston-super-Mare a town-hall, and ball and concert-room, at a cost to himself of £4,000."

Here is sad work, is it not, for the pen of the recording angel—of the *Record?* What is a "dancing clergyman" to one who causes others to dance—fiddling, as I may say, the tune of £4,000? A princely gift! Yea (say you), a gift that might become a Prince of the Court below. Of course you will call ARCHDEACON LAW the law of sin,—though, between ourselves, there is gospel, as well as law, for music and dancing. And recollect, that whilst people are dancing they cannot be guzzling; and so long as they are listening to music, they must keep their tongues from evil-speaking. So, on the whole, though MR. ARCHDEACON'S munificence is very painful, we must bear it as well as we may,—you and your affectionate brother and friend,

PUNCH.

P.S. Come to my office any evening you like, and smoke a cigar with our friend of the *Tablet*.

Truth out of the Mouth of a Prince.

SATIRISTS in Paris compare the mouth of PRINCE NAPOLEON to the old Temple of Janus; for they say that when it is opened it means War, and it never opens for any other purpose; and only when it is closed does it indicate Peace. It is almost needless to state, that the Prince's mouth has scarcely been closed once during the last two months. His late retirement, however, from the Algerian Ministry may have the happy effect of inducing him to "shut up" a little.

The Choice of a Profession.

Distressed Father. I'm sure I don't know what to do with my boy TOM. He has acquired such an inveterate habit of lying.

Sympathising Neighbour. Make a Diplomatist of him, Sir, and his fortune is made.

"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."—The Farewell that MADAME GRISI intended taking this year is postponed, we understand, until the year 1869.

Ruggles. "HOLD HARD, MASTER GEORGE. IT'S TOO WIDE AND UNCOMMON DEEP!"
Master George. "ALL RIGHT, RUGGLES! WE CAN *BOTH SWIM!*"

MYSTERIES ABOVE AND BELOW.

IF we are to believe a reverend Welsh divine, and an apparently respectable Welsh working-man, a shower of fish, some of them as big as sprats, fell the other day, together with a quantity of rain, at Aberdare; and some of these sky-fish have been sent to PROFESSOR OWEN for his opinion on them. In the mean time PROFESSOR OWEN tells us a thing which there can be no doubt about, and which is nearly as wonderful as the fish, which, if they fell out of the air, may be supposed to have been formed in the clouds, or to have come at least all the way from the moon. At the Royal Institution, the other day, in his Lecture on Fossil Mammalia—

"PROFESSOR OWEN said, that among the fossils most abundant in the red crag of Norfolk are the car-bones of whales; and it is not uncommon in travelling through that county, to see heaps of bones of ancient lions, whales, elephants, and hippopotamuses piled up in the farms ready for conversion into manure; for when occupation for the labourers in the fields falls short, they are employed to dig pits for the extraction of these bones. The stratum which contains them lies usually within 10 feet of the surface; it extends along the coast for 30 miles, and stretches inland in several places for an equal distance. There is, therefore, an almost inexhaustible supply from which the farmers of Norfolk and Suffolk may manure their grass and turnips, and thus they now extensively feed their cattle from the fossil remains of the extinct animals that once occupied that portion of the globe."

Since there are such immense quantities of the bones of lions, whales, elephants, and hippopotamuses under the surface of Norfolk and Suffolk, what prodigious numbers of all those creatures must have once existed on the soil, except the whales; but what shoals of these, also, must have floundered in the neighbouring seas! How did such a dense mass of wild beasts manage to get on together? They must have been very thick with each other at any rate,—equally so, in a mechanical sense at least, with bees in a hive, emmets in an ant-hill, or insects of a baser sort in a marine lodging-house bed. A submerged forest turned into a coal-tract is intelligible enough; but an underground assemblage of skeletons, forming the remains of a flock of huge and ferocious animals, which, when living, must have extended in a compact body over many square miles of ground, baffles understanding. Such a fact is a fact of the same kind as that—if it turns out to be a fact—of the moon-fish, or star-fish, or whatever fish those were that descended out of the atmosphere the other day in Wales. It is one of those things in earth that *Hamlet* mentions in a passage which it is unnecessary to quote. The shower of fish may be one of the other things which he alludes to. These fish may, indeed, be conjectured to be sticklebacks, which had been sucked up by a waterspout; but there is as much, or as little, ground for supposing that they were discharged from the tail of the Comet. If, as the phrase is, it rained them, what rained them? The Comet, as likely as anything else. We pause for an assurance that the alleged phenomenon of the fish-shower is not a hoax; but if we come to believe in the possibility of whitebait dropping into our mouths, we certainly shall be capable of swallowing anything, except the infinitesimal globules of Homœopathy, which still stick in our throat.

A Distinction with a Difference.

(*Being a Query respectfully submitted to* LOUIS NAPOLEON.)

THAT the "Empire is Peace" you still say,
But while guns cast by hundreds we see,
Some natural doubts force their way,
Which description of peace it may be,
That spelt with an "e" and an "a,"
Or that spelt with an "i" and an "e."

MURDER WILL OUT.

IN the speech delivered by MR. KEELEY as Chairman of the admirable association for relieving Dramatic and Equestrian Artists in sickness, he referred to an amusing retort made by somebody to certain ecclesiastical strictures upon the theatrical profession. The repartee was, that whereas no actor had ever been executed for a great crime, there was no crime punishable by death of which a clergyman had not been guilty. Smartness rather than exactitude is the characteristic of repartee, or else a parson might answer, that for one murder by a churchman, a thousand have been committed by actors. Who has seen Mr. Never-Mind-Whom in *Macbeth?*

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Zealous Shoe-black (to Friend who has had his Photograph taken). *"Well, I would a had my boots shined respectible fust, if I'd a been you."*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 14, *Monday*. The lawyers have got a grand plan for leaving Westminster entirely to the politicians, and for concentrating all the Law Courts upon an area to be obtained by making a clean sweep of all the dirty, crowded, and pestilential district between Carey Street and the Strand. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is a respected motto; and the idea of setting the nuisance, Law, to clear away the nuisance, Squalor, is a good idea. The proposal to take the money for the purpose out of the Suitors' Fee Fund is not so preposterous as it looks; and LORD CHELMSFORD'S condemnation thereof to-night, in bringing in a little Bill to build some little Courts for the little Chancery Judges, was simply official.

MR. TITE briefly expounded the Great Drainage Scheme for London; and those who are interested in the healthy condition of the Metropolis may like to know that there is to be a sewer from Clapham, and another from Putney, to Deptford. The religious world is acquainted with the first-mentioned place; and rowing-clubs, and other lovers of good beer, know the second: but as nobody knows Deptford, it may be mentioned that this is a nasty place, on the right-hand side of the river, as you go down to eat whitebait, and is opposite to MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S yard, where the *Great Eastern*, alias the *Leviathan*, alias the *Great Ship*, was built. At Deptford, the united contents of the sewers are to be pumped up to a higher level, and taken to Erith, an objectionable little watering-place, on the right-hand side, and here the river is to become the sewer. Similar processes will bring the sewage of the north bank from Hampstead, from Kilburn, and from some other point, to the river Lea, whence it is to be taken to Barking, an excessively dirty-looking hole, on the Southend railway, and thence this sewage goes into the river. All is to be done in four years, and the Bank has advanced the three millions necessary to do it. A rate of threepence is to pay this money back in forty years. It is very desirable that these arrangements should be understood; and *Mr. Punch* begs that he may hear of no affectation of dislike of a subject of so much importance.

The Bill for cheapening conveyancing proceeded, applauded by the best legal authorities; and the House took the Navy Estimates, MR. GILPIN interpolating a small debate about a certain execution of a large number of revolted Sepoys, during the Indian war. GENERAL THOMPSON emitted the most foolish speech which even this poor old party ever uttered; and LORD STANLEY said that the execution was probably necessary, though the persons who had conducted it had treated the subject with too much levity. In different hands than those of a professed peace-monger, the topic might have created more sensation: but fanatics spoil everything.

Tuesday. SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, Church Rate Reformer, and Slaughterer of the Government Bill, brought on his own for second reading, at a morning sitting, and on division, carried it by 242 to 168. This effort seemed to have exhausted the House, for scarcely anybody came in the evening. There was a Count.

Wednesday. LORD JOHN RUSSELL gained a triumph,—his Bill for improving the law of Debtor and Creditor being read a second time, and much approved. There is another Bill of the same kind, which passed the Lords next day; and so the two are to be considered together, or, as MR. HADFIELD might say, smultaneous. Something was then done towards relieving the Quakers, whose feelings about affirmation had been incautiously hurt by the Jew legislation of last year. It is quite right to remove every kind of vexatious interference with anybody's creed, or superstition; and as there is no more persecution of Quakers, and as they have "concluded" to dress like other people, and to talk grammar, it may reasonably be supposed that in a few years there will be no more Quakers left; for who will care to belong to a sect unless it is oppressed, or singular?

Thursday. The Five Powers, having an idea that by their drawing a boundary-line on the maps of Europe in their Foreign Offices the Montenegrin savages will be deterred from going into Turkey and cutting off the noses of the Faithful, have sent out instructions to prepare that invisible fence. This, LORD MALMESBURY explained. We hope the Montenegroes will be as much awed as is expected.

The Commons had a long miscellaneous night, chiefly marked by MR. DISRAELI'S producing his device for getting rid of the objection to the disfranchisement part of his Bill, and by one of the stereotype debates upon the privileges of the Guards, which came to nothing. And it seems that, among the QUEEN'S possessions, is an island called Jersey, situated in the Channel, very near France; and as nobody has ever given such a place any attention, all its laws, prisons, charities, and the like, are in the awful mess that might be expected. Parliament is to inquire into the subject.

Friday. *Mr. Punch's* suggestion to the Water-colours, that they should not let the Oils have it all their own way—an objectionable way of putting oil over the waters—has produced its effect; and so has his other suggestion, that there should be a congress of the representatives of Art, in reference to Burlington House. The Water-colour Society has put in a strong and just claim for a portion of the site; and LORD DERBY has commanded the First Commissioner of Works to summon an Art-Congress for the discussion of the whole subject. *Mr. Punch* is not self-complacent, considering that he saves the country about three times a-week, besides filling up the rest of his time by conferring the most inestimable boons upon it; but he feels a little proud that he has thus stirred up all parties to do justice. He takes this opportunity of announcing, that he declines to sit for his portrait, or to receive any other testimonial of gratitude from anybody.

Whether the Derbyites exactly love LORD CANNING, or not, is beside the question. HER MAJESTY has commanded that his Lordship be at once made a G. C. B.; and when he writes home that all is serene in India, he is to have a step up the Peerage ladder, that is to say, he is to come to Court as an Earl, which is the more appropriate, as he was born near Earl's Court, Brompton. This came out in a brief Oude debate, not otherwise interesting.

But in the Commons, there was some fun. MR. ROEBUCK affectingly appealed to LORD JOHN RUSSELL not to smash the Government, because this might let in the Palmerston lot, and also agitate Europe. Then, amid the laughter of the House, uprose the furious COX, member for the public-houses of Finsbury. He, too, assailed LORD JOHN, and apprised him that he was not half statesman enough for such men as COX, and must bid higher for the support of the Great Liberal Party, of which COX is the acknowledged Cock. Into such a rage did the M.P., or Member for Public-houses, work himself, that in order to enforce his argument (as BURKE, on revolution, flung down a dagger, and RICARDO, on finance, flung down a one-pound note), he actually rounded a sentence by flattening the nose of a brother-member who sat next him. "We will not be made a tool!" roared COX; and down he came, like a hammer, on the face of his unlucky neighbour. The shouts of the House were deafening; and the senatorial Bruiser, thus at once Box and Cox, drew more laughter than the capital farce of that name; TOM DUNCOMBE was obliged to lead the minds of the members away to some other subject, of not the least consequence. After a discussion on this, LORD JOHN RUSSELL (who did not dare to trust himself to look at COX) stated that he knew what he was about, and should certainly make his motion on the Monday. After that, Ministers had nothing to do but to send word to their servants to finish cording the boxes, only keeping out a few knives and forks and some little things wanted up to the last moment of moving, and which could be carried in the cab, or in the perambulator.

Some Indian discussion took place, and it was elicited that the thanks of Parliament were to be given to LORD CLYDE and his army; but it was felt to be rather doubtful who would have to propose the vote. The duty *may* devolve on a small man with a large hat, who says obleege and se'nnight.

The extremely foolish, because useless, Sale of Poisons Bill passed through Committee; and if any intelligent chemist would just write a plain letter to the *Times*, and therein say to the House what he says to any intelligent customer on the subject, little more would be heard of so silly a measure.

Manly as he is, even *Mr. Punch* shrinks at the thought of the scenes he will have to describe when next he takes pen in hand. A refreshing week in cheerful society in the country is absolutely necessary as a preparative; and he therefore states to the World, that not the slightest attention will be given by him to any business whatever until further notice. *Toby*, a Hansom! Brighton Railway!

THE GROWING LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

More than one of our weekly contemporaries—including some country papers—have of late betaken themselves to the supply of a want that had long been felt on this side of the Atlantic—had been felt ever since the extinction of the *Satirist*. Personal remarks relative to authors and artists of repute, or any other gentlemen whose names are before the world; details respecting their private transactions, offensive, and, for the most part, imaginary;—such are the materials constituting the kind of newspaper article which those journals purvey to that public which they flatter by the supposition that it craves this sort of provender. Each of them appears to have engaged a contributor on whose shoulders has fallen a rag of the torn-up mantle of Mr. Barnard Gregory, of putrid memory.

Not to be behind our contemporaries, we have hired a monstrous blackguard, a native of Bohemia, to supply a lower class of readers than any that we at present have with the kind of entertainment which the scum of the earth, and the dregs of society, derive from scandal and slander. Our infamous Contributor will supply this species of stuff from time to time, as occasion may serve. He calls himself "Our Eavesdropper;" and we subjoin a taste of his quality under the plain, unvarnished title of—

A COLUMN OF LIES.

There is now no doubt that Higgins, the historian, banks at Trotter's. As he was walking the other day in Regent Street, in pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, he dropped his pass-book. From personal inspection of its contents, I can attest the truth of the report that he has overdrawn his account.

Sharpe, who writes in the *Razor*, generally dines at the Feathers, out of which tavern, late at night, he may often be seen reeling. He has now a score there three months long. He does not get quarrelsome when drunk, but only talks maudlin, and cries.

It is true that Vandyke Brown's pictures sell well; but I have reason to know that he lives beyond his income. I saw, the other day, a bill which he has lately accepted for £50; it was shown me by my friend Levi.

Jackson, the poet, is not worth dining with at his own table. His conversation is slow, and his wine bad. I have dined at his house. His spoons are electrotype: his wife was a scullion.

A case will come on next week for trial in the County Court, in which Scissors, the dramatic author, is the defendant, and the plaintiff is Mr. Scissors's tailor.

Before Cockroach took to journalism, he had run through a large fortune, great part of which he lost on the Turf. He then became a billiard-marker; when I first had the honour of making his acquaintance. He has been several times through the Insolvent Court. He smokes an undeniable cigar, and is one of the best fellows that I know.

The last thing Bradshaw has written is a note to Ruggles, asking him to lend him ten pounds.

Beaumont was seen the other day coming out of Snaggs, the dentist's. He has had two teeth out, and several more stopped, which, I believe, Mrs. B. is not aware of.

Morley is not the author of the *Tribute to Truefitt*; but there is no doubt that he wears a wig, and likewise dyes his whiskers.

Excuse the brevity of this communication, occasioned, partly by a violent ear-ache, which I caught in listening at a key-hole, and partly by a severe personal chastisement which I have lately received, and which renders a long continuance in a sedentary position extremely painful.

MINISTERIAL EPITAPHS.

As the Cabinet seems on the point of giving up the ghost—the only thing, apparently, it has any difficulty about giving up,—*Mr. Punch*, in his usual character of *Cock Robin*, begs leave to strew a few leaves over the body of the dear departed.

They may grumble at him for not waiting till they are dead. But we would say to them (as the African captain said to the moribund sailor, whom he had ordered to be thrown overboard, and who observed deprecatingly that "the captain might wait till a fellow was dead.") "You needn't be so nasty partic'lar to a few minutes." So without further apology, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit his—

MINISTERIAL EPITAPHS.

1. *For the Tomb of the Cabinet in General.*

"I was Conservative: I would be Liberal: and here I lie."

2. *For the Tombstone of* Lord Derby (*on a brass plate*).

Stay, traveller! Beneath this plate,
Still sleeps the Rupert of Debate;
Like that hot prince he wildly warred,
And ne'er fought battle but he marred.
Like him too (as Art-hist'ries print),
He found an Art of Mezzo-tint,
A something of the middle-kind,
Tory and Radical combined;
Rash as the first, blind as the second,
In strong effects, bold contrasts fecund;
Ingredients so mixed have seldom
Failed to blow up the things that held 'em:
So fared it now: their mutual fret
Blew up the Derby Cabinet,
And crushed by an untimely blow,
The gallant chief who sleeps below.
May peace be his: and lightly rest
The Turf he loved upon his breast.

3. *For the Tombstone of the Right Honourable* B. Disraeli.

Beneath this stone a Son of Ishmael lies,
All hands against him and his hand 'gainst all;
At the pen's point, up from low destinies,
He fought his way, not recking check or fall.

All creeds political by turns he held;
Knocked at all doors that to preferment lead;
Eat his own heart—his pride and temper quelled,
And filed and formed his tongue, to stab at need.

The moment came: a traitor in the ranks:
The dumb bucolicals required a tongue:
He offered his: proved it: and earn'd their thanks,
The gladlier paid, the more he stabbed and stung.

By many arts he raised himself to power;
The world by turns abashed, alarmed, amused;
Till the bucolicals, late waxing sour,
Flung in the dust the dagger they had used.

The father of Young England lies below;
Old England in the riddance joys indeed;
Of all Caucasian myst'ries worst to know;
A Sphynx, whom his own Sibyl could not read.

4. *On* Lord John Manners.

That "Manners make the Man" we know.
Will *Punch* be blamed as sinister,
For saying, here lies one who proved
Manners won't make the Minister?

5. *On* Mr. Walpole (*sleeping, not on the Treasury Bench*).

Weep not for me, Disraeli dear:
I am not gone, but sleeping near.
If I am out, you soon will be;
Your pension earn, then follow me.

6. *On* Mr. Henley.

Here, like Love among the roses,
Henley the exact reposes.
He loved crotchets: he loved quibbles:
Quillets, quiddets, prabbles, pribbles.
In Amendments great of skill:
In Objections greater still:
Into six he 'd split a hair:
And each sixth in sixths would share:
He was rusty, he was restive,
Eminently unsuggestive;

Let who would supply reflection,
Still 'twas his to find objection:
As one of his party's tools,
At the Board of Trade he rules,
Which—since this appointment made,
Should be spelt "The Bored of Trade."
Till, when qualms of conscience pleaded,
He, with WALPOLE's aid, seceded
And magnanimous gave o'er
His office-seat to DONOUGHMORE.
DONOUGHMORE—who, all confess,
Cannot possibly do less
For his thousands by the year,
Than the worthy who lies here.

LOOK OUT AHEAD!

WHAT next? Here is the Armstrong gun with a sweet little range of about five miles, and here is Mr. Somebody, whose name we forget, with a patent machine for suffocating one's enemies with a black sulphurous smoke, under cover of which canopy BRITANNIA shall henceforth rule the waves. It is to be anticipated that the *Times* of 1959, permanently enlarged to three volumes folio per diem, will contain such startling facts as these:—

"*April* 1. The great Cham of France declared war against England at 2·30 p.m. Travellers all returned to England by the electric wire at 2·35. Channel Fleet and militia called out at 2·36. CAPTAIN SMITH, of the Engineers, walked down to Dover beach with an Armstrong gun in his pocket weighing exactly three ounces and a half, and constructed to throw a ton and a half of shot two hundred and four miles, seventeen hundred times in one minute. Having adjusted this instrument on a bathing machine, CAPT. SMITH, by the aid of a strong telescope, got a good sight of Paris, and proceeded to business. Shot No. 1 missed, and was last seen going over into the Bay of Biscay. Shot No. 2 struck the Hôtel de Louvre, and being an explosive shell, destroyed half Paris; a third attempt was equally successful, destroying the other half.

"After this pretty practice, (though better has been made we must admit) the seven-and-twenty double Leviathans, built for the transport of troops, embarked three hundred and eight thousand volunteers, armed with the patent self-acting, self-loading, self-aiming, and self-cleaning gun, now universally used in the British army. They were headed by LORDS BROUGHAM and PALMERSTON, those two surprising veterans, who, we believe, will never grow any older, and were landed at Boulogne at exactly 2·58; twenty-eight minutes after the declaration of war. Being provided with BRAY's patent traction-engines our gallant fellows were enabled to reach Paris in 22 minutes, and thanks to the efficacy of the gun above alluded to, made very short work of the inhabitants of the country they passed through. They entered Paris (or rather what was left of it) under cover of the celebrated noxious smoke-producing machine, which exceedingly horrified the helpless Parisians, but which, being no thicker than an ordinary London fog, had few terrors for the bold sons of Albion. CAPT. SMITH and the Armstrong gun having arrived shortly afterwards, made such play on the provinces, from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, that they sent telegraphic despatches at once up to town, placing themselves entirely at the disposal of their conquerors; the last town gave in its allegiance at 3·45, and the war was thus at an end in one hour and forty-five minutes from its commencement. It is surprising to us that France, who has been so repeatedly foiled in attempts of this kind, should have again endeavoured to disturb the peace of Europe. We had hoped that war had been entirely put an end to by the perfect state to which we have brought our artillery and engineering. The French people must surely have forgotten, how the five small Armstrongs placed on the Brocken have sufficed to keep the English colonies of Prussia, Austria, Saxony, and Poland in order? Or have they forgotten, how the grandson of the celebrated BISHOP SPURGEON destroyed the POPE, and, in fact, Roman catholicism in general, by one or two well-directed shots from the new Tabernacle tower? We could produce instances to prove our case in any number, but as they are patent to the merest school-boy, we will refrain from bringing them forward. It has been decided that France shall be employed as a large garden in which to grow the horse-radish for the *roshif* so dear to ever Briton."

Why shouldn't we see all this, we should like to know? Really there don't appear to be any limit at all; it is only to be hoped that all these tremendous inventions will quietly and calmly snuff out Bellona's torch, whenever she feels inclined to show it. After all, it is very likely that we shall at last by mutual consent abolish gunpowder and steam in warfare, and come back to the orthodox instruments, fists. Fine times those would be for prizefighters. GENERAL SIR T. SAYERS the *RIGHT HON.* SIR H. BROOME, LORD CHANCELLOR YOUNG REED, would of course be some of the new titles, and wouldn't sound so very badly. At any rate, if we do get back to first principles and fists, England will stand the best chance of the lot; we can back her against all comers, and our money may be heard of at our office.

LESSON FOR AGED LOVERS.

AT the Exeter Assizes, last week, in an action for breach of promise of marriage, it was arranged between the parties that a verdict should be taken for the Plaintiff, with £200 damages. The Plaintiff was twenty-eight years old; the Defendant upwards of fifty. Seven years back, the Plaintiff had been engaged to an individual who had died; and now her heart had been broken again through the breach of promise which had been committed by the Defendant, that inconstant old gentleman! Fickle fogy!—he may consider himself let down lightly in having to pay only £200; for a wife would have cost him as much in almost no time,—remaining, for an indeterminable period, a source of indefinite expenditure. Elderly trifler that he is, let him acknowledge that he is too well off a bargain of the cost of whose fulfilment, in these days of hooped drapery, it would have been impossible to estimate the magnitude or predict the end.

Had this gross case of senile faithlessness gone to a British jury, no doubt that sympathetic assemblage of Englishmen and fathers would have marked their sense of the aged rover's baseness in sporting with the affections of an artless girl, as her barrister would have besought them to do, by swinging him to a figure considerably over £200. In ordinarily giving heavy damages to young ladies against old gentlemen who have disappointed their matrimonial expectations, British juries are sometimes thought to afford too emphatic a sanction to the principle which ranks pecuniary considerations very highly amongst the legitimate motives to matrimony, and rather ignores the necessity for much love in the case. Well, even if this is so, no great harm is done. A hoary simpleton is smartly fined for his folly; that is all. And if the fine ought to be proportionate in magnitude to the folly, what damages can be too heavy to inflict upon the grey-headed oaf who is capable of promising to marry a girl, whereas he is old enough to be her father? The sum should only fall short of the penalty that he would deserve to pay for performing such a thoughtless and ridiculous promise.

PRIVILEGES OF THE GUARDS.

"WHAT are the Privileges of the Guards?" exclaimed a Belgravian beauty, who little suspected that the question was asked only in a military point of view; "Why, I can tell you that the Guards ride the most beautiful horses, dance with the prettiest girls, talk English in a style deliciously their own, are distinguished for having the very best moustaches and manners, lisp, stare, yawn, flirt, waltz better than any one else, are seen everywhere, are invited everywhere, and are dear, handsome, silly, amusing, good-humoured, absurd, charming, universal favourites wherever they go. These are a few of the Privileges of the Guards, and I don't wonder at the other officers being jealous of them!" Here our Belgravian beauty blushed so much, that she was obliged to leave the room.

Bill (*reads*). "GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS."
Tom. "ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!! WHY I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE—FOR 'ARF A CROWN!"

TERRIBLE POACHING AFFRAY.

ANOTHER of those unfortunate collisions which arise from our game-preserving system has just taken place upon some land known as Reform Field, part of the preserves long held and jealously kept by the family of the Oldwiggs, connected with the noble house of Bedford. One of the shrewdest and most vigilant of the Oldwigg keepers, a man named Rustle, had, it seems, been watching the actions of two persons whom he had reason to suspect of intention to poach on the Oldwigg manor; but though he had known that for some time the men in question had been setting snares, it was not until the other night that he felt himself justified in interfering. One of the men in question comes from Knowsley, and has passed under several *aliases*, as Young Stanley, the Scorpion, Prince Rupert, Chivalry Ned, and other names, and is what is commonly called a sporting character, doing a good deal in the betting line. The other is a Derby man, whose features betoken Hebraic descent, and whose talents are reported to be of an extraordinarily high order, and such as might have placed him in a superior position, had they been otherwise directed. He is in general rather taciturn, but can be exceedingly abusive if provoked. He is called Benn. On Monday night Rustle, still on the watch, saw Rupert and Benn enter Reform Field, and with a double-barrelled gun begin blazing away at game which had always been sacred to the Oldwigg family, and had scarcely been disturbed since a grand *battue* which took place in 1832. The veteran Rustle gallantly advanced upon the poachers, and demanded their gun. He was received by a jeer, and with some flippant remarks about one man having as much right to knock down what is foul as another; and, looking round for support, he observed two persons known in the district as the Bottleholder, and Burly Jack, the former of whom was chewing a twig, and the latter twirling a large cudgel. Neither, however, seemed very eager to come to his aid, and rather looked to see what his chances were,—when the brave little man (he is considerably under the middle stature) rushed upon the unprincipled poachers with a resolution which appalled them. A fierce struggle ensued, but Rustle, strong in the conviction that he was defending private property against thieves, succeeded in dealing his antagonists some terrible blows, and so damaging their gun that it became useless. Extremely strong and bad language was exchanged, in which both the Bottleholder and Burly Jack joined; and on all sides a rancorous spirit was evinced, which will infallibly break out anew on the first occasion. The men, Rupert and Benn, are both injured for the rest of their lives, and neither will ever be able to get a place in service again, if so minded. Such is poaching; such is the cost at which the privileges of such persons as the Oldwiggs are maintained! May not a country, burdened to uphold their sacred sport, ask, Who and what are the Oldwiggs?

STUCCO FOR THE SOFTER SEX.

To what kind of beings is it possible to conceive the subjoined advertisement, from the *Morning Post*, addressed?—

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—MADAME RACHEL begs to inform her lady patronesses, the nobility, and aristocracy generally, that she has opened her ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION list for the supply of her Costly Arabian Preparations for the restoration and preservation of female loveliness, which have obtained for her the patronage of royalty—these being manufactured entirely by MADAME RACHEL, who has no agents, and cannot be obtained from any other source. Terms as usual, 20 guineas per annum, which includes every requisite for a most *recherché* toilet, and two attendances by MADAME RACHEL, viz., one drawing-room and one state ball."

To advertise cosmetics as being costly instead of cheap, if the advertisement were addressed to rational creatures, would be to adopt a style of puff about as judicious as the cry of unsavoury fish. Soft indeed must be that sex to which the costliness of any article could be a recommendation of it. The softness which can accept Arabian Preparations, manufactured entirely by MADAME RACHEL, as Arabian in any other sense than that in which they may possibly be associated with a Mosaic Arab, seems quite waxy. The female loveliness which these preparations may be supposed calculated to restore and preserve, appears indeed to be, as it were, that of the ladies in the hairdressers' windows, bright and brilliant with their glass eyes—radiant in red and white wax. Imagination pictures MADAME RACHEL's patronesses as having been fashioned out of that plastic material, and animated with a faint life by a disciple of FRANKENSTEIN. What real lady would be allured by such a phrase as "a most *recherché* toilet?"

In another advertisement MADAME RACHEL describes herself as

GREAT POACHING AFFRAY ON THE LIBERAL PRESERVES.

J—N R—SS—LL. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! GIVE UP THAT GUN!"

"the Enamellist." This notification is, like the foregoing, headed "Beautiful Women." Accordingly, we must suppose that beautiful women, of a sort, are the subjects of MADAME RACHEL'S enamelling processes; and what sort of women can that be, but an artificial one? Pretty women, indeed, they probably are. Fancy an enamelled object of affection! The nearest thing to it well imaginable is, perhaps, a whited sepulchre.

LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

SEVERAL lists of the next Ministry are, as usual, being handed about. COX of Finsbury has distributed three, in different handwritings, in one of which he is announced as Premier, in the second as Master of the Buck Hounds, and in the third as Archbishop of Canterbury, who, Cox appears to think, goes out with the Cabinet. But the following is the only correct list, which *Mr. Punch* is privileged to copy from a half sheet of green note paper with scarlet edges, scollopped, the pretty writing being that of PR—NC—S A——E, and the memoranda being made for her R—Y—L M——A:—

First Lord of the Treasury	MR. ROBSON.
Lord Chancellor	SIR H. COMPTON.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	ADMIRAL E. T. SMITH.
President of the Council	LORD WEBSTER.
Post Master General (*with the Postman's Knock*)	MR. W. FARREN.
Privy Seal (*with a Song*)	HON. P. BEDFORD.
Home Secretary	SIR WALTER LACY.
Foreign Secretary	MR. W. H. PAYNE.
Colonial Secretary (*when he comes back*)	MR. G. V. BROOKE.
War Secretary	LORD BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.
Indian Secretary (*with the Bengal Tiger*)	SIR ALFRED WIGAN.
First Lord of the Admiralty	SIR T. P. COOKE.
President of the Board of Trade	MR. TOOLE.
Chancellor of the Duchy	SIR LEIGH MURRAY.
Master of the Horse	MR. W. COOKE.
Chief Commissioner of Works	SIR CHARLES KEAN.
Attorney-General	SIR FRANK MATTHEWS.
Solicitor-General	SIR CHARLES MATHEWS.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (*as Barney the*)	BARON WILLIAMS.
Irish Chancellor	LORD H. WIDDICOMBE.
Irish Attorney-General	MR. CLARK.
Irish Solicitor-General	MR. G. HONEY.
Advocate for Scotland (*with title: Sir Pertinax*)	MR. PHELPS.
WITHOUT OFFICE (*but with a good Stick*)	MR. PUNCH.

THE POLITICAL POACHERS.

WHEN I was bound a Tory, it was to Buckinghamshire,
And I well served the farmers for ten or eleven long year,
Till we took up with poaching,—the truth you soon shall hear:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

As I and my companions a Jew Bill did prepare,
The Whigs called out, "That 's cribb'd from us;" but for them we did not care,
For we can shuffle or dodge, my boys—creep under anywhere:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Myself and my companions from place they thought to drive
When we brought out our India Bill,—but we kept the game alive;
Amendments we accept, my boys, and through the House we steer;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Now we are turned Reformers, they cry about the town,
"There go those great Conservatives, to Radicals come down,"—
To Radicals come down, my boys,—but poaching is all fair;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

So, here 's to Liberal principles, which views we now declare,—
Bad luck to every gentleman who reminds us of what we were;
Success to all us poachers, the spoils of place who share:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Austria in Three Letters.

IN reply to the VERDI cry, the walls of Vienna have been chalked with the letters "A. E. I. O. U.," which, translated by the wits of that Bœotian capital, are said to convey, "*Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo.*" The only bit of truthful likeness that we can trace to Austria in the above chalk drawing is in the I. O. U. That is an Austrian feature that is true to a letter, and one which would have been immediately recognised, even without the presence of the "chalk" to increase the point of the resemblance.

THE ATOMIC THEORY.—Little minds appreciate little minds the best.

ADDRESSES TO LORD COLCHESTER.

A LETTER appeared in the *Times* the other day, stating that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had issued a warrant, increasing the book-post to treble the former charges. As this new arrangement was to date from the First of April, perhaps it will come into operation after the Greek Calends. The Correspondent of the *Times* signed his communication "VOX POPULI." This attempt on the part of the president of the Post Office to try on a rise of the postal tariff, coming after the unsuccessful scheme of returning unprepaid letters, will—if followed, as it seems likely to be, by many similar efforts to make himself disagreeable—probably occasion him to hear more from VOX POPULI than he will like. The voice of the people will perhaps address the Noble Lord at the head of the St. Martin's-le-Grand establishment, as he walks or rides about, pursuing him with cries and questions of this sort:—"Hullo! I say, old Natives, what are you up to raising the postage? Stand out of the way of the Mail, old Double-barrel! Take your hand out of the letter-box, old Scollops! Don't put your foot in it, Shelly! COLCHESTER, hook it—you ain't fit for your post. Shut up, old Oysters!"

A SYMPTOM OF DISSOLUTION.

WE have an ill-natured suspicion that MR. BERNAL OSBORNE never gets up to speak, unless he has a strong personal object in view. He labours under the loss of his voice sometimes for months and months, and then recovers it all of a sudden, and just in time. The fear of losing his seat will suddenly endow him with the most facetious faculty of speech, though he may have been dumb as any Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds for an entire session previously. It is with this intimate knowledge, that we look upon the two or three little speeches he has been lately entertaining the House with as the most alarming symptom of an impending dissolution. You may be sure that OSBORNE would not have talked so much (the united length of all his recent speeches would amount, perhaps, to a full quarter of a column) unless he had a stirring presentiment that he was likely, before long, to be summoned before the electors of Dover. It is not to the House he is talking so much as to the Hustings. His constituents may be getting their bundles of chaff ready for his humorous reception. Shakespeare's Cliff will soon have an opportunity of cracking its sides with laughter.

The French Scale made More Harmonious.

THE diapason is to be lowered a quarter of a tone in France. This is all very well for music, but how about the diapason of politics? for we take the liberty of telling SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S *protégé*, LOUIS NAPOLEON, that the tone of that has been pitched a great deal too high lately. It must be lowered several diplomatic notes before it can be made agreeable to our ears.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.

A BROAD HINT.

Stumpy Artist (to Friend with a Government appointment and lots of time). *"Come and see my Picture; can't you come in the daytime early? And look 'ere: do you know a tall, handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellow, with a light beard and moustache, who would sit to me for my Hungarian Chief?"*

FLATTERING TESTIMONIAL.

WE understand that the English residents in Paris intend presenting LORD COWLEY with a little testimonial, in remembrance of his Lordship's recent Mission to Vienna, and the success which has attended his pacific labours. To typify his Lordship's usefulness at Court, it is proposed the little *souvenir* should assume a form rather of utility than ornament; and we believe it will consist of a set of dinner-napkins, which, in his Lordship's hospitalities, will be in constant use. We understand that the napkins will be tastefully embroidered by the hands of those (remarkably) select few of our fair countrywomen who have been honoured by his Lordship with a dinner invitation. Of the designs we are at present not at liberty to speak; but we are given to understand that napkin "No. 1" will be embroidered in the centre with a few neat lines of compliment, setting forth the dinner services LORD C. has done the State; and that on napkin "No. 2" will be depicted, in raised needlework, a portrait of his Lordship, taken from the life, as he appeared on his return from his late pacific mission. To give the likeness more effect, certain details will be added from MR. MILLAIS' picture, and underneath will be inscribed the explanatory words—

"Paris, March, 1859: 'Ye Returne of ye Dove'—without ye Olive Branch."

WHAT MAY BE DONE IN FIFTY YEARS.

AN American paper is eloquent upon the many inventions and discoveries for which the world is indebted to the first half of the nineteenth century. Amongst others, may be enumerated the following:—*Punch*, Steamers, railways, the electric telegraph, gas, photography, and chloroform.

The second half of the nineteenth century scarcely promises to be so rich. Its claims to originality do not, at present, extend much beyond—Crinoline, all-round collars, peg-top trousers, perambulators, penny ices, halfpenny steamboats, and penny papers. The list is not a lively one.

However, there is plenty of time between this and the commencement of the twentieth century. The next forty years may witness the birth of some tremendous genius, who may hit upon the means of setting the Thames on fire; or, for aught we know, abolishing the National Debt. All things are, we believe, possible to the genius of Man, even down to the completion of Trafalgar Square!

THE DONKEY'S MEDICAL GUIDE.

EVERY North Briton is on this side of the Tweed described as a "hard-headed Scotchman;" but the *North British Advertiser* appears to circulate among a population, many of whom, if their heads are not as soft as puddings, are remarkable for that peculiar hardness of head which is otherwise called density, and is accompanied with thickness. To hard-headed Scotchmen of this latter description, if not to soft-headed Scotchmen, must the following advertisement, extracted from our North British Contemporary, be addressed:—

DR. JAMES GREER'S, OF GLASGOW, ONE OF 300 SCIENTIFIC MIRACLES.—It's a positive fact! Philosophers, Doctors, Lawyers, and College Professors, can neither understand nor learn how those True Miracles are wrought, not on the Dead Body, but on their Dying Victims, by DR. GREER'S Pills. Behold the truth as it is declared by the Patients in Newspapers:—

A dying man, MR. WILLIAM SHAW, master millwright, 88, Gallowgate, swelled from head to foot, was drawn in a cab from 114, Main Street, Bridgeton, to DR. GREER'S Shop, ——. He took 122 Vegetable Pills, and walked four miles the next day to publish that he was perfectly cured of all the swellings.

What was the matter with MR. SHAW? will perhaps be the question of any bloated fool who, wishing to reduce his bulk, may propose to take DR. GREER'S pills for that purpose, and may not be quite such an idiot as to take them without at all thinking whether or not they are suitable for his complaint. MR. SHAW'S case was evidently general *emphysema*, or windy swelling, of that species in which the patient assumes the character of a human puff. That character, however, is by no means destroyed when a quack medicine has brought down all the bodily tumefaction which the sufferer ever laboured under. It appears to be constitutional and inveterate in the case of this fellow, SHAW; for the above advertisement proceeds to inform sumphs and simpletons that—

'MR. SHAW says DR. GREER'S numerous cured patients are sinners wilfully, while they don't tell their doctors how they are cured by his pills. MR. SHAW declares that forty of DR. GREER'S Pills cured him of Cholera, after he was given up for death ten years ago, where three corpses were taken from the stair. All that took his Pills recovered."

Blockheads and boobies are next advised where DR. GREER'S medicines are to be sold: knowledge to the dissemination of which *Mr. Punch* does not choose to be instrumental.

So much for DR. GREER'S pills, and hard-headed Scotchmen. But there are also Englishmen equally and likewise hard of head; and to their belief and acceptance the following statement is proposed in the *Morning Post*, in the form, not of advertisement, but that of paragraph:

"HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—A Perfect Panacea.—In these two preparations are found reliable remedies for all complaints caused by climate, irregularity, over exertion, or accident. Internal or external disorders are subjugated by these incomparable medicines without demanding any knowledge or faith on the patient's part. They act physically by removing impurities and establishing regularity of function; in fact—

'Before their healing presence life respires,
And sickness, with his rueful train, retires.'"

The foregoing assertions are noteworthy for containing one statement of which the truth is indisputable. There can be no doubt that nobody can know that HOLLOWAY'S incomparable medicines—that is to say, medicines that cannot be compared to any that are good for anything—ever cured himself or anybody else of any complaint whatever; so that all disorders, whether internal or external, which they ever subjugate, they subjugate entirely without demanding of the patient the knowledge that he has even anything the matter with him. There can be as little doubt that they demand no faith whatever in their efficacy on the part of those who attest their curative effects.

One other truth is very probably contained in the remainder of the above quoted medical paragraph in the *Post*:—

"No organ in the body can long resist the combined action of these remedies, which invariably harmonize every corporeal function, and on the brain reflect a happy state of mind, removing low spirits, lassitude, and hypochondriacism, for which they substitute cheerfulness and contentment, and render pure our physical and moral being."

It may be fearfully true that no organ in the body can resist the combined action of HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment. But in that case those remedies, so far from harmonising every corporeal function, or producing any sort of magical effect, would play the deuce with all the corporeal organs. There is no organ in the body that could resist the combined action of prussic acid and arsenic. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S "organ," the *Morning Post*, may consider that it is recommending his patent medicines by the statement that no organ of the body can resist their combined action, but one would think that this representation of their properties cannot be much relished by HOLLOWAY.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG-WIGS.

Vide Times, Law Report, March 14.

ING, O, *Punch*, the quick wrath, the soon-put-up "monkey" of KNIGHT BRUCE:
KNIGHT BRUCE the active of mind, the jumper to hasty conclusions:
KNIGHT BRUCE the feared of the Bar, the bully of junior counsel:
Sing the hot anger of BRUCE at the cool encounter of BETHELL;
BETHELL the feared of the Bench, the RAREY, the tamer of Horsehair,
Tamer of legal Big-Wigs, subduer of Lords and Vice-Chanc'llors:
Twister of Courts round his thumb with his silvery voice of persuasion.

Off in the Chancery Court on Saturday week came the combat,
I' the Fields of Lincoln his Inn was the field of battle appointed.
There came the fiery BRUCE, and BETHELL the many-briefed there came;
Attended was each by his clerk, as knight of old by his squire was.
Donned they their armour for fight, their wigs, and their bands, and their silk gowns:
And, for their weapons, their tongues were as sharp as new broadswords, and sharper.

But say, O, *Punch*, what was the cause whence arose such terrible warfare?
LYDDON *v.* Moss was the cause. *Punch* down to posterity hands it.
The case was one of Appeal: KNIGHT BRUCE a Judge of Appeal is;
SELWYN opened the case, the quick-witted Queen's Counsel SELWYN;
Little he dreamed what a row and a rumpus would rise from his opening,
Else he had surely refrained, and thrown up his brief, and home mizzled!
Scarce had he said twenty words, when him thus KNIGHT BRUCE interrupted:

"Seemeth to me, sitting here of Appeal as one of the Just'ces,
I' this Court well-frequented, world-known, much-solicitor'd and many-counsel'd,
Seemeth to me this Appeal of this Court will not occupy much time,
A deed of assignment is here, to secure certain sums to a lawyer:
Now, assuming this deed to have been of a perfectly hon'rable nature,
And assuming it to have been for the good of the lady, his client,
Still must I say I'm surprised that a wise and experienced lawyer
Should have so committed himself by this most imprudent transaction."

Here with his silvery tones interposed the many-briefed BETHELL,
Every word he let fall was like dropping of pearls into water:
"Your Ludship, permit me to say that your Ludship should hear the appeal first,
And then, if your Ludship thinks fit, your Ludship, surprise may give vent to."

Like as oil were the words of the smooth-tongued, silvery BETHELL:
Like as oil upon flame were those words on fiery KNIGHT BRUCE.
Uprose his "monkey" at once, being one which is soon elevated,
And thus in a crackle of words KNIGHT BRUCE, the all-fiery, flared up:

"Dar'st interrupt the Court, and dictate a Lord Justice's duty?
Knowest thou not manners, rash man, and know'st not to whom thou art speaking?
Teach *me* my duty, gadzooks!—go, teach thy grandam to suck eggs!
Again I say, that the deed was almost imprudent transaction,
Assuming it to have been of the purest, most hon'rable nature,
And assuming it to have been for the lady's benefit: which two
Expressions I used before, and fearlessly now I again use."

So speaking, he glared round the Court as one who was cock-of-the-walk there:
Over his eye-glass he glared, till the counsel all quaked at his glaring,
And the Juniors trembled to think how BETHELL was silenced and shut up.
But SIR RICHARD the Bold feared neither the crowing nor glaring:
Cock-of-the-walk too is he (at least by himself so is reckoned),
Game-bird is he to the bone, and the spurs of knighthood are on him:
Calmly he rose from his seat, and thus sadly gave vent to his feelings:

"Your Ludship, it grieves me to own, I am pained at your Ludship's expressions.
That your Ludship, ere hearing the case, should cast on my client reflections,
'Tis most unjudge-like, unjust! I regret I can't otherwise speak of't."

E'en as a bull, when attacked by a foe whom he deems beneath notice,
Stares for a while open-eyed, in surprise at his pigmy assailant,
But on a second attack, perceiving that mischief is meant him,
Terribly shaking his head, he rushes to crush the intruder:
So the bully KNIGHT BRUCE eyed BETHELL a moment in wonder,
Startled—so strange was the thought that a Bar'ster should dare to confront him;
Then shook he fiercely his head till his wig-tails rattled upon it,
And thus in a terrible tone he came down on BETHELL the glib-tongued:

"Dar'st thou again, rash man, presume to find fault with thy betters?
Dar'st thou censure the Court, and assert that its Justice is unjust,
Seeing that he has pronounced what to *you* seems a premature judgment?
Know that this Court will ne'er stoop to learn any lesson from Counsel:
Know that this Court will pronounce whatever judgment It pleases,
Say whatever It likes, and whenever It chooses to say it!"

Here was a moment's pause, and the well-wigged Juniors wondered.
(Juniors who by KNIGHT BRUCE the bully had often been well wigged)
Whether BETHELL the Bold again would come to the combat,
Whether cocky KNIGHT BRUCE again would in victory crow out.
'Twas but an instant they waited, and then, to their joy and amazement,
Clear as a bell thro' the Court rang the tones of the silver-tongued BETHELL:

"Your Ludship, again I repeat, that your Ludship has judged prematurely,
And what your Ludship has said neither justice nor precedent sanctions."
The BRUCE smiled a terrible smile: "You are perfectly welcome to think so:
I've no doubt I shall say it again many times ere the case is concluded."
Sorely this taunting retort stung the courteous, calm-tempered BETHELL,
Quickly he rose from his seat, and the heat of his dander rose with him:

"If your Ludship says that, I repeat, it surprises me greatly to hear it."
Replied BRUCE: "I shall say it again whenever it suits me to say it,
Without the slightest regard to you, or your pain, or opinion."
Returned BETHELL: "Again I repeat, I deprecate jumps to conclusions;"
Replied BRUCE: "And again *I* repeat, I don't care a snap for your censure.
What I say I shall soon say again: and what I have said I shall stick to!"

Fiercely the battle thus raged, but *Punch* has no space to tell more of't.
Fiercely the combatants fought, cut and thrust, in broadswordy fashion:
Fiercely the combatants fought, while the Juniors stood by and trembled:
Furious, fiercely they fought, for neither the last word would give in.
Still on the conflicts of men the gods, as of yore, sit in judgment,
Both the Big-Wigs next morn were called to the bar by the Thund'rer:
BETHELL was κυδος-ed for pluck, and KNIGHT BRUCE called over the coals was,
For wasting the time of the Court, which to suitors so preciously dear is.
Some good may come of the fight, if the "monkey" of KNIGHT BRUCE is put down:
Some good *has* come of the fight, for *Punch*, the new HOMER, has sung it!

AFFECTATION.—The Natural made unnatural. The Caricature of Nature.

THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART OF A DAY'S HUNTING.

A SHOWER OF REFORM BILLS.

MR. H. BERKELEY, M.P., said, at Bristol:—

"Talk of not wanting Reform! Why, there was hardly a member in the House among those 600 gentlemen who had not a Reform Bill in his pocket."

We trust that they will remain there. A shower of 600 Reform Bills would be a legislative avalanche such as the stoutest Reformer could not fail to be alarmed at. The House might be effectually buried underneath the heap, which would certainly be one way of reforming it, in the same way that a patient is frequently cured by being killed. Such a Radical cure as that of our national complaints would be more than the most reckless Radical would like to bargain for. If these 600 Reform Bills are really in existence, it is certainly the strongest plea we have yet heard for an immediate dissolution. Parliament is not safe, the nation is not safe, no one is safe, so long as this vast amount of combustible material is allowed to be deposited under one roof. Were any one of them to go off, there is no calculating the amount of mischief it might inflict; and were they all to explode, England might be shaken to her deepest foundations. An American senator carries about his person a revolver;—an English legislator, it seems, is armed with a Reform Bill. We do not know which would be the more comfortable position,—to sit between two loaded revolvers, or to have a Reform Bill, charged to the muzzle with explosive principles, on each side of you? MR. GUIDO FAWKES' stock of gunpowder inside the walls of Parliament is harmless as an arsenal of brandy-balls, compared to this huge accumulation of Reform Bills!

A Double Merit.

THERE are some men who are equally idle in doing themselves any good, as in doing any good to others.

A SAFE CONCLUSION.—When two women quarrel, you may be sure that one of them is in error, at least.

LILLIPUTIAN PILLS.

AN intelligent correspondent entreats *Punch* to study Homœopathy. *Mr. Punch*, in return, implores his intelligent correspondent to study Anatomy, Physiology, and the nature of diseases. He will then see that the rule of healing disease by assisting nature, and removing impediments out of nature's way, is not theory, but ascertained science.

If brevity is the soul of wit, it is also the essence of argument—especially the argument of *Punch*, whose enlightened readers know almost everything, and are bored by discussions which teach them nothing.

No doubt a lady at the top of a house can smell a cigar smoked in the hall. More than that, a hound can smell the foot-print of a distant fox. But there is no proof that what immediately affects the sense of smell is ponderable matter at all. If it is, it requires nerves of special sense to perceive it, and thus proves the aphorism which *Mr. Punch* proposes to accompany "Like cures Like;" namely, "Infinitesimal Quantities produce Infinitesimal Effects."

Of course no quantity is in strict language infinitesimal; but the word is current. Say Peninfinitesimal, if you like, instead.

It is also very doubtful if the force or influence of contagion is ponderable substance. Suppose it to be so, what infinitesimal globule will produce an effect on the human body so remarkable as scarlet fever?

The circumstances affecting statistics must be stated to make them worth a thought. If a given number of inflammations had to be treated on the old plan of bleeding and drenching, and an equal number homœopathically, *Punch* has little doubt that the disadvantage, in point of recovery, would be greatly on the side of the former, and that this class would show a much superior mortality per cent. A certain number of such diseases will get well if let alone; will not get well if improperly interfered with. *Mr. Punch* believes that homœopathic cures correspond precisely to this number; their treatment, regimen apart, consisting in the administration of next to no medicine at all.

Will homœopathy set to a leg? Will it cure a broken arm? These questions may be absurd, but it is as hard to conceive infinitesimal doses doing these things, as it is to conceive them producing any material effect on the human frame.

Will homœopathic globules make a dry skin perspire; cause a torpid liver to pour out bile, or any inactive gland whatever to secrete; or compel to work any *lazy* scavenger organs, whose office it is to cast rubbish out of the system? If not, they will not effect the conditions on which the cure of diseases depends, and without which all who know anything of the matter know that it is impossible.

"The Happy Dispatch."

WE recommend this form of Japanese execution to MR. DISRAELI, to be tried on his Reform Bill. If he does not act as the executioner in cutting it up, he may be sure the Opposition will. The sooner it is made a "Happy Dispatch" of, the better for the honour of all persons concerned in it.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KNOW ALL MEN!

Firstly, That *Mr. Punch does not want to be bothered with your communications.*

Secondly, That he will NOT answer your letters.

Thirdly, That he will NEVER RETURN ANYTHING you send him, with stamps or without.

Fourthly, That he keeps a large FIRE before him in winter.

Fifthly, That he keeps a large WASTE-PAPER basket beside him in summer.

Sixthly, That into one or the other infallibly go *ninety-nine letters out of every hundred*, in which people pester him with hints, sketches, drawings, inquiries, bets, and other impertinencies.

Seventhly, That if he makes any use of the hundredth, the happy and fortunate correspondent will know all about it in proper time.

THIS NOTICE IS FINAL.

85, *Fleet Street.* PUNCH.

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A HAPPY NOTION.

Delightful Boy. "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND PLAY MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOOZLE'S DOOR!"

THE CITY BARGE FOR SALE.

Song by an Old Deputy.

OH, what a shame, oh what a pity!
My eyes, salt seas of tears discharge!
Alas, the City Lands Committee,
Has got to sell the City Barge.
The Lord Mayor's Barge of State is given
Into that trusty body's hands,
My stomach aches, my heart is riven,
Committee of the City Lands!

Oh, when ye sell that noble vessel
The pangs within that you will feel!
How duty and regret will wrestle
When Memory makes her fond appeal!
The feasts that long ago were eaten
On board she then will conjure up,
And to the lips she cannot sweeten,
Present an empty Loving Cup.

You 'll feel a grief beyond the throes of
Gout, colic, indigestion, bile,
"To sell or otherwise dispose of"
That gorgeous old aquatic pile.
Dispose of it—you need not sell it—
Maintain it for a show, at least;
Still let it float where all may smell it,
Perfumed with many a vanished feast.

The silent turtle—for the cooing
Another taste than mine may care—
The fat of green that needs no chewing,
Ha, ha! how oft I 've gobbled there!
Oh, keep the dear old Barge in honour
Till I am gone!—and I am old—
I would not see you chalk upon her
The base inscription "TO BE SOLD!"

WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair; for one that we find real there are nine that are false!—*Truefitt.*

HERE WE ARE AT ROME!

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome, quoted in the *Times*, his Holiness the POPE inaugurated Lent with a performance which in this country would be deemed more suitable to Christmas:—

"The POPE proceeded on Ash Wednesday to the Sistine Chapel to give his benediction, in the usual manner, to the ashes which he received from the hands of the Cardinal acting as first Penitentiary. His Holiness afterwards distributed a portion to all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, to several Members of the diplomatic corps, the General in command of the French troops, and a number of personages of distinction, and among the rest, QUEEN CHRISTINA."

Notwithstanding the name by which the first day of Lent is commonly called among ourselves, the scene above described will be better imaginable by the British Public as occurring on the night of the day after Christmas Day, commonly called Boxing Night. At Rome it appears that Lent brings round the Pantomime, pontifically sustained. His Holiness on this occasion seems to have played Clown, whilst the part of Pantaloon was taken by the CARDINAL, who, in the capacity of the first Penitentiary, handed him the ashes, which he proceeded to distribute among the spectators; perhaps, characteristically, both as Zany and as Pope, flinging dust in their eyes. The Columbine of the performance may be presumed to have been the celebrated CHRISTINA, Queen-Dowager of Spain. Perhaps Monsieur the General of the French troops did himself the honour to enact Harlequin.

The papal Pantomime appears to have been splendidly got up, and put on the stage with great magnificence; for we read in continuation that—

"It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by the gay appearance of the uniforms and embroidered costumes of a considerable portion of the congregation and the day of mortification and humility which the fête was intended to designate."

That portion of the congregation which appeared in embroidered costume evinced their humility, and submitted to mortification, not only by accepting the pontifical *Merryman's* present of ashes, but also possibly, by allowing themselves to be knocked down, and in pelting one another with the contents of a vegetable-barrow. Humility, from the sequel to the above description, appears to have been exhibited, by the parties mentioned in it, in another act, of a decidedly pantomimic character, inasmuch as—

"After the ceremony, the POPE, on leaving the chapel, went into the throne-room, where the ARCHDUKE REGNIER OF AUSTRIA, the ARCHDUCHESS MARIA his wife, and the ARCHDUKE WILHELM were awaiting his arrival. As soon as the Princes saw PIUS THE NINTH they threw themselves at his feet with profound respect."

Did they expect that the POPE would tumble over them? Any one who has seen the smile with which the Clown of the British stage regards the attempt of any common rogue to pick his pocket, may perhaps fancy the look given by his Roman representative to those prostrate simpletons.

The hat of the Cardinal who served the POPE with ashes, did admirably for the business in which he was employed, so that it was unnecessary for him to borrow, or steal that of a dustman. The ashes we presume were make-believe, like Popish wonders, and like Popish measures for enforcing the faith. Otherwise, for aught we know, they were the ashes of all the cigars which PIUS and the Conclave of Cardinals had smoked for a long time previously over their beer.

Ashes are odd things to bestow a benediction on; it is more natural, though it may be just as absurd, to do the reverse; as when, for instance, you find cinders accompanying your chop.

We are not told, but we may imagine, that the pontifical Pantomime of Ash Wednesday concluded with a display of fireworks pinned to the POPE's tail. It is greatly to be feared that all this sort of thing will convert the PRINCE OF WALES.

THE SPREAD OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

PATERFAMILIAS, who reads his *Times* daily, knows that the column of marriages continues to be remarkable for its brevity. The decline of matrimony reported by the Registrar-General, was not merely a temporary thing, then, but is still proceeding. No other theory has been advanced to account for it but that already proposed by *Mr. Punch*, which the parties concerned, namely, PATERFAMILIAS, himself, and MATERFAMILIAS, if their family comprises daughters; and perhaps also the daughters themselves; may as well take into their serious consideration—for facts are confirming it.

Beauty, overclothed, ceases to exert influence, and a growing indifference on the part of mankind towards the fair sex has resulted from the fashion which has obscured ladies in their dresses, and Balmoralised female society.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE POET PUNCH, *feeling that nothing but heroic verse can do justice to the deeds of the Reform Battle Days, proceeds to describe the history of the conflict in the most noble strains of which the subject will allow. He beginneth with Monday, the 21st March, and continueth until Friday, the 25th thereof.*

Now Westminster's great clock, high raised in air,
Had stricken four, had any clock been there;
But DENISON and BARRY, dawdlers twin,
Deny the town Big Ben's harmonious din.
The other DENISON, the Speaker, sat
Enchaired, and guarding his three-cornered hat.
Petitions on petitions strewed the floor,
One Member brings a dozen, one a score,
And one a hundred, which he painful drags
To fill the ever-yawning carpet-bags.

The time is past, petitioning is done,
The hour of pointed questioning begun.
But brief to-day the catechismal rite,
Quick query, answer prompt, although polite.
Bills, dealing with twelve millions, vowed to Mars
For shooting weapons, pass like shooting stars,
And RUSSELL'S nervous cough, and DIZZY'S nose
Blown slightly, tell those chiefs have met to close.

Rises lithe BENJAMIN, with air sublime,
And moves the Bill be read a second time.
A single moment o'er the floor he flits;
His say is said, he takes his hat, and sits.

Then rises RUSSELL, eager for the raid,
And moves amendment to the motion made.
"Not mine," he cries, "the duty to condemn
This measure solely that it comes from *them;*
For though I deem it showed a want of grace
In that minority to grasp at place,
And though I hold that it might not be wise
In such as they to raise reforming cries,
Still, give your word to sovereign or to sweep,
And that engagement you are bound to keep.
The Ministry were pledged to give a Bill,
'Twas fair to draw it with their utmost skill.

"Grave is the question, statesmen, therefore grave
Is the attention I would humbly crave.
Look well before you leap, for if you swerve,
No afterthought your bacon can conserve.

"I feel much fortified when I reflect
That even his friends to DERBY'S Bill object.
The thoughtful HENLEY quits the council board,
The generous WALPOLE must renounce his Lord.

"This Bill to change the Constitution goes,
To ancient rights its authors prove them foes.
They seek to do our great Reform away,
And in the boroughs give the Tories sway.
Therefore do I denounce it, and beside,
I think a wider franchise should be tried.
The day has come, nay, I might say the hour,
When we should give the working classes power.
The Bill I view with something like disgust,
Hold it as noxious, dangerous, and unjust,
Though here and there it takes a liberal jump,
Too little leaven for so large a lump.
'Tis said they will dissolve upon this Bill;
Well, let them face the country, if they will:
I'm not afraid, but should things go awry,
On DERBY heads the consequences lie.

"As for the charges made against myself
That I'm ambitious, factious, or want pelf,
I'm half ashamed the rubbish to repeat.
Such bosh be blowed." He scowled, and took his seat.

Next to the table see young STANLEY draws,
The Tories' hope: each Tory storms applause.
In a well-written speech he met the foe,
And urged 'twere dangerous to reform too low.
Our choice must lie, so argued DERBY'S son,
Between a moderate Bill like this, or none.

From yonder gallery comes a voice of wail,
And woman's cheek is red, an usher's pale.
A child—what doth such infant there on high?—
Emits a shrill and discontented cry.
Loud laughs the House: the SPEAKER, in a rage,
Sends frantic orders by a flying page,
He'll clear the Ladies' gallery. Gods! how dare
The women bring their brats to bellow there?
Some said that RUSSELL'S bride had come to teach
Her boy to recollect his father's speech.
'Twas no ungraceful thought; but, far away,
The child suspected urged its harmless play.
Another mother chides her pet—alas,
Why bring that pet, O Lady of Plate-Glass!
Forgive her, SPEAKER, thou hast eyes to see.
When did plate-glass reflect a sweeter plea?

Then, in swell garb, and most elaborate shirt,
Rose a gay youth, well known as BUNNEY STURT.
Nor smarter was his garb than his address:
He liked not much the Bill, but RUSSELL less.
Voted with DIZZY, thought with DIZZY'S foes:
Did DIZZY smile upon him when they rose?

BURY, the Bill would bury out of sight;
KER SEYMER set himself to wallop BRIGHT;
Hebraic SALOMONS the Bill decries
As inJewdicious. LIDDELL thinks it wise.
Then WOOD his bark contributes—'tis but small;
To this he would prefer no Bill at all.
Dashed the wild HORSMAN at his liberal friends,
And charged them all with party aims and ends:
He tore their battle, smashed them left and right,
And made the speech of chiefest mark to-night.
'Tis meet to tell that MILLS made fight for BEN,
That KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN did not, and then
Sad NEWDEGATE assailed with piteous cry
A Bill to please the fierce democracy;
And LORD R. CECIL urged, in language terse,
'Twere better take this Bill than wait a worse.

The dull debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Hail, Mews, or rather hail the Hansom cab
That leaves the mews, and we're in luck to nab.
Again the House has met—debate begun,
WILSON is up, old COCKER'S favourite son.
Arabian numerals at his bidding range
Against the new Mosaic-Arab change.
Convinced, not charmed, each listener marks with joy
The peroration of that Counting Boy.
For lo! upstands the Crichton of the Age,
Romancer, statesman, orator, and sage,
Playwright, translator, essayist, divine,
Historian, poet vowed to love and wine—
Of all man's brain may do 'twixt sun and sun,
What hath not EDWARD BULWER LYTTON done?
With vigorous utterance and with finished phrase
He charges home, and blow on blow he lays.
No paltry subterfuge employs his pains—
"I'll give the franchise where you'll show the brains.
To education be the suffrage free,
Impatient ignorance gets nought from me.
Beware—nor trust it—or the State may fall."
A storm of plaudits shakes the lofty hall.

BYNG, hope of Whigs, of course talks Whiggish talk,
PHILIPPS desires the RUSSELL scheme to baulk:
FORSTER, of Walsall, joins LORD JOHN'S array,
STANHOPE, North Lincoln, won't vote either way:
DODSON, East Sussex, thinks the Bill a myth,
VANSITTART, Windsor, sees its stuff and pith:
CROSSLEY'S for what he calls the working class,
KNIGHTLEY the Bill, amended, says should pass;
And gentle SIDNEY HERBERT seeks to smother,
This Bill, and let LORD DERBY make another.

A rougher champion, Russell, comes in view—
Now hold thine own, here stands the bold Sir Hugh.
Small reverence, John, that brave Hibernian owns
For Holland Houses and old Whig dry bones.
That awful dynasty, those gloomy nods,
And the small utterance of your frigid gods
He laughs to scorn, and tells you, to your face,
Your motion 's but a trick to grab at place.
That England don't like "dodges," that just now
When all the world is waiting for a row,
Statesmen should be forbearing, candid, true,
Not hatching small devices, John, like you:
And all your flummery won't disguise your aim:
To get Lord Derby's seat 's your Little Game.
How like you that from one of Erin's bairns,
(Scotch-Irish by his name) Mac Calmont Cairns?

The smart debate 's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

The day of Woden passes; that of Thor
Beholds resumed the fight so hungered for.
The fluent Milner Gibson takes the plain,
And shouts to have the Bill untimely slain.
The graver Adderley the House invites
To stand by property's acknowledged rights.
Headlam condemns—the Tory Bentinck sees
Much in the Bill with which he disagrees;
But, adds our Georgey, sooner than consort
With Bright's confederate, Russell, he 'll support.
Young William Denison, Lord Londesborough's heir,
Opposes in a speech that 's brief and fair;
Locke King, 's enraged that Ministers adopt
His Franchise Bill, but mangled, spoiled, and chopped;
While Heneage Dutton, as a Boodle should,
Supports the Bill because it is not good.
Fat Fox asserts the popular demand,
Hope thinks the Bill, as practical, should stand.
And Bernal Osborne, breaking silence, pokes
At various parties various well-meant jokes,
Condemns the measure in his off-hand way,
And blows up Cairns for blowing-up Lord J.

Then Walpole rises, and with anxious pains,
Why his portfolio he resigned, explains.
Raises objections to the Derby scheme,
The rights of property his strongest theme.
He hopes the Government will not be floored.
But adds that it were much to be deplored,
Were they so badly bold, so void of νοῦς,
At such a crisis to dissolve the House.

Then on the yawning Commons' wearying sight,
Refreshing, looms the stalwart form of Bright,
Coughs cease, mouths close, and men sit up to hear
The bold invective, and the telling jeer.
They look for show of gladiatorial force,
For direst slaughter, dealt without remorse,
For that best blow which gives the deepest pain,
For these the Commons look—and look in vain.
Non qualis erat. Calmly he declares
The Bill a mockery of his clients' prayers,
Derides the fears of those who fear the Crowd,
Asserts its rights, in language bold and proud,
Foretells its certain victory o'er the few,
Demands Reform that shall be large and true,
And promises our guerdon shall be seen—
In what? Mob rule? No. Strength to State and Queen.
Nor taunt nor threat escaped him while he spoke,
Nor from *his* eye the gladiator broke.

The long debate 's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Thrice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And the fourth day beholds them grappling yet.
Northcote, for Government, in piteous strains,
Of cruel treatment by its foes complains,
And pleads its willingness to alter much
That 's inexpedient, or is fancied such.
At this sneers Cardwell: Angel Drummond states
The Bill contains what he intensely hates,
But votes a second reading. Mr. Dent
To such a course refuses his assent.
Semi-defends the measure Mr. Packe;
Lord Harry Vane comes down upon it, whack;
While Stuart Wortley, like a lawyer, tries
To lead opinion to a compromise,—
Suggests the House agree to keep the measure,
Reserving right to botch it at their pleasure.

Then, deeming that 'tis time the train to shunt,
Stands the tall Viscount in the battle's front.
The House is hushed to calm, and crushed to jam,
As fixed it listens to the wily Pam.
Good-natured insolence, but lightly veiled,
Marks each gay period with "sensation" hailed.
He votes with Russell, nay, his Noble Friend
Had shown him his Amendment, freshly penned,
And he had told his Noble Friend the same
Was the most perfect thing that he could frame.
The Bill was very bad, without a doubt,
But that 's no reason Derby should go out:
He must not tear his Bill, nor yet resign,
Nor must a Dissolution be his line.
(In fact, he can't dissolve—the House must choose
On that: he 'll want Supplies, which they 'll refuse.)
Lord Derby to the Commons must submit,
And pass the measure they may vote is fit;
And, for the aid he has been pleased to lend,
Lord Derby ought to thank his Noble Friend.

Pleased that his speech had every Party riled,
The virtuous Palmerston sat down and smiled.

Then fiery Whiteside to the battle rushed,
And red-hot eloquence like lava gushed.
Who was Lord Palmerston, to give advice?
A blundering player, though he loads his dice.
And who were Lord John Russell and his tools?
The Bill was splendid, and they all were fools!
He scorn'd the counsel meant the scheme to kill:
The Queen's Advisers would uphold their Bill.

The strange debate 's adjourned, the Senate drives
Home to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Nought else of Parliamentary marks the week,
Nought else of which the poet *Punch* will speak:
Save that the Lords, who say they 're Ladies' Men,
Smashed the Wife's Sister Bill; by (only) 10.

DIFFICULTY OF RECOGNISING ONE'S FRIENDS—INCONVENIENCE OF THE NEW PIPES.

DID YOU EVER?

There can be no doubt that Jenkins still occasionally looks in at the office of the *Morning Post*, and polishes a pair of boots or does a paragraph. His hand is evident in the subjoined extract from a critical notice, in that journal, of a print representing some ladies, and named *The Bouquet of Beauty*:—

"Few modern artists know better than Mr. Charles Baxter how to paint 'the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul,' to imitate the fascinating undulations of the female form, or give voluptuous glow and solid softness to youthful flesh and blood."

La! Mr. Jenkins, what a man you are!—says Betsy.

SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

Student. "OH, MARY! HAVE YOU TAKEN UP THE LAMP AND THE CIGARS?"
Mary. "YES, SIR."
Student. "—AND THE WHISKEY, AND THE SUGAR, AND THE LEMON, AND BOILING WATER?"
Mary. "YES, SIR!"
Student. "THEN COME, JACK! SUPPOSE WE GO INTO THE STUDY!"

WORKING-MAN WORSHIP.

(*Popular M.P., loquitur.*)

We may differ in some things—may differ in all,
We are some for the Factory—some for the Hall;
We may look up to Cotton, or on it look down,—
A President wish for, or rev'rence the Crown:
But (so long as to office assist us he can)
We all love and respect, Sir, the true Working-man—
Yes! all other titles we place under ban,
For the highest of lordships—my Lord Working-man.

Some may say that respect would by truth be best shown,
That those wish you best who your faults would make known;
That to fawn and to flatter is not so like friends,
As like those who would use you to help their own ends.
Such assertions as these class-distrusts can but fan,
Which should ne'er stand between us and you, Working-man!
Yes,—Whig, Tory, Radical—none of us can
Find a blemish in you, my revered Working-man!

You may ask, why our worship's invariably paid
At the moment our Party's in need of your aid?—
Why we leave you, unpuff'd, to your pipe and your pot,
Till, by puffing you, something, it seems, can be got?
Such questions as these let him answer that can;
We should wish to avoid them, my dear Working-man.
But we surely must be your best friends, who began,
To stand forth as your shoe-blacks and slaves, Working-man?

A DIGESTIVE DINNER-PROVERB.—England sends us meat, and France cooks.

A NEW VICAR OF BRAY.

IN order to secure its being read by Royal eyes, *Punch* begs to quote the following from the pen of the *Examiner*:—

"CLERICAL AFFRONT TO HER MAJESTY.—It is stated that a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England has composed and offers up a prayer for the PRINCE OF WALES'S preservation from Popery, while on his visit to Rome. Can such an insult to the QUEEN be permitted by the Bishop of the diocese, and is it allowable for clergymen to invent and introduce prayers embodying their own peculiar ideas?"

Mr. Punch would fain condone the act of this weak clergyman, as being in the nature of a clerical error. But although he may consider it as almost beneath notice, still as *Mr. Punch* is weekly honoured with an audience by his Sovereign, it is his duty to bring facts concerning Her beneath Her notice.

It is certainly an "insult" to HER MAJESTY to fancy that her Son has not received sufficient education to teach him to preserve himself from being made a Papist; and it is certainly surprising that the Bishop of the diocese should have suffered such an outrage to have passed without his censure. Nevertheless, severity is not the cure for folly. Were *Bishop Punch* the Bishop of the diocese referred to, *Bishop Punch* would have suggested to the clergyman in question, that when he felt the spirit move him to "compose and offer up" such prayers as that alluded to, it would be well to seek some place that might assist his inspiration; and *Bishop Punch* would have reminded the long-eared reverend gentleman, that a fit place would be found him in the Vicarage of Bray.

Political Antiseptic.

ONE element which is much to be desired, but is not to be found, in any of the proposed measures of Reform, is something like FALCONI'S powder that will prevent corruption.

THE CLUMSY GROOM.

PAM. "HA! THAT COMES O' TRUSTING A VALUABLE 'OSS TO A CHAP LIKE THAT! *WHY, LAW! HE AIN'T NO SEAT, NOR NO HAND,* NOR NOTHINK! *POOR FELLOW! I HOPE HE WON'T LOSE HIS PLACE—DON'T YOU, JACK?*

OUR ADMIRALTY TINKERS.

The Lord C. Paget, in a speech upon the Ship-building department of the Navy, is reported to have said:—

"He did not think the House had the smallest notion of what had been going on in our Dockyards in the way of tinkering vessels: amputating them, and performing all sorts of surgical operations upon them. Their heads and tails were cut off, they were sawn asunder, they were maltreated in every possible way. Take the case of a three-decker, the *Howe*, 121 guns. She was laid down only last year, or the winter before, but the Dockyard people were now pulling her down to put a new bow upon her. Another case was that of the *Immortalité*, a 51-gun frigate, now being built at Pembroke. That unfortunate ship had undergone a deal of trouble. She was first of all lengthened amidships. Last year orders went down from the Admiralty to lengthen her five feet by the bow. It was represented that to lengthen a frigate five feet by the bow would have no effect whatever; but the authorities were inexorable, their orders were reiterated, and the poor ship was lengthened five feet by the bow. The result was, as might be naturally supposed, that either the First Lord himself, with his fine nautical eye, or some other member of the Admiralty Board, saw upon visiting her that she was not fit to go to sea, and ordered her to be pulled down again and lengthened fifteen feet. So the *Lyra*, the *Racer*, and other noble vessels, began life at 450 tons, but they gradually grew in size until they arrived at 750 tons, when they were launched. Such instances of official blundering would be amusing, if they were not so costly. But the fact was, that scarcely a ship went to sea without costing far more than the sum fixed by the estimates as the cost of her construction."

Head and tail cut off!—Sawn asunder in amidships!—inside taken out in order to be lengthened!—of a truth a ship may well be called the *Immortalité*, if she can survive such cruel surgery as this. No wonder we hear stories of the weakness of our Navy, when our poor ships are undergoing such frequent amputations. A man-of-war must have the constitution of a sea-horse, in order to bear up when being "pulled down" so continually.

The House should clearly interfere for the prevention of such cruelties: indeed the House, we think, should pass a Vote of Censure on itself, for not having a long while since taken steps to put a stop to them. The House may try to shield itself by saying that what Lord Paget "thought" of it was true; and that, until he spoke, it "had not the slightest notion" of what went on in our Dockyards. But this is clearly no excuse. If the House had read its *Punch*, it would not have been so ignorant. Over and over again has *Punch* directed public notice to the way in which our Admiralty tinkers go to work, and how the ships they try to tinker go, naturally, to pot. Over and over again has *Mr. Punch's* cudgel been laid across the shoulders of the Admiralty Board, and brought an empty echo from the wooden heads whereof that Board is aptly constituted. If the House would read its *Punch*, no one would ever "think" it ignorant of anything whatever which it ought to know; and "what goes on in our Dockyards" is one of the things clearly which it ought to know. The House is for the Commons, and it ought to have a knowledge of the commonest of things. Ships cut down, and then cut up, are common things enough; and being such, it was the duty of the House to have made itself acquainted with them. Having knowledge of such things, it was clearly then the duty of the House to put its veto on them. Correctly viewed, the House is the overseer of the Government; and it is the duty of the House to see that Government does its duty. Tinkering ships to pieces, and making new ships into old ones, is very obviously, we think, *not* the duty of the Government. Such blunders might be laughed at, but we can't afford to laugh at them. As critics we might certainly contrive to be "amused" by them; but as tax-payers, the laugh is on the wrong side of our mouths.

We request, then, in all seriousness, that the House will keep its eye upon our Admiralty tinkers. As tinkers proper have a knack of damaging new kettles, and knocking holes in them merely for the sake of mending them, so our Admiralty tinkers pull new ships to pieces, merely for the sake, it seems, of putting them together again. Now this may be fun to them, but it is death to us who have to pay the cost of it; and we therefore ask the House to keep its eye upon our tinkers, and, when it sees them go to work on a new ship, to interfere at once and "stop dat knocking" of its bottom out. This we feel assured might very easily be done. When the Naval Estimates are brought before the House, we would have the House refuse to pass a vote for the supplies until the Government passed its word that they should not be wasted. There is very little doubt that by a stoppage of the tin, the House might pretty soon put a stopper on the tinkering.

THE WILD HORSMAN.

There's a legend of the woodlands—you may travel where you will—
You 'll hear it on Norse *fjeld* and *fiord*, on pine-crown'd Tyrol hill;
By the charcoal-burner's fire, in the Schwartzwald's firry glades;
In Palermo's scented gardens, under vine and orange shades.

By many names the legend goes, but still its theme 's the same—
Of a wicked Lord, who in his life too well had loved the game:
And so upheld the forest-laws, so bloody and so grim,
That his ghost still rides the night as though the fiends were hunting *him*.

And when the wild hunt passes through the dark and troubled air,
With bay of hound and hunting-cry, and hunting-horn's shrill blare,
Then wicked Lords grow pale, and think of prosecuted poachers,
And crops and fields whereon their game and hounds have been encroachers.

But little did men think, within St. Stephen's blessèd pale,
To see the apparition of this wild and wondrous tale;
Amid the Bude-lights burning—and members looking—blue,
To witness the Wild Horsman, sweep the House of Commons through.

He rode a horse of blood and bone, of whip nor spur was slack,
And fiercely bayed behind him the hungry Whigling pack:
He crash'd athwart Whig fences; adown Whig facts he rode,
As one that, in his hunting-days, front of the field had showed.

He had been a great Whig hunter; too well had loved the game;
And all might note the quaking of the Lords that did the same;
As the Wild Horsman from the clouds of night so fiercely bore,
Striking terror to their marrows, that rode with him of yore.

Then may the Saints assoil him and assuage this Horsman's fate;
And may his ancient friends in sin repent ere 'tis too late;
And remember while they're running down their game with fierce halloo,
That the hunter may be hunted, ay—and made game of, too!

"FAGGOT VOTES."

Paterfamilias was reading out the *Times*, the other morning, for the (supposed) delectation of his wife and daughters, when he found an opportunity to show them his great learning, and at the same time to let off a small joke, by coming across the following (to them) highly interesting statement:—

"If a forty-shilling freehold in a Borough is to confer a vote for it as well as a ten-pound occupancy, the Government Reform Bill will create a great facility for making faggot votes."

"Faggot votes!" exclaimed his daughters, to show they were attending; "Pray, Papa, enlighten us. What *are* Faggot votes?"

"Well, my dears," returned the Pater, taking off his spectacles, and looking as wise as the Owl of Minerva in an ivy-bush,—"unaccustomed, as you are, to Parliamentary expressions, if I gave you any lengthened definition of the term, your feminine comprehension would, doubtless, fail to grasp it. To suit my speech, then, to your ears, I would say that Faggot votes are a sort of fancy articles, which, for the convenience of purchasers, are made up into bundles, and hence, no doubt, derive their name of 'Faggot' votes. I hope, my loves, you now see what is meant by the expression?"

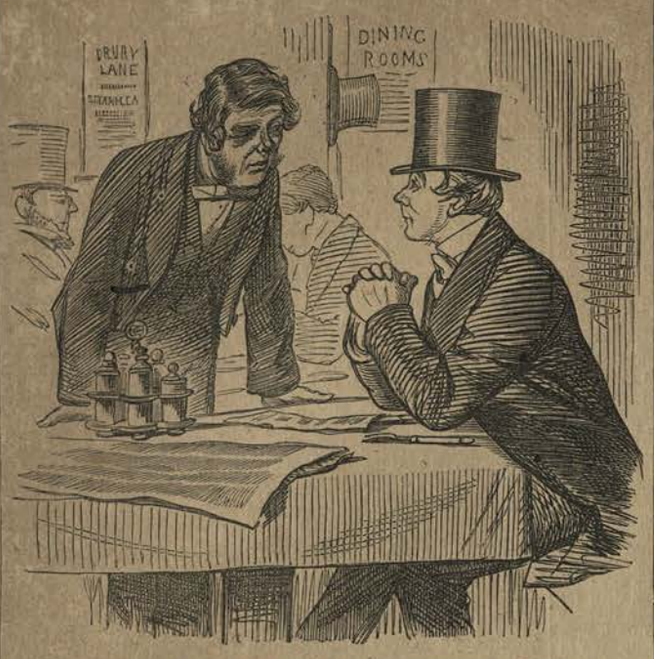
"Oh yes, Papa, we see!" returned the quickwitted young ladies. "Faggot votes are so called from their being sold in bundles,—just the same, you know, as needles: only, being bigger, people make them into faggots. But, dear Papa, you haven't told us yet what is the use of them." The left eye of the Pater was here observed to close, and the merriest of twinkles danced gaily in his right, as he responded: "Well, my dears, I believe that the chief use which is made of Faggot votes is, to bring into the House with them a quantity of *Sticks!*"

Fasting in France.

By advice from Paris we learn that—

"The number of horses sold at the first Lent fair at Caen amounted to about 4000."

Is this how our Norman neighbours keep Lent?



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR!"

Gent. "*Hullo, Charles! have you been fighting? That looks rather a black eye you've got.*"

Waiter. "*Fight, Sir? Yessir. Black eye, Sir? Yessir—p'raps it* IS *a little dark. But talking o' black eyes, Sir, lor! you should ha' been and seen the* T'OTHER PARTY!"

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*Cicero Cottage, Camberwell.*

"WE ladies are so *much* obliged to you for your inserting that report of what you *justly* call our *Great* Reform Meeting. We all *so* hoped that the *Times* would have sent us a reportress, and it was most *unmanly* in them not to do so. I am sure that what we said *deserved* to be made known as publicly as possible, and I *can't think* why the *Times* didn't *condescend* to notice us. Indeed the press generally has behaved in the most *shameful* way to us poor *injured* creatures. Yourself *honourably* excepted, not one of the *mean things* has said a word about our gathering, and yet their columns have been teeming with reports of your *men's* meetings. It is really most *unfair* that you *male people* should have *all* the talking to yourselves, and never print a *word* that we poor women utter. I know that, if I had my way, I should like to kidnap all the Editors in England, and have their ears pulled till they listened to the voice of *Justice*. It seems quite clear to me, that women's wrongs will not be righted, till the fair sex get a fair hold of the *public ear;* and if ladies will but organise a deputation to do this, I for one will gladly lend a hand to do the *pulling*.

"I merely throw this hint out *en passant* as you say, for when a good thing strikes one I think it is a shame to keep it to oneself. But what I wished to say, Sir, was, that if our meeting had not broken up so suddenly (one's husbands as you know are always in the way), there was one especial point which I should have ventured some remarks upon, as I consider it of vital importance to our cause. We met, if you remember, to complain of your Reform Bill, because it made no provision to give women a vote. Now, that Womanhood Suffrage is one of Woman's Rights has been admitted by a *statesman* (need I mention MR. ROEBUCK?) in the following *plain* words:—

"I am very often told that every man has an inalienable right to electoral power. I at once tell you that I don't understand that language. What is the inalienable right? Is there any country in the world in which that power exists. No. If there were, the people would not be oppressed. They have not, then, as a matter of fact, that which they call their inalienable right; or in other words, universal suffrage, manhood suffrage, or the other terms they give it * * What I believe is necessary is that the body of electors should represent the interests of the community at large. Here again is a difficulty in understanding this inalienable right; for one half of the population, and more than that, are women. How are they to become an elective body? This is a matter which has often been discussed: and I must say that, owing, as I do, everything to women, for their happiness and our own, I would certainly relieve them from the trouble of politics. But, mark you, if you talk of the inalienable right to electoral power, it must be for the women as well as for the men."

"There now, *Mr. Punch!* What do you say to *that*, Sir? This is what a *statesman*, you observe, Sir, says for us. The inanieliable (what a horribly hard word, and how difficult to spell!) the ilanienable right to electoral power *must* be—do you hear, Sir?—'MUST be for the women as well as for the men!' That *dear* MR. ROEBUCK! What a *duck* the man must be! How *can* you call him names when he speaks such *noble* sentiments! Sheffield *file*, indeed! You ought to be *ashamed* of it.

"As for what he says, though, about 'wishing to relieve us from the *trouble* of politics,' I would reply, We're much *obliged*, Sir, but we don't want to be relieved. Trouble, indeed! Why, bless the man! does he think women such *dolls* that we can none of us bear *troubles?* Pray, what is *marriage* but a trouble!—yet do women ever shrink from it? What are housekeeping and shopping and dinner-ordering but *troubles!*—yet do you ever hear of women wishing to be 'relieved' of them? What are husbands but *great* troubles!—yet don't we *poor weak* women somehow manage to *get over* them? Trouble is a pleasure, at least *some* troubles are, and I'm sure that to *right-minded females* the exercise of *power* of *any* sort is one of them.

"I repeat then, *Mr. Punch*, on the authority of a *statesman*, that we ladies 'MUST HAVE' an inalienable (there!—that's spelt right, now isn't it?) right to vote. MR. ROEBUCK says we must, so there cannot be a doubt of it. Dear, delightful man! It's quite a novelty to hear such *gentlemanly* sentiments. I declare if I'd been present when he spoke so, I'd have *hugged* him! Had MR. SMITH been present (MR. SMITH's my husband), I should have braved the danger of such an *indiscretion*. And yet this is the man whom you are all inventing names for. This is the man whom you put down as a 'Bath *bun*,' Sir! But it's just like you men. Always jealous of your *betters*, including MR. ROEBUCK, and your *better halves*, Sir. And that's the reason, I believe, why you won't let us into Parliament. You fear our *heads* would be *too long* for you. And so you *greedy* creatures keep all your nice *he*lectoral powers to yourselves, and don't allow your poor dear wives the chance of a *she*lectoral one!

"As a woman I cry shame upon such MEANNESS, *Mr. Punch*, and remain, Sir,

"Yours, *defiantly*, XANTIPPE SMITH."

"P.S. You will insert my letter, won't you? *Do* now, there's a *dear!*

"P.S. I re-open this to say, that if you'll print my letter MR. SMITH shall *buy a copy*, and I'll make him read it out to me and dear Mamma, who *so* admires you!"

THE SONG OF THE FRENCH EAGLE.

BELIEVE me, that all those great guns and small arms,
Which I'm casting by hundreds, you say;
Need by no means excite your vain fears and alarms:
Dismiss all such disquietudes, pray!
All these terrible weapons mere playthings are for,
They are warranted never to kill:
And altho' you may think I'm preparing for War,
At Peace I quite mean to be still.

'Tis true I'm increasing my Army, 'tis known
That my Navy grows stronger each day;
But by this no belligerent proneness is shown,
'Tis to prove that "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix!*"
If I arm, 'tis for peace; if I fight, 'tis for love;
For your fears, then, there's really no cause;
I'm a bird with the heart and the voice of a dove,
Of an Eagle although I've the claws!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COALWHIPPERS.

COALOWNERS, come over the coals—and bring Shipowners with you. What means the complaint that the coalwhippers are bringing against you for insisting on paying them at pot-houses instead of a proper office, whereby, in the first place, they are made to depend for their employment on publicans and middlemen, and, in the next, obliged to spend a great part of their reduced wages in gin and beer? Is it true that Parliament has had, from time to time, to pass Acts compelling you to hire them and pay them at a decent place, and in a proper manner; and that you at last got those enactments discontinued on the pretence that they had answered their purpose, that is, had caused you yourselves finally to abandon your low and disgraceful line of dealing with those men; and then that, having thus succeeded in deluding the Legislature, you forthwith reverted to that shameful system, and persist in it now? For, if these charges against you are true, the coalwhippers might, with great propriety and justice, if but lawfully, have their sphere of usefulness extended by a little further work, and be employed, not only in whipping your coals, but likewise yourselves.

A COOL DEMAND.

The following advertisement has appeared in the *Times*, with an address which, as we've not been paid to do so, we don't choose to insert:—

NEAPOLITAN ICEMAKER WANTED. Only an artist need apply.

We infer from this announcement that Naples is a place which is famous for its ice; and this, as Bomba the Hot-headed has resided there, surprises us. We should have fancied that the presence of so sulphurous a sovereign would have so highly raised the temperature of Naples and its environs, that to manufacture ice there would be utterly impossible; and if any frozen substance were by chance to be created there, we should have imagined it to be of the kind which Shakspeare speaks of:—

"That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow."

The intimation, that for this now vacant post of ice-maker "only an artist" need take the trouble to apply, appears to us to be of so cucumbrian a coolness, that we really think the advertiser might himself have undertaken to be his own refrigerator. An artist to turn ice-man!—our blood freezes at the thought! There *are* artists, it is true, whose pictures don't sell *over* well; and who, instead of making water-colours, might make more by making ice. But were this low, money-grabbing spirit to be prevalent, how would it be deplored by all the lovers of high art! Were artists to exchange the palette for the ice-pail, the only views the world would get from them would thenceforth be dissolving ones. There would, of course, be soon an end to all water-colour drawings, if the water were drawn merely for the sake of making ice. No, no!—we can't hear of it. However pleasant Neapolitan ice may be, we cannot spare our rising Cattermoles and Prouts to manufacture it. Such gems of the first water (colour) are very much too precious to be thrown away in ice-making. No, no!—it won't do. *Chacun à son* Prout. Oil-painting may, perhaps, be thought a slippery path to fortune, but it surely cannot be so slippery as ice. Anyhow, we feel assured that, were an artist to turn ice-man, if not in purse, at least in person, he would soon be in an ice mess.

I'M A SKUNK!

Song for the Yankee Lyre.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, I'm the Skunk of the Press!
I've the talent of being offensive, I guess;
When I let off my spite you were best up a tree,
For the world contains nothing so noisome as me.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk; 'tis my line to disclose
Any fact that can pain any gentleman's nose,
Any secret that snobs odoriferous find;
For we critturs delight in the trail of our kind.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, in a paper's employ;
With scandal and slander nice minds I annoy;
But I yield every loafer the sweetest content,
With the reek of the trash, true or false, which I vent.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, I creep up the back stairs,
Where I learn, to reveal, people's private affairs.
Kick me down if you dare—you 'll repent of the act,
For a Skunk pays you out, though he runs when attacked.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk—don't provoke me—take heed,
You have now in Old England some beasts of my breed:
Touch us not—we fume worst when we're most in a funk;
I'm a varmint—beware! I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk!

A GREAT BLOW TO BUCKRAM.

People talk of the fall in Indian Stocks. This certainly does not refer to the Duke of Cambridge's Order to Lord Clyde, putting down stocks in the Indian Army. This may be a fall in Indian Stocks, but it is a decided rise in Indian Securities. Let the soldier's collar fall, even though the martinet's choler should rise. Down with buckram, red baize, and pipe-clay; and up with karkee coats, light continuations, long winds, unimpeded respiration, and free transpiration! These are the true military comforts in a tropical climate. Lord Clyde is a right hard-working soldier, and knows that the health of his men is their best weapon, and the sun, strong drink, and bad air, their worst enemies.

The Duke of Cambridge deserves the gratitude of every one who has a father, brother, relative, or friend, in the Indian Army, for releasing the soldier from his leathier dog-collar, and giving the Indian Commander-in-Chief the large discretion "to dress the soldier as he thinks proper." Hitherto, we have too often served our troops as Lord Chesterfield recommended his son to serve cucumbers:—we have first taken infinite pains in drilling and dressing them for service—and then thrown them away! Let us hope that the Indian Army will not be the only one in which a less wasteful recipe will henceforth be followed.

OFFICIAL SECRECY.

In one part of the *Morning Post* we read that, at Woolwich:—

"Sir William Armstrong's gun, after a succession of trials, has been removed from the garrison to the Royal Arsenal, where it has been carefully stored with strict orders that no person, whether connected with the establishment or otherwise, shall be allowed to view it without a special order for that purpose."

In another we are told that—

"Discoveries in these days gravitate to the best market. Months ago the whole secret of the Armstrong gun was sold by two malcontents to the Governments of France and America."

Moreover, a minute description of the Armstrong gun, a few weeks ago, went the round of the papers. Does not the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich resemble a stable, and is not the secret of the Armstrong gun like a horse, and the precaution of preventing any unauthorised person from viewing that invention, very much like the providence of closing the entrance of the quadruped's abode, at a period subsequent to the felonious abduction of the noble animal.

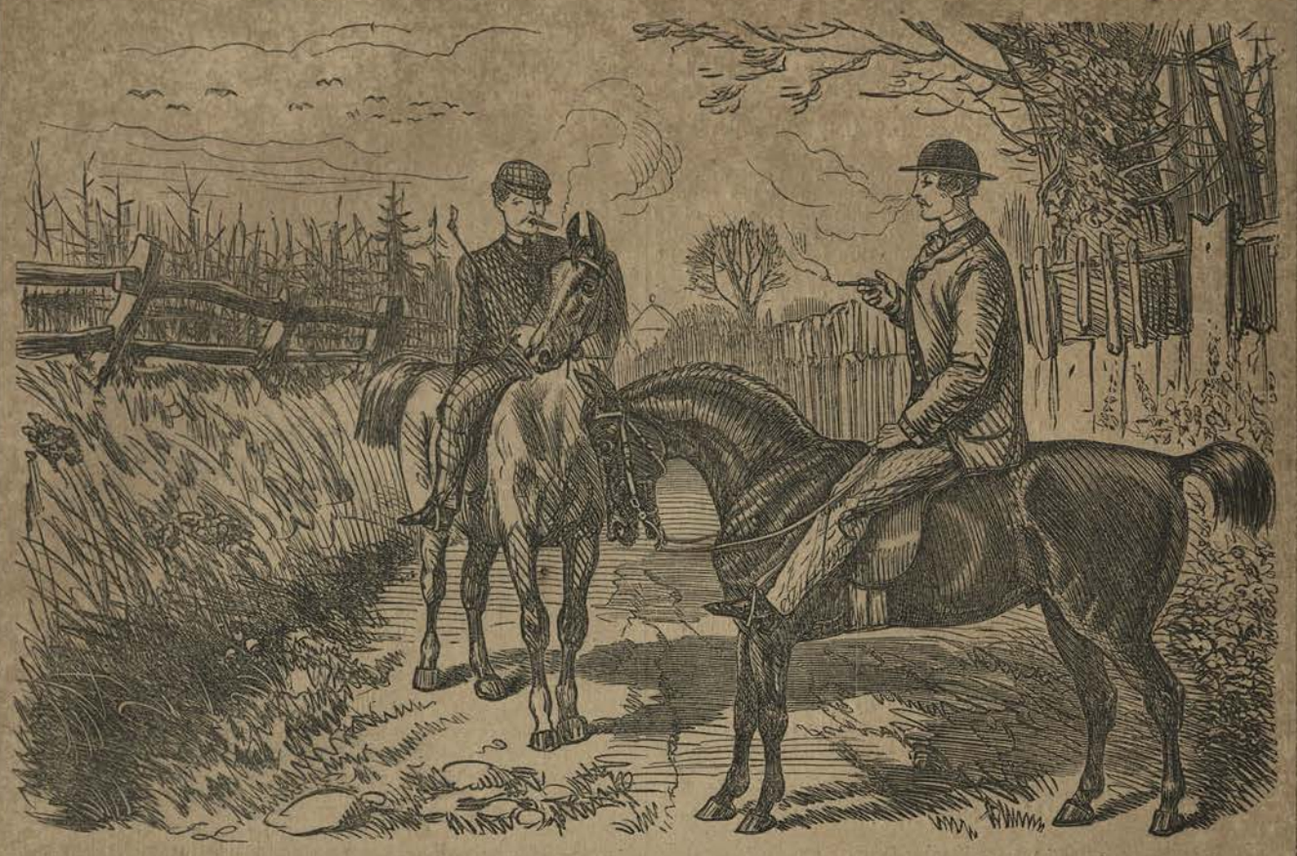
POPISH BOYS PLAYING WITH FIRE.

A Howling mob at Ennis, the other day, burnt in effigy Mr. Fitzgerald, member for the borough, because he had, as Attorney-General for Ireland, held a brief for the Crown in the prosecution of Priests Conway and Ryan. This rabble stopped before the house of a Mr. Considine, who addressed the rascals from a window, and in the course of his harangue is reported to have said:—

"Let no one misconstrue the object of our meeting to-night. We stand up in defence of our religion and our priesthood, whom we revere, and shall ever bow to with the greatest reverence and respect. I ask you, would you not spill the last drop of your blood in defence of your priests and your Church? (*Yes, yes, and cheers.*)

If ever the orator and his worthy hearers have an opportunity of carrying their determination out, and do not, as they certainly will, carefully neglect it, but actually execute it, and if all who share their sentiments imitate their self-devotion, a very considerable quantity of good-for-nothing blood—most of the ill blood which exists between Great Britain and Ireland—will be spilt entirely.

But these fellows will never have a chance of bleeding in defence of their priests and their church. Unless they murder somebody on that or some other pretext, they will not even come to be hanged.



A QUIET LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Frank. "THERE, CHARLEY! WE HAVE A GOOD MANY OF THOSE LITTLE DOUBLES HERE; BUT, BLESS YOU! OUR HORSES THINK NOTHING OF 'EM!"

Charley (*who is not to be beaten*). "HA! I SEE—NICE CLEAN JUMPING! NOW, IN OUR COUNTRY THE FENCES ARE BIG AND CRAMPED!"

A CRUEL CASE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You have done *one thing*—which is what we poor women can't do, *try* as we will—and that is, *worn Crinoline thread-bare*. That is the *only* objection I know to those *dear petticoats*. You CAN'T wear 'em out with *wearing*; though you can with *joking* about them, and *caricaturing* them—particularly if you do it with *blunt pens* and pointless pencils. So allow me, as a *young* lady on my preferment, to furnish you with *another article of dress* for your overworked and not over-well supplied *pens* and *pencils*. *This time* you will admit it ought, in *fairness*, to be an article of apparel worn by your *own sex*. 'Peg-top *trousers*' I know you will say: but it *isn't Peg-top* trousers—nor long *Noah's Ark* overcoats, nor gigot-sleeves. All these are ridiculous enough, and make young men *horrid* frights, but at least they do no *harm* to anybody but the wearers. What I complain of is an article *dangerous* and *damaging* to others, as well as *ugly* and *deceptive*. I mean the *high, hard* heels which young men now wear to their *dress boots*, '*military* heels' I think they are called—I suppose because of the *slaughter* they make among our poor *ancles, toes*, and *insteps*. At all events they have nothing *civil* about them. I have not been at one ball *this winter*, at which I haven't been *trod* upon, and *dreadfully* hurt, by some *clumsy partner* or other—and *how many* of you are not *clumsy?*—wearing these *odious* heels. I find almost *all* the girls I know making the same *complaint*. Now, really women *may* be inferior beings, but they were never meant to be *trampled under foot*, in real earnest. If you could only see my *right* foot *—how *horribly* bruised it is, from the *hoof* of a horrid *gawky wretch* of a hobbydehoy I danced with at MRS. TRIPLES' last week, I am sure you would *pity* me—though you do laugh so at us girls, and indeed, Mamma says, at everything else that *is deserving* of *respect* and *protection* a'l *pity*. I rather *think* she has been a *good deal vexed* at some things you have said and drawn, about *Mothers-in-law*.

"Now, do be a good and *compassionate Mr. Punch* for once, and put in a word, and *a cut*, against *military heels* to dress-boots, and for

"Your devoted reader,

"BLANCHE POLKINGHORN"

"(*Pp. All the dancing girls of Great Britain.*)"

* *Mr. Punch* would be only too happy to be allowed the privilege.

"Call you that Backing of your Friends?"

BERNAL OSBORNE, observing the very black looks and long faces of Liberal Members in the rear of MR. HORSMAN, the other night, while that gentleman was dealing out unpleasant truths to the Liberal party, with all the freedom of a d—d good-natured friend, whispered to MR. HADFIELD, from HORACE: "*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*" The Honourable Member for Sheffield does not understand "foreign lingos" (as he impatiently told the facetious B. O.), so that gentleman was compelled to explain to his energetic, but not erudite, neighbour, that the words meant, "Black care sits behind the HORSMAN."

The Garden and the Lane.

SAYS MR. GYE to MR. SMITH,
Your GRAZIANI is a myth.
Says MR. SMITH to MR. GYE,
Your GRAZIANI is a lie.

[*Anything else must appear in the form of an advertisement.*]

Perfectly Consistent Statements.

"ENGLAND has resolved to send nobody to the Congress at Aix."—*La Patrie.*

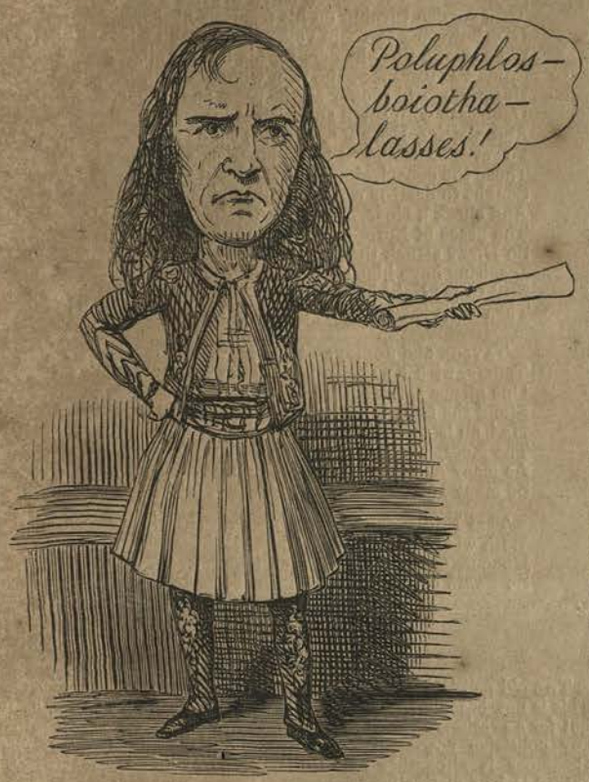
"England has decided on sending LORD MALMESBURY to the Congress at Aix."—*Moniteur.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 2, 1859.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE POET PUNCH, *albeit extremely disgusted at the duration of the conflict, continueth to record the events of the Reform Battle Days, in profuse strains of unpremeditated art. He beginneth with Monday, March the 28th, and endeth with Friday, being All Fools' Day.*



STIRRED to a blaze once more the battle flames,
And forward stands the stalwart EDWIN JAMES;
Foregone conclusion doth his speech denote,
Namely, that DERBY falls before the vote.
Next, a new Premier EDWIN darts upon,
And hands the country to the good LORD JOHN.
Right earnest pains doth gallant EDWIN take
To show what ministers LORD JOHN should make;
Not dim old Whigs, or boys of lordly breed,
But real men, the people's friends indeed.

BEAUMONT, a Liberal, which his name is BLACKETT,
Votes for the Bill—expected to attack it.
LORD ELCHO, loyal to his friend LORD GREY,
A Liberal also, votes the Tory way,
And, in a smartish speech, gives little quarter
To BRIGHT, whose speech he christens milk-and-water.
Bad is the measure, growls E. ELLICE, sage.
SMYTH would amend it on another stage.
The fated Bill receives an extra knock
From grimy Southwark's delegate, JOHN LOCKE.
The LORD ADOLPHUS TEMPEST plainly tells
His creed—the workman's real friends are Swells;
Whereat the ready MONCKTON MILNES invites
The swells to yield the workman's claim of rights.

Then oily GRAHAM rears his length in air,
And gazes round him with a wild despair:
Laudator temporis acti, when Reform
Rode on the whirlwind, and he hurled the storm.
That was a triumph. He had fondly deemed
That settlement was final. He had dreamed.
The time had come, he urged, with accents sad,
To lower your franchise, and new Members add;
Nay, though he hates the sneaking secret ball,
He hears it asked for with increasing call.
Given the necessity, you want a Bill
Of far more boldness, and of greater skill.
So spoke the tall and venerable *vir*,
With tardy diction and Northumbrian burr.

Last, on his feet brave PAKINGTON upsprang,
And dashed at all antagonists slap-bang:
Fought for the Bill, and hurled no measured strokes
On PALMERSTON for all his jeers and jokes,
His counsel scouted, and his wrath defied,
And bade the House the measure's fate decide;
Let RUSSELL win—he gave them warning fair—
The Bill should be among the things that were.

The fifth debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

No vulgar champion now bestrides the field,
But one beneath whose blow the best have reeled.
The classic GLADSTONE earliest takes the floor,
Armed, doubly armed, with eloquence and lore.
Pleased on his lips the listening Commons hung,
And truths divine came mended from his tongue.
His polished blade like glancing lightning flies,
Stabbed at his feet the Resolution lies:
But ere hath ceased that Ministerial shout,
The Bill itself he hacks and hews about,
Lops off its clauses, as, in ancient day,
ULYSSES lopped MELANTHIUS' limbs away;
But spares its life, and loftily requires
The House to make it what the House desires.
Small boroughs hold high place in his esteem;
He'd have the Senate half an Academe,
Where boys, returned for tiny burghs, should learn
A statesman's business, and its duties stern.
Give votes to friends of WILLIAMS, HADFIELD, COX,
But keep a door for PELHAM, CANNING, FOX.
The great Debater spoke: and sat, while cheers
Of the pleased Commons vibrate on his ears.

"The Bill is framed, at least in my belief,
With crafty Tory purpose," quoth MONCRIEFF.
"On purpose to defeat yon artful dodger,
(JOHN RUSSELL) I support," said PALMER (ROGER).
WESTHEAD, who's not the best head, will oppose.
To t'other lobby MAJOR EDWARDS goes.
COLLIER on BEN looks black as any coal.
WALSH thinks the measure good, upon the whole.
O. STANLEY seeks its death on every ground.
MACAULAY deems its principles are sound.
From Yarmouth's Member, learned Q. C. MELLOR,
BEN gets the thing BEN CAUNT would call a smeller.
HARDY, the Under-Secretary, hits
Both hard and fair, and vindicates his wits.
And JOHN FITZGERALD, Irish ex-A. G.,
Propels his brogue against DISRAELI,
Assails the Bill, and fervidly affirrums
The Resolution clear in all its terrums.

The sixth debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Wet are the streets with Wednesday's filthy snow,
When to the House the eager Commons go.
The Thursday night has come, and word is passed.
That leaders mean this night shall be the last.

The foremost blow is struck by young DU CANE,
Who votes with Ministers. In fiercer strain,
Rails at the Bill the elder son of PEEL,
ROBERT, whose mouth is seldom stopped by meal;
His taunts, though not refined, the House amuse,
If slight the value of his statesman-views.
GASKELL regrets the Bill was ever framed,
But of the RUSSELL motion is ashamed;
And kindly SLANEY, with reverse of joy,
Resists a Bill which he would not destroy.
E. EGERTON (what's that about a Peer?)
Supports the measure, though some points are queer.
COBBETT and COLLINS think it good enough,
While WESTERN censures it in language rough.
HUDSON and HODGSON, RUSSELL'S dodge rebuke,
And so does WYVILL, christened MARMADUKE.
To rhyme a roll of names is rather hard,
Be ample beer permitted to the bard.

The night grows deep,—each moment nearer brings
The Fate that comes with victory on her wings.
'Tis said!—believe or not the awful tale,
Told by Policeman X, with terror pale,
That, on this night, the DUKE in Bedford Square
Sent from bronze lips a shout upon the air,
And that CHARLES FOX, who fronts him, slowly rose,
Cheered thrice, and straight resumed his seat and doze.
Strange things take place, which mortal wits surpass,—
Hath bronze some secret sympathy with brass?

WALTER opposed the Bill, but likewise said
He could not lend the Resolution aid.
Again—let Ministers exert their tact,
And frame a Bill that might become an Act.
'Twas theirs the legislative path to show,
Nor such a duty on the House to throw.
GREENALL and GILPIN spoke on different sides;
The first with BEN, the next with JOHN divides:
And HENLEY, though dissentient, thought it fair
In the Committee to make matters square.

Then ROEBUCK rose, the world at large to teach,
Condemned professed Reformers, all and each:
Had not the slightest confidence in PAM,
Considered LORD JOHN RUSSELL as a sham.
BRIGHT was an orator, no doubt; but, pshaw!
His sense and judgment were not worth a straw.
If at his (ROEBUCK'S) dictates they'd correct
The Bill, supplying what he deemed defect,
He would sustain the Ministry; if not,
He didn't care how soon they went to pot.

The Chariot of the Fatal Hour hath come,
Nor longer may DISRAELI be dumb.
All eyes are on him, and his rising claim,
All tongues in chorus call upon his name.

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his ministerial tomb,
With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke,
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke,
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did BENJAMIN his willing weapon bare;
Sweeps his long arm, that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for six nights' delay.
Some pains he deigned his chieftain's head to guard,
Some pains to prove his measure's treatment hard,
And boldly he affirmed its right to live,
As giving all a statesman dared to give.
Then sudden turning on his foeman's flanks,
His showering sarcasm volleyed through their ranks:
Chief marks their leaders for his biting hail,
Stout PALMERSTON, the man without a tail,
BRIGHT, ribald scoffer at the peers and throne,
Doubtless with some ambition of his own,
And plotting RUSSELL, with his subtle ends,
For ever scheming to upset his friends.
Those the conspirators whose wicked will
Sought to destroy a well-considered Bill,
And check a Government that watchful stands,
The peace of Europe trembling in its hands.
So DIZZY struck through brass and triple steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel,
Still to the last his battle-word he cried—
Then came the sound of doom—"DIVIDE! DIVIDE!"

TAYLOR and JOLIFFE at the table stand,
Tellers, with KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN, and BRAND.
One glance reveals the fortune of the fight,—
Stand the twin Whigs—or Tories—to the right?
Ha! all is o'er,—the battle's lost and won:
The Noes, Three Thirty,—Ayes, Two Ninety-one.
As many Articles as Churchmen sign,
So many Noes outnumber,—THIRTY-NINE!

That Friday good LORD DERBY seeks his QUEEN,
With what result, on Monday shall be seen:
Honours and office at her feet he lays.
So *Punch* concludes the Battle of the Days.

KITCHEN AND PARLOUR MAGIC.

N Advertisement in the most fashionable of papers informs the higher orders that—

"MR. ADOLPHE DIDIER (the Somnambule) gives his MESMERIC SEANCES EVERY DAY from 1 till 4."

To this immediately succeeds the announcement following:—

"CELESTIAL PHILOSOPHY.—WRITTEN TREATISES on the IMPORT of the PLANETARY ORBS at BIRTH, solving the intricate problems of human life, and analysing the mental constitution. E. A. LIBNA, Upper Bangor, Wales."

It may be doubted whether these notifications are calculated to attract attention at the aristocratic breakfast table, or intended for preliminary perusal in the servants' hall. If the latter is the case, they evince some progress in the education of footmen and maid-servants, to whom it was formerly necessary to describe a spade as a spade, and call astrology and divination by very plain names, instead of expressing them in French and in fine English. On the former supposition, the proverb, "Like Master like Man," or in more modern phrase, "Like Swell like Flunkey," and also the corresponding proverb, "Like Lady like Servant-maid," seem to hold good extensively among the superior classes.

I HATE lounging lolloping men. By day be vertical, by night horizontal, but in no case diagonal.—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

THE DOCKYARD RAT.

THE old political word, Rat, has for some years fallen into disuse. This is not because the breed of political Rats has become extinct: but for a precisely opposite reason. It would be very difficult to find any politician now-a-days who is not a Rat: indeed the House of Commons is altogether over-run with Rats, and therefore Rat has ceased to be a distinctive term.

There exists, however, another species of two-legged Rat than that of gentlemen who desert their principles and party. It is a creature which probably may be found in many public departments, but it principally infests the Dockyards, and for that reason may be denominated the Dockyard Rat. It is a most destructive and mischievous creature, having, in the course of the last eleven years, consumed a quantity of stores, timber, and other national property, represented by the enormous amount of £5,000,000. Notwithstanding the extent to which the Dockyards are haunted with these vermin, such is their sagacity or cunning, that they have hitherto defied detection. We believe we are correct in stating that not a single specimen of the Dockyard Rat has been as yet caught; which proves, however, as much perhaps the slowness of the Lords of the Admiralty as the quickness of the Rats. A few good terriers of the Sheffield or Tearem breed should be put into the Dockyards; where they would soon make short work of those noxious animals.

Fowl Play in the Navy.

WE have often heard it said that in their Dockyard eccentricities the Government "makes ducks and drakes" of the money which is found them. But this is very obviously an incorrect expression. Ducks and drakes, we know, are always sure to swim; and it is by no means such a certainty that Government-built ships can.

L'EMPIRE, C'EST L'ÉPÉE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON wants to make the world believe that the French Eagle is the bird of peace. But considering what a quantity of cannon he has cast, we think the world may place more credence in the fact that the French Eagle is the bird of pieces.

Bow to Destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

PETS FOR PETTICOATS.

IN your attention, if you please, ladies, on the following advertisement, which for your especial benefit we take from last week's *Times*:

DOGS AND CURIOSITIES. MR. GROWLER has for Sale One of the handsomest Pug Dogs in Creation, with a self-coloured face (supposed to be the only one in England), 12 months old, direct from Holland; also one of the most perfect little White Pet Female Dogs ever seen, with a most beautiful long curly coat, equal to floss silk, two years' old, direct from Spain. This amiable clean little animal is fit for Buckingham Palace. Also a remarkably handsome Female Spanish Goat, colour a beautiful black, with tan points: she has a splendid long flowing coat, age 21 months. Also a magnificent glass case of superb Foreign Stuffed Birds, plumage and execution of exquisite beauty. Apply at GROWLER'S breeding kennels, Cateaton Street, Houndsditch.

As we never insert tradesmen's advertisements without charge, we have changed the name and residence of the fortunate possessor of these preciousest of pets: but with the gallantry which always has distinguished us, we will make known their whereabouts to any young and single lady, who will, in return for this, present us with her photograph, and permit us to compare it, if we wish it, with herself. We make this generous proposal not without some fear of the crowds who will embrace it. For only think, ladies, what darling little ducks of dogs are here for you. What would you not give to know where you could purchase them? May be you are pretty, Miss, even in a photograph; but you ought to come down handsomely for knowledge of the handsomest of pug dogs in creation, and one blessed with the attraction of "a self-coloured face." Wherein this latter charm consists we are not wise enough to know; and the supposition that it is "the only one in England" is an avowal which no evidence of ours can contradict. That ladies have been seen with "self-coloured" faces is an assertion of their enemies which we own to having heard; but we were not aware before that any creature in creation, least of all a pug dog, bore in this respect resemblance to them.

As, in common with all wise people, HER MAJESTY reads *Punch*, the "perfect little pet," which is "fit for Buckingham Palace," may meet with its deserts, and through our mention be transferred there. If this should be the case, we trust, that, for the honour of caninity in general, it will prove as "clean" and "amiable" as its possessor states it is.

A REFUGEE FROM ROME.

THE *Siècle*, perceiving that the POPE and Popery are at the bottom of the Italian difficulty, suggests the removal of the papal see to Jerusalem; but adds—

"It, however, matters little where the POPE resides. Wherever he may dwell, it will only depend on himself to conquer the admiration, sympathy, and respect of the world."

If it is expedient that the POPE should go to Jerusalem, it would perhaps be still better that he should go to Jericho. But PIUS is personally a very good sort of man; and really it would be a shame to transport him. Jerusalem is a less eligible place of abode than Hounsditch itself: and the Holy Land is not at present a proper place for his Holiness. If he should be lightened of the cares of temporal sovereignty, the asylum for him is that which is sought by all Continental ex-potentates. Old England, in short, is the only refuge for the POPE himself. So long as he contented himself with minding his own business, blessing cinders and adding articles to his religion, nobody would molest him any more than the boys molest WISEMAN, now that the Cardinal is quiet, and talks no longer about governing counties. He would be free to do anything in this island that ST. PETER himself would have done or wished to do, and even if, in addition, he desired to be chaired like GUY FAWKES, his wishes could be gratified on the premises of the DUKE OF NORFOLK, or the park or grounds of some other Roman Catholic nobleman or gentleman. None of his spiritual functions would be interfered with in the least; and he might have his feet kissed as much as he liked by MR. BOWYER and the rest of the faithful. He would never hear a whisper of "No Popery!" whilst he left the British Church alone; on the contrary, in taking his drive in Regent Street or the Park, he would most likely be cheered by the British Public. He would at least be treated with the same respect as that which is paid to every dissenting clergyman of distinction, and his spiritual authority over his own denomination would perhaps be more absolute than it is in any other country in the world.

THE PAGODA TREE.

"THE Indian 5 per cent. loan at 15¼ discount; a perennial deficit; and no money to be got in India."—*Summary of the First Governor-General's Budget.*

THE Land of Ind! the wondrous land—
The land of wealth from times of old:
Where pearls lay basking on the sand,
And golden waves Pactolus rolled;
Where in Golconda's darkling mines,
The diamond's buried sun-light shines.

India—a Queen of grace inert,
All golden-scarfed and jewel-crowned;
Her waist, with gem-like shawls engirt,
Her wrists and ancles silver-bound—
How rich and rare a prize was she,
Beneath the full Pagoda Tree!

Those long and lustrous eyes alone,
Those odorous streams of silken hair,
That waist which mocked the tiny zone,
Those hands and feet so small and fair,
All these were charms to tempt and please,
But wooers sought her not for these.

None came to woo—all came to win;
The stalwart Rajpoot calm and proud,
The polished Greek with whiter skin,
The flat-faced Mongol's roving crowd,
The Moslem Arab, swart and spare,
The daring Briton—all were there.

Upon the maid by turns they fell,
Each rent his share of gauds away;
But as he turned his gains to tell,
Another came to wrest the prey;
And she sat by and watched the strife—
The robber's prize, the victor's wife.

Wife of a bed still wet with tears:
Cursed or caressed, the slave of scorn;
The gold wrenched from her bleeding ears;
From her bruised wrists the bangles torn:
Her gems and gem-like shawls a prize,
For grasping hands and hungry eyes.

What if poor India groaned and gasped
Beneath each ruffian plund'rer's knee?
Enough for him that he had grasped,
His bough of the Pagoda Tree,
And shook and shook its golden shower—
Poor India's fair and fatal dower.

The Briton too has played *his* part
Of plund'rer, 'mong the Pagan horde,
As keen of hand, as hard of heart,
As proud and pitiless a Lord;
Hath turn'd from India's prayer and plea,
To grasp at the Pagoda Tree.

None shook so long; none shook so well:
No stronger hand e'er grasped its bough;
But less and less the fruit that fell,
Though flushed the shaker's knitted brow—
His sweat flows fast, his gripe is grim;
But the tree yields no more for *him!*

Enough—too much—of work like this:
Work ill-repaid as ill-begun;
'Tis time to right what is amiss;
Time India's wrong should be undone:
Time to admit, if hers the soil,
'Tis ours to save, as well as spoil.

Ours as we boast a Christian creed,
Ours as a righteous law we own,
To trample down usurping Greed,
And set up Justice on its throne;
The poor Pagoda Tree to spare,
Or in its crop let India share.

To act the truth we speak—that fruit
Comes not by shaking of the tree,
But digging deep about its root,
Manuring wisely, pruning free:
So shall poor India's woeful dower,
To her be joy, to us be power;
So full of fruitage we shall see,
For aye, the broad Pagoda Tree!

A DAY VERY LATE IN THE SEASON—SAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL!

THE O.P.Q. HOUNDS HAVE A RATTLING HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AFTER A GOOD STOUT BUTTERFLY, OVER A SPLENDID PRIMROSE AND VIOLET COUNTRY.—*Huntsman, (loq.)* "SHALL I GIVE THE WINGS TO THE LADY, SIR?"

THE LADIES' LAST HUNT.

THE wind is a Zephyr; bright azure the sky,
The birds are in full song, the lambs in full cry.
The violet its casket of perfume unlocks,
Instead of the scent of a nasty old fox.

The lark that drops, singing, among the green corn,
Proclaims what to me is a nice hunting morn.
There 's my pony, side-saddled, woho, boy, woho!
We are up, we are off, oh, how nicely we go!

O'er the daisies we dash, through the buttercups fly,
Leap that streamlet, my chesnut—you can if you try!
'Tis as wide as my work-box—and cleared at a jump,
Up we go! Down we come! And, oh my, what a bump!

The little dogs follow, they frisk and they bark,
Now Trim, Sir, hark forward! Dash, Sappho, Di, hark!
How delightful to ride on this velvet green ground,
Bitter-cress and marsh-marigold shining all round!

Now we 've started a butterfly—symptom of Spring,
It is up on the air—it is off on the wing!
As much as to say, Catch me now if you can!
Hie after it Tiny, and Bijou, my man.

Run Mumbo, my poodle; haste Fido, good dog,
Ah! What is the matter? Oh, such a great frog!
There it goes, there it hops! Ugh! 'Tis passed—never mind.
See, my pony and I leave the monster behind!

Pursued with view hollow, the game flies away,
Heigho! Chevy! Tantivy! trot after him, Tray!
Yoicks! the insect alights—run to earth—out of breath,
So am I, but thank goodness, I 'm in at the death!

See Flora has seized it, and bitten its wing!
It shakes it, it tears it, it kills it, poor thing!
Down I pop, with my scissors between them I rush,
And I snip off the tail—but we call it the brush.

That prize for a trophy I pin in my hat,
Of course, for CHARLES says sportsmen always do that.
Then homeward we toddle, along with our pack,
Our gallants all beside us: our grooms at our back.

And oh, such a dinner our coming awaits!
And la, such a clearance we make of our plates!
After tea, with a dance we conclude the day's fun,
And in polkas and waltzes talk over the run.

An April Fool.

THE Reform Speeches terminated at a quarter to one o'clock in the morning of the first of April. An appropriate ending to so foolish a beginning! But the real April Fool in this protracted practical joke is the reader, who, having waded on seven different occasions through this foaming sea of raging words, rubs his eyes, and clears his mouth of the weedy verbiage, and asks himself where he is, and what it has been all about? Never was JOHN BULL made such an April Fool of in all his life before!—and the poor old gentleman has known a few fools in his time too.

MALINGERING MAJESTY.

THE spider, when it feels itself in danger, pretends to be dead. BOMBA's death was announced the other day—and has since been reported to be hourly expected. Has the Neapolitan tyrant resorted to the trick of the spider? After all, has BOMBA only been shamming?

KINDER is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the form reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.

THE SUPPORTERS OF THE "WORKING MAN."

MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUÉ.

ON ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

THERE is no doubt it is very bad. Every article should have its maker's name plainly stamped upon it, like a piece of Sheffield cutlery. If I am cut by a certain article, it is a great relief to me to know who has been the cause of it. I can transfer the blame from myself, then, to the manufacturer of the article, and can vent my rage against him for having made it so abominably sharp. A comet does not visit the earth unchristened. It has a name of some sort or other, and yet many comets are harmless compared to political articles, and cause infinitely less mischief in the political horizon. You can trace the tail of the one, but it is not so easy always to follow to its combustible lair the incendiary tale of the other! All things anonymous are bad. Look at anonymous letters. What mischief they produce! I would have every writer of an anonymous letter put his name to it, or else make the postman answerable for every postal communication he delivered of that black stamp. You may be sure that if that law were rigidly enforced, you would have fewer anonymous letters. PATERFAMILIAS should not write to his favourite newspaper, complaining of the costume of the *Ballet*, unless his name and age and address were published at full length at the end of it. No CONSTANT READER should air his indignation in a public broadsheet without telling us very plainly who, in the name of nonsense, he was. Some petty grocer, I will be bound, whom we should not listen to if he spoke to us over his *demie-tasse* at a *Café!* I would stop the mouth of PHILO-JUSTITIÆ very quickly, if he dared to complain in the columns of the *Chiffonier Universel* about the quality of the Government tobacco. By this means you would effectually put out a vast quantity of smouldering discontent that only heats the public mind, and undermines society at large. DEMOSTHENES would lose the greater part of his fire, when we recognised in him the dirty Savoyard who was in the habit of bringing us our two pails of water every morning. Do away with the anonymity of journalistic correspondence, and you cut the bellows of the majority of the public organs, who only blow to make a noise with a view of inducing others to join in it. If the author of *Junius' Letters* had lived in my day, I would very soon have found out who the fellow was, and have put a speedy stopper in his penny ink-bottle. He should not have written anonymously for two consecutive mornings, I can promise you. The cloak should have been pulled off his mysterious body before four-and-twenty hours had rolled over his discontented head, and then doubtlessly we should have enjoyed the amusing spectacle of beholding in this revolutionary demagogue, who would not have hesitated about pulling down St. Paul's Cathedral to have made a barricade out of it, the turned-off valet of an incorruptible minister, who had very properly discharged the rogue for pilfering his waste-paper basket. I would have no Man with an Iron Mask in my kingdom. Such men are plotters, and are dangerous to the throne, and a constant source of alarm for the security of the state. Cayenne is the safest Bastille-box to preserve those gentlemen in. I would even forbid Harlequin to wear his half-mask in a pantomime, and all masquerades should be strictly prohibited, unless the domino's name and residence were printed conspicuously on the outside, with the Préfet's signature underneath, testifying to the respectability of the wearer. I hold even that a Queen's Speech, such as is delivered in England, is bad, because it is anonymous. You never can tell whose composition it is. It is the joint-stock production of several ministers, every one of whom is only too anxious to shirk the ownership, as well as the responsibility, of it. And that is the reason why Queen's Speeches, generally speaking, are such weak, pale, colourless, tasteless, things. It is like a letter, the direction of which is blotted out from having passed through so many different post-offices. Now, the EMPEROR'S Speech is plain and legible enough. It is the address of one man in the handwriting of only one man—with no marks, or erasures, or corrections scribbled confusedly over it. There is nothing anonymous about *that*, and the context goes home at once to the heart of the nation. No, I repeat again, all anonymous articles are bad! They are a burden, a disgrace, a constant anxiety, a perpetual danger. They are the vagabond gipsies of literature, whose hands are always raised against every law of society, and whose only notions of property are, that "*La Propriété c'est Le Vol;*" and certainly what few sticks they possess themselves may be taken as a practical illustration of their creed. All anonymous articles, like persons without any settled abode, are necessarily objects of suspicion, and, as such, should instantly be taken up, and prosecuted. However, I would always make a honourable exception, in favour of certain pamphlets, as it is very well known the imperial source they emanate from, as well as certain articles that are sent to the press, and generally

(Signed) COMMUNIQUÉ.

CATCHING THE EYE OF THE LADIES.

THE ladies who frequent the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons can see, but they cannot be seen. This is but half an enjoyment; but still it is a sufficient refutation to those sceptical sneerers, who declare that the fair sex does not care about going to any place of public entertainment, unless it can be seen to the very best advantage. The patriotism of woman is best evinced, when she proves that she does not mind being hidden completely from sight in order to gratify it. We doubt if man would display similar heroism. He pretends to have a mind that soars far above such miserable trifles; but we only know, that the infallible expedient a landlord has recourse to, in order to get rid of a riotous assembly, is by turning off the gas: instantly their eloquence goes out with it. It is clear, therefore, as the water in St. James's Park, that CICERO is good for nothing, unless MR. CICERO can be seen as well as heard. The SPEAKER of the House might turn this weakness to valuable account, by having direct communication with the main, and, instantly an orator became a bore, as orators sometimes will, leaving him, by a clever turn, to speechify in the dark. His little farthing candle of grandiloquence would soon be put out.

To return, however, to the Ladies' Gallery. On the authority of our valued friend (6*d.* every week), the *Saturday Review*, we learn that:—

"MR. MONCKTON MILNES is the only speaker who always prefaces his orations with an upward glance to propitiate the softer judges whose verdict he chiefly cares to win."

And we admire MR. M. M. for these upward flights of his genius. One can see at a glance that his eye, in a "poetic frenzy (doubtlessly) rolling," is turned to the Ladies' Gallery for no other purpose than to look for inspiration. Where is a poet, pray, to seek for it, if not in the smiles of that appreciative sex, who have had a coral patent ever since LAURA first smiled on PETRARCH, for smiling on the efforts of every true son of CATNACH and APOLLO. That MR. MONCKTON MILNES is rewarded for his visual pains is evident from the extreme beauty of his rounded periods. We believe, if it were not for this softening influence, that he would be a second MARAT—nothing short of a Pontefract ROBESPIERRE. Distilled through the lattice-work of the Ladies' Gallery, the fierce Republicanism of his nature is melted down into the sweetest Liberalism. The guillotine is buried under a shower of the prettiest flowers of speech, all forced into blooming existence by the bright orbs that shine upon him from the Gothic firmament above.

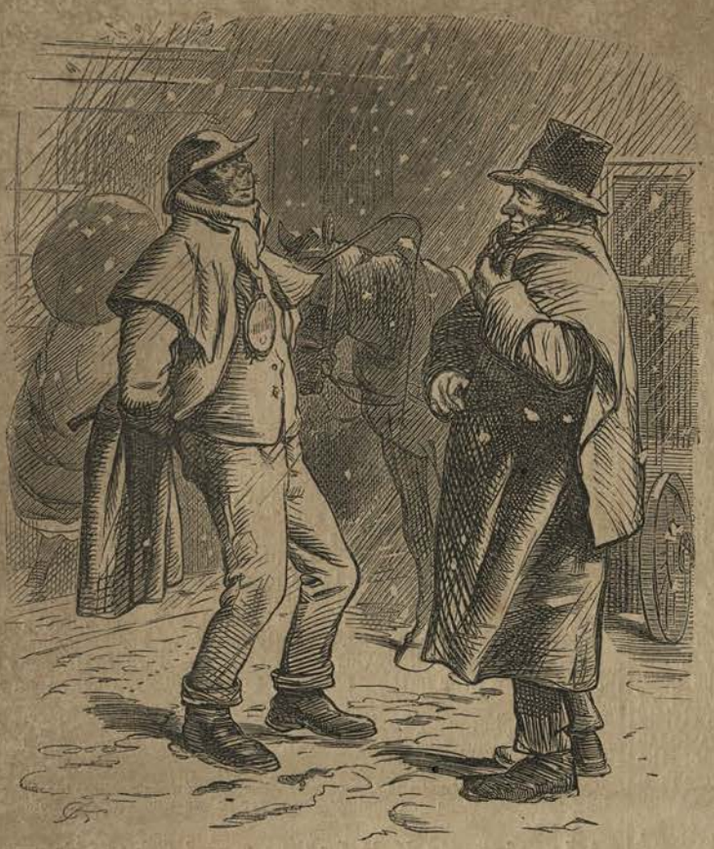
If other Members would only worship at the same shrine, the House of Commons, from being too frequently a bear-garden, would be transformed into a beautiful flower-garden, such as BOCCACIO would be proud to plant some of his beautiful stories in, and WATTEAU would be only too happy to paint. Instead of intolerance, and interruptions, and personalities, and the insinuations of corrupt motives, we should have the gentlenesses and perfumed gentilities of fashionable life, and the exchange of civilities and *bon-bons*, with sugary compliments and kindest inquiries after each other's health, to fill up the cloying intervals. Everything would go on as smoothly as a French kid glove.

Instead of taking ocular aim at the SPEAKER, it would be better if Members endeavoured to catch the Ladies' eye. In the meantime, we pat MR. MONCKTON MILNES applaudingly on the back. He is the true representative of Bucks.

Delicate Conservative Compliment.

REALLY, it is quite unnecessary to give more Members to the large manufacturing towns; for they choose representatives so clever that each is equal to several other fellows. For instance, Birmingham sends MR. BRIGHT to Parliament; and the honourable Member for Birmingham is a host in himself.

WIT is the boomerang that strikes and graciously returns to the hand. Sarcasm is the envenomed shaft that sticks in the victim's gizzard.



AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"HOORAH! BILL, HERE'S WINTER AT LAST!"

QUEER COMPANY.

THE *Manchester Guardian* of Friday last announces, amongst the visitors at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, KING PEPPEL, of Bonny, an extensive district on the coast of Western Africa. His Majesty, though exceedingly dark, is described as a tall, good-looking man of about fifty. He is accompanied by his nephew, an ebony youth of about twenty. But the odd thing about the party is contained in the announcement, that "they are accompanied by MR. THWAITES, a gentleman connected with the Sewerage Commissioners of London."

Can this be our excellent friend, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Commission? What *can* the respected THWAITES be doing, as bear-leader to the sable Sovereign of Bonny and his Black Prince? Is he putting the ebony potentate through a course of sewers, as an essential element in the education of a tropical sovereign reigning over a country where fever is *en permanence*, and glazed pipes are unknown? Or is he trying to get a wrinkle from the Bonny monarch, how to keep down the blacks—another word for suppressing the smoke nuisance? Or has he been invested with the office of introducing this nigger King to civilisation through the channel of the Main Sewerage of London, as the darkest avenue by which it can be approached?

We feel that the matter ought to be explained. What *is* THWAITES about with the KING OF BONNY! What *is* THWAITES doing away from Greek Street, Soho, at this interesting moment, when the Great Metropolitan Main Sewerage Scheme is on the *tapis*—or under the *tapis*, rather? In short, we would ask, *à la Richard the Third* (slightly altered, *à la* CHARLES KEAN):—

"What does he in the North,
When he should mind his sewerage in the South."

National Characteristics.

AN Englishman can differ without having a difference; whereas an Irishman frequently has a difference without in the least differing. The Scotchman has the rare power of combining both qualities. Not only can he differ, but he will have his difference also.

THE CAT FOR ALL CAITIFFS, OR NONE.

PUNCH is half ashamed of ever having cast the Knout into the teeth of the late EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, blessed NICHOLAS. Why? By reason of the subjoined piece of news—which, however, when it appeared in the Morning Papers, imparted no doubt, a high zest to the breakfast of the more manly of their readers, who scorn mawkish sentiment and maudlin philanthropy:—

"ROYAL MARINE FLOGGED AT CHATHAM.—In compliance with a regimental order issued on Tuesday morning by COLONEL PARKER, Commandant of the Chatham division of Royal Marine Light Infantry, the whole of the battalion, with their officers, assembled at the rear of the barracks under arms, under command of MAJOR G. B. RODNEY. The troops having formed a square, LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT TAYLOR read the proceedings of a court-martial held at Chatham Barracks, on PRIVATE JOHN HOWSON, No. 6 Company, who was tried on two charges: first, for being absent without leave, he being under confinement for a former offence; second, for striking a sergeant of the 32nd Regiment, on duty with a picket, who succeeded in bringing the prisoner into barracks."

These were high military crimes and misdemeanours—aggravated by the fact that the prior offence was a second one. They possibly deserved the punishment of a felon—they received another:—

"He was found guilty, and sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to be further punished by fifty-six days hard labour in the military prison, Fort Clarence. The prisoner when pinioned to the halberts, received his punishment on the bare back with considerable fortitude. Although the flesh was blackened by the lash he never flinched. After the punishment the prisoner was removed to Melville Hospital. The prisoner has been tried by two courts-martial before."

Punch will suppose that a spectacle of torture may be a very wholesome exhibition, calculated to terrify the evil-disposed, and to disgust nobody but sentimental spooneys. Then why confine the benefit of this salutary discipline to the Army—and the Navy? Old military fogies, who probably enjoyed the sight of a flogging, and would have been still better pleased to see a man's limbs broken on the wheel, than to behold his flesh blackened by the lash, predicted that the limitation of military torture to fifty lashes would destroy the discipline of the Army. The character of the Army has since vastly improved. There seems, therefore, to be the reverse of any special reason for the continuance of flogging in the Army, beyond a military old woman's fondness for her cat. Accordingly, why not flog civilian scoundrels? If the severest flagellation of one fraudulent banker would save one poor honest soul the loss of livelihood, and reduction to beggary, flog the fraudulent banker—if necessary, to death. Flog the ruffian who cruelly beats and bruises his wife, if thereby you can protect other women from the like violence. But your ruffian, and even your fraudulent banker, will be too deeply degraded, we are told, if they are lashed like hounds. Is there anything particular in the military character which renders the degradation of a soldier impossible or unimportant? Let all gallant officers who are of this opinion hold up their hands for Flogging in the Army.

POETICAL ECONOMY.

WERE we all working-men, where would all of us find room?
If we were all producers, all the produce how consume?
And what would be the fate of Art, and Literature's doom?

If some must consume that the others may produce,
For enjoying good things there's a capital excuse,
And that's the way how I should like to make myself of use.

Some landlords and fundholders clearly there must be,
On rent and on dividends subsisting labour-free,
And a mortgage upon industry would be just the thing for me!

A Party Cry.

THE childish interruption that spoilt the effect of LORD STANLEY'S speech on the Reform Bill has led to the inscription "CHILDREN IN ARMS ARE NOT ADMITTED," being placed over the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons.

SAD it is, when Fate kindles the funeral pile of Hope, that Remorse should bring the torch.—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

MASTER PUNCH'S COPY BOOK.

"My dear Parents, "*Socrates House, April* 1.

"It is with much pleasure that I write to inform you that our Easter vacation will commence on Wednesday, the 20th instant, when *I hope*, on returning home, to find you both in good health. I trust also that the progress I have made in the various branches of my education will afford you satisfaction.

"Dr. and Mrs. Swishtail present their best compliments, and as a further specimen of my caligraphy, desire me to subjoin a list of the copies which I have been doing this quarter. Dr. Swishtail has himself set them, considering them, he says, 'better calculated to form the mind of youth for success in life than the complex and unpractical platitudes of ordinary writing-masters, such as *Benevolence is Commendable, Encourage Virtuous Actions*, and *Bounty Commands Esteem*.'

"I am, my dear Parents,
"Your affectionate and dutiful Son,
"Alfred de Montmorency Punch."

"*Mr. and Mrs. Punch,*
"*St. Bride's Mansion, Fleet Street.*"

Avoid Clergymen.
Borrow money.
Conceal your covetousness.
Distrust the distressed.
Emulate the opulent.
Favour fashionable frivolity.
Give nothing rashly.
Help successful humbug.
Invite invitations.
Judge poverty with severity.
Kick those who are down.
Lend to the rich.
Make mercenary marriages.
Never know the needy.
Order what you please.
Pay when you must.
Quiz the quite helpless.
Ruin rich relations.
Seldom believe anything.
Tell only others' secrets.
Undermine antagonists.
Vilify the unpopular.
Watch women warily.
Xtol elegant xtravagance.
Yield your convictions readily.
Zeal is very ridiculous.

Speedy Termination of the Reform Debate.

The Reform speeches only ran on for seven nights. The reason, (and we prefer reasons that do not require any talk to enforce them) why they came to so speedy a termination was, that scarcely one of the Irish members spoke upon the subject. We believe that only one Hibernian M.P. opened the flood-gates of his eloquence on that inviting occasion. This taciturnity is still more singular, because the subject did not relate to Ireland. Had the parliamentary sons of Erin once got upon their legs, we believe that the ball of the debate would have been rolling on still. For once, let us be grateful to Ireland. Her silence charms, sometimes, even more than her eloquence!

A Dyer's Motto.—"*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ Mori.*"

"HUNG BE THE HEAVENS WITH"—WHITE!

It is a popular prediction with people who write almanacks, that March will "come in like a lion" and will "go out like a lamb." We do not know whether the prophecy was repeated for this year, and we are inclined to think it was not; for (in the tail of it at least) it happens to have been realised. Whether or no, this March was born with any distant leonine resemblance, our memory is not meteorological enough to recollect; but in its dying hours everything was covered with such a fleece of snow-flakes, that it cannot be disputed that March "went out like a lamb."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR ST. STEPHENS.

1.

Whiggery, trickery, hot,
Lord John a majority got:
His Reform Bill brought on,
His majority 's gone—
Whiggery, trickery, hot.

2.

Rupert and Ben took up the pen,
Old Whig Reforms to slaughter:
Rupert fell down,
From serving the Crown,
And Ben came tumbling arter.

3.

Henley and Walpole were two pretty men—
They both stayed in Office, though both against Ben:
Till up jumps Walpole, "the Bill bids too high:
Dizzy *may* stay for pension; but so will not I.
We'll go before, with our pledges and flag:
And the rest will come after on Little John's drag."

4.

Ding, dong, bell:
The Bill has proved a sell.
Dong, ding, dong:
'Twas radically wrong.
Ding, dong, ding:
Another in who 'll bring?

Money is the root of all evil. Nevertheless it is an eminently esculent root, and I vote that we dig for it, O friends!—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster Man (to Hairy Gents). "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"
[*Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being "chaffed."*

THE STREET-BETTING NUISANCE.

WE wish that some one would devise a street-sweeping machine, to sweep away the human rubbish which is daily shot into Bride Lane, and is there becoming such a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The LORD MAYOR lays down the law that the law can't interfere; but were some patriotic street-sweepers to take the law into their hands, and to clear away the rubbish by fair means or by foul, we feel convinced that a subscription might be raised for their indemnity, and a monument erected to record their pious act.

In order to preserve the moral health of the neighbourhood, it seems essential that the rubbish should be cleared; and the only question is, how most effectually to do it? It has been suggested, as a sanitary measure, that a watercart be kept continually on service and that the blackguards of Bride Lane should be, in this way, washed clean out of it. The purifying properties of water are well known, and we doubt not this cold-water cure would have a good effect. A more effective plan, however, would be, to hire a band of organ-grinders to do duty in Bride Lane, and to frighten away the betting-men, just as boys do crows. Whenever any knot of blacklegs grouped together, their instrumental scarers should strike up their shrillest tones, and play upon the blackguards their ear-piercingest of squeaks. These would most effectually distract their calculations, and quite disable them from any literary effort,—in the way, we mean to say, of making up a book. When the betters left Bride Lane, and tried some other betting haunt, the organ-grinders should be bribed to follow and unearth them; so that, like the lady in the infantile lyric, the blacklegs should "have music wherever they go."

Our neighbours may depend that, if they wish to clear their lane out, a daily dose of organ-grinding is the best purgative to do it. If we want to make the betting-men make way for their betters, there is nothing like an organised system of attack; and by having organs play upon them wherever they may meet, we shall drive them out of their senses, or else out of the streets. In order to secure having the right tune in the right place, we should recommend that while the "legs" are doing business (and of course, also, doing those with whom they do it), they should be saluted with the air of *Robbing Around;* and that, when they move to any fresh locality, the melody accompanying them should be that of *The Rogues' March.*

FALSITY, ON THE FACE OF ALL OF THEM!

THE four dials of the Monster Clock of the House of Commons represent the four parties in that august assembly who are supposed to guide the movements of the country. On the four different faces you can almost read, "Whig, Tory, Peelite, Radical." They are all on different sides,—they all tell a different story,—they all point different ways,—they are each of them a smooth-faced mockery in the eyes of those who are led by their simple faith to look up at them,—and not one of them is a proper indication of the wants of the passing hour. Whilst the rest of the country is advancing, the four sides are standing still. In its doubt, the Million does not know which to believe in, or which side to take as its unerring guide. And yet, false as they are all to the public, and to each other, it would be as well if each side in the House, like each dial of that clock, told us the truth at least once every twelve hours!

THE SUBALTERN ON BRIGADE DUTY.

THE morning sun was rising fast,
As o'er the mud and shingle past
A Subaltern, who only said,
"Alas! they've dragged me out of bed
To see the meat."

His eye was dull, his hair unbrushed,
About the huts he wildly rushed;
He stumbled back amidst the rain,
And said, "At eight I'm off again—
The breakfast's now."

At nine I saw him on parade,
Mounted upon a sorry jade;
For two long hours he rode about,
To stables went, and there did shout,
"The hay and oats!"

I watched him as he wandered home,
Seeking for rest and finding none;
To breakfast he had scarce sat down,
An orderly came with a frown—
"The prisoners wait."

The stable call rang loud and clear—
He bolted down a glass of beer;
For one long hour he saw them groom
The horses; then, in every room
Saw soldiers paid.

At two he donned his belt and sword—
Away he went to mount the guard;
He'd had no lunch, and he was riled,
"Fours right!" he cried, with accents wild:
"Fours right, quick march!"

At four, again, his "knife" he took,
He threw away his pipe and book;
The guard to visit he did go,
And said, as they were rather slow,
"Turn out that guard!"

I watched him stalk across the camp—
Alas! his feet were very damp;
I asked him where he wandered now,
He answered, with a knitted brow,
"The hospital!"

At five he's back among the huts:
'Tis dark,—he stumbles o'er the ruts;
The orderly walks on apace,
He follows, with a sullen face,
To see the teas.

At half-past five, the stable-call
Echoes from every barrack wall:
Behind those vicious horses' heels,
By glimmering light his way he feels,
Till half-past six.

At seven the bugle sounds for mess:
He wastes no time upon his dress,
Yet, ere he feeds, he has to go,
And visit, 'midst the huts so low,
The Gunner's school.

He eats his dinner, lays him down
Upon the sofa, hard and brown;
Gets forty winks, and then, I guess,
Collects, in sword and proper dress,
Tattoo reports.

At twelve, although it's raining hard,
In ample cloak he wakes the guard;
Round every sentry's post he wends,—
The sentries cry, when he says "Friends!"
"Advance, all's well!"

No wonder, when his week is o'er,
He gives it up, nor asks for more!
His belts he hangs upon their pegs,
And, as he stretches weary legs,
Cries, "Done at last!"

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OXFORD IS BECOMING COSMOPOLITAN.

Enraged Proctor. *"Sir, you are smoking in the High Street!"*
Transatlantic Freshman. *"Wa-al, old hoss!—Guess I could ha' told ye-ew that!"*

BIGOTRY, OR SOME BLUNDER, AT BOSTON. (U. S.)

The following statement in a newspaper correspondent's letter from Boston, U.S., seems to confirm the prevalent belief that our American cousins entertain peculiar ideas on the subject of morals:—

"There has been some excitement in Boston for nearly a week, in consequence of some of the Catholic scholars in one of the public schools refusing to use the Protestant version of the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. Three of the boys who left on account of their conscientious scruples have been arrested for larceny, one of them being a Protestant."

The meaning of the latter of the above sentences in connection with the former is open to some question. It may simply be, that the boys who left the school on account of their conscientious scruples were subsequently arrested for picking pockets, from which those scruples did not restrain them; and that, one of them being a Protestant, the inference which ought to be drawn is, that a Protestant as well as a Catholic boy may possibly be a young rogue. Or the sentence may have been intended to signify that the boys were arrested on a fictitious charge of larceny, brought against them from motives of bigotry or intolerance, and including the Protestant boy as an incipient pervert. Or it may imply the fact that they were arrested on a true charge of larceny; refusal to use the Protestant versions in question amounting to that offence by the laws of New England; and one of the juvenile recusants being actually a Protestant. Or, lastly, perhaps, we are to understand its import to be, that it is larceny in Boston to play truant, and that the two ordinarily conscientious young Papists, and the extraordinarily conscientious young Heretic, were apprehended for stealing away from school.

On the third and fourth of these suppositions, the institutions of the United States, or at least those of New England, are insane. On the second, bigotry in Boston must be frantic. On the first, the sentence in question conveys little news, and bears to the preceding one that simply negative relation which only indicates that its author was probably an Irish gentleman.

Proverb Improved.—The nearer the Church, the further you wish the abominable bell.

A CURE FOR CHINAMANIA.

The mania for old China is by no means a new thing to us. But our attention has been recently attracted to a sale, where such ultra-maniacal prices are said to have been realised, that we feel impelled to say six words upon the subject for the purpose, if we can, of checking such insanity. The following quotations of the sums which were obtained will show the height to which the Chinamania actually has reached:—

"A pair of noble sea-green bottles and covers of unusual beauty and brilliancy of colour, finely painted with flowers, &c., in rare pink, 36 in. high, £57. A matchless old vase, exquisitely painted with two medallions of figures, the sides embellished with paintings of flowers indigenous to China, 36 in. high; from Pekin, unique, 69 guineas. A superb old blue vase, finely painted with hunting scenes and scenery, with elephant's head handles; also from Pekin and unique, £112. A pair of very rare old hexagonal vases and covers, surmounted by kylins, beautifully painted with birds and flowers in delicate borders of pink trellis work, on elaborately carved stands, 65 in. high, 210 guineas. A pair of magnificent old coffee-coloured vases and covers, richly enamelled with dragons, 48 in. high, £36. A pair of beautiful hexagonal jardinières, with fruit and flowers in colours, on turquoise and lapis-lazuli ground, with groups of imitation flowers formed of rare stones, £35 10s. A pair of beautiful oviform vases, with pierced covers and shoulders of the finest old Sèvres, rare rose du Barri ground, delicately pencilled with gold, each with a group of exotic birds, and flowers and fruit, on white medallions, exquisitely painted, date 1755, 25 guineas. A beautiful eventail jardinière, of the finest old Sèvres, delicate turquoise ground, pencilled with gold and exquisitely painted, with a child, trophies, birds and flowers, in medallions, £40. A fine old Sèvres dessert service, turquoise, white, and gold, beautifully painted, with cupids and flowers, and richly mounted with ormolu, consisting of a very handsome centre basket of ormolu, two pairs of candelabra of ormolu, with figures of cupids and dolphins, and scroll branches for seven lights each, two pairs of oval compotières, richly mounted with chased ormolu; a set of four fruit bowls, and two sets of four compotières *en suite*; a set of four coquilles, two plateaux, each with six small cups and covers for cream, and 36 dessert plates, put up in 14 lots, produced £235."

Persons must, we fancy, have much greenness in their eye, if they can see a something in "a pair of sea-green bottles," which appears to them worth spending £57 about: and we should rather think that nobody except a Chinamaniac would ever think of giving six-and-thirty pounds for a couple of "old coffee-coloured vases and covers," no matter how "magnificent" an auctioneer might deem them, nor with how many rich dragons they were said to be enamelled. What "hexagonal jardinières" may be, we do not know; nor can we tell if an "eventail" one be at all like them. But while ignorance is bliss to us, 'twere folly to be wise; more especially when wisdom would be so dearly purchased. Were we possessed by Chinamania, there is no saying what we might give to possess such curiosities; but while we are in our senses, we shall never dream of paying 210 guineas for the sake of ascertaining what a "kylin," a "compotière," or a "coquille" may resemble, nor of wishing to be one of the fourteen lucky bidders, who between them paid the sum of £235 for so precious a possession as an old Sèvres dessert service, mounted with cupids and other "fabulous animals," whose combined attractions mounted to so fabulous a price.

A Canon.

When a Bishop is sick,
The Parsons are all in a stew,
For a vacant bishopric
Is then in the Parsons' view.
The Parsons are all alive,
As soon as the Bishop is dead;
For one of themselves who survive
The Bishop will be in his stead.

A Certain Stomachic.

On reflection, we admit that there is one complaint which Homœopathy will, in the great majority of cases, effectually cure,—loss of appetite. In this affection, an infinitesimal quantity of any kind of food, taken every morning for breakfast, and repeated without addition at every other meal, will generally accomplish an ultimate, if not rapid, recovery.

A Pointless Saying is a fool's Doing.

Our friend Mr. Blobbins's Stereoscopic studies are suddenly assisted by two young friends, who oblige him with an illustration of "differing angles."

A DISINTERESTED INQUIRER.

INDUSTRY, such as that chronicled in the subjoined paragraph from a contemporary, ought to be rewarded:—

"HAIRS OF THE HEAD NUMBERED.—The *Medical Times* says, a German *savant* has taken the trouble to count the number of hairs existing in four heads of hair, of different colours. He found in a blond, 140,409 distinct hairs; in a brown, 109,440, in a black, 102,960, and in a red, 88,740."

Such trouble is the more deserving of some material recompense, inasmuch as it is not likely to have been remunerated by the moral and intellectual gratification which attends a scientific discovery, particularly one that is of any use. Unless all the four heads were of the same size, it would be impossible to draw any conclusion, from the relative numbers of the hairs of each, as to the average of such heads of hair, except, indeed, the biggest heads had the fewest hairs, and even that would not prove much. It would be necessary to lay a great many heads together in order to generalise safely concerning their proportionate hairiness; and then, though the utility of the generalisation might be vast, it wou d not be obvious.

Continental philosophers are fond of honours; and perhaps a title would be, if not the most acceptable present that this one could be offered, at least the most valuable that his country could very well afford. His field of research may have been a barren domain; but it would be graceful to create so diligent a numberer a Count.

The Money Market.

THE Indian Correspondent of the *Times* says, "Opium is to the Malwa banker what bullion is to the Bank of England." We have heard of money being a drug, but here a drug is literally money. However, we think we should prefer the "rest" of the Bank of England to a rest that was the feverish result of opium. No wonder that the money market of Bombay is in such a collapsed state. It must experience the greatest difficulty in rising with so much opium in its system.

A "DUCK OF A DOCTOR."—Generally, a Quack.

BENJAMIN'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

AIR—"*That Young Man from the Country.*"

WHEN, last year, to save the country, I and DERBY office took,
Of accounts in the Exchequer, DERBY made me his head cook:
We both of us had followers,—but the most, as you 'll agree,
Had that server of his country, which his name is DISRAELEE.
Chorus. That saviour of the country, which his name is DISRAELEE!

'Tis not for me to brag of what we 've been and gone and done,
Nor tell what heaps of κυδος for our wisdom we have won;
It 's our reward is virtue: all great men should modest be;
But of those who 've served the country none surpasses DISRAELEE.
Chorus. For work, and wit, and wisdom, none come up to DISRAELEE!

Our India Bill, last Session, was pronounced a master-stroke,
And with our allies from splitting we 've preserved the British oak;
We 've taken off the Income-Tax, reduced the price of tea,
And for all these boons the country has to thank its DISRAELEE.
Chorus. Yes! Old England owes all blessings to its good friend DISRAELEE!

But, alas! success breeds envy, and from envy hatred springs:
A factious Opposition on our heads its malice flings;
Discordant, disingenuous, distracted though it be,
It has managed to out-vote and out-manœuvre DISRAELEE—
Chorus. And, my Bucks, the country's ruined if it lose its DISRAELEE!

In number being stronger, although weaker far in mind,
Our disunited enemies to crush us have combined;
By taking mean advantage of their brute force, as you see,
They have driven to the Country its good servant, DISRAELEE—
Chorus. Yes, they've driven to Dizzylution your preserver, DISRAELEE!

The moment is most critical, abroad, and eke at home:
They 'll destroy the London season, and p'rhaps drive the POPE from Rome;
The Congress, too, is coming; and who but MALMSBUREE
Can preserve the peace of Europe (with the help of DISRAELEE)?
Chorus. Ah! the man to save the Country is dis child, DIS-RAELEE!

So now, my Bucks, take warning! you'll repent it, if you won't:
There 's Revolution looming, if return your DIZ. you don't.
Be patriots, and be loyal: rally round the throne—and ME,
And serve your QUEEN and Country, by electing DISRAELEE!—
Grand Chorus. ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY BUCK WILL VOTE FOR DISRAELEE!!!

TURN-OUT IN AN AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT.

THE subjoined very seasonable advertisement—seasonable, if true—appeared the other day in the *Maidstone Gazette*:—

TO LIBERAL LANDLORDS.

WANTED, at Michaelmas next, a FARM, containing from 150 to 200 acres, on equitable terms between Landlord and Tenant.

The reason of the advertiser's leaving the farm he at present occupies will be seen from the following letter:—

"—— Rectory, Essex.

"Dear Sir,—I hope in a few days to fix the time for my coming down to Maidstone to receive the rent. The object of my present letter is respecting the election. I do hope you are, with myself, a good Conservative, and that you will vote for SIR WALTER RIDDELL at the approaching election. Landlord and tenant should always vote on the same side, and if we proceed to a new lease, it will be one of my stipulations for the future.

"Yours very truly,

"January, 1857." "W. CROMWELL."

The tenant did not vote as required, and his farm has consequently been let to another.

Apply, stating terms and particulars, to MR. JOHN SMITH, Sparks Hall Farm, Sutton Valence, Kent.

Seasonable this advertisement is—if the advertiser is not mistaken as to the cause of the non-renewal of his lease—in relation to the Reform question and the coming Election. It furnishes one argument, at least, for the Ballot. But we should like to be quite sure of its authenticity; for the letter quoted in it is dated from a rectory, and we are led to infer that it was written by a clergyman: whereas we cannot readily believe that any reverend gentleman would be guilty of so unjust and disgraceful an act, as to endeavour, by intimidation, to prevent his tenant from voting in accordance with his conscience.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE POET PUNCH *having described the Battle of the Days in verse that will be read when* HOMER, VIRGIL, POPE, *and* COVENTRY PATMORE *are forgotten, proceeds of his own sweet will to resume his prose, which, however (as cannot fail to be remarked) is far more beautifully musical than the most ambitious efforts of any poets of the day.*

Monday, April 4, 1859. LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill was squashed on the preceding Thursday, but it was not until this evening that PRINCE RUPERT was prepared to state to the world what he intended to do. The situation delighted MR. GLADSTONE, for it left Three Courses open to Ministers. They could

Firstly, Stick in their places as if nothing had happened, or
Secondly, Resign their offices, or
Thirdly, Dissolve Parliament.

To-night LORD DERBY, in a remarkably slashing speech, in which the Termagant Tongue dreaded in old times by foes—and friends—had full play, announced which alternative he had selected. He passed, *proprio motu*—which means, COX, entirely off his own bat—a Vote of Want of Confidence in the Liberal Opposition, and therefore quite consistently called upon it to resign. Into LORD JOHN RUSSELL he walked much as MR. TOM SAYERS, next day, walked into MR. BILL BENJAMIN, scoffing at LORD JOHN'S pretensions to be a Reformer, and declaring that his fidgety attentions and abominable jealousy made his relations to Reform rather those of a suspicious lover than of an affectionate parent. Decidedly LORD DERBY himself made no pretensions to any particular fondness for the article, for he described the question of Reform, bequeathed to him by his predecessors, as a *Damnosa Hæreditas*—for the meaning of which words, COX, you are at liberty to consult a Latin Dictionary. My Lord next let fly a tremendous volley at LORD PALMERSTON for suggesting course Number One; and in special rage at being told by that lord that the Cabinet ought to remain in office and "do Our bidding" (that of the House), LORD DERBY, like the real PRINCE RUPERT, stormed woundily, and declared that he would do nobody's bidding but that of his Sovereign. He alleged that his Bill was a beautiful Bill, but added that if the Commons had treated it respectfully, no false pride should have prevented his altering it in any expedient way. After a good puff of LORD MALMESBURY, to whom he attributed the preservation of peace in Europe (it was lucky that the Austrian news did not come till Friday), the Prince indulged in some extremely smart scoffing at the Liberals for their disagreements, announced his determination to inflict the last penalty of the law upon the Parliament for the crime it had committed by killing his Bill, and stated that he had obtained the QUEEN'S leave to Dissolve. He should go valiantly to the hustings, not only on the ground that his truly elegant Bill had been smashed by a quarrelsome and discordant conspiracy, but because his Government had not received fair play.

LORD GRANVILLE protested against everything that the PREMIER had said, and had the profanity to advance the proposition that there were in the world other persons as able as LORD MALMESBURY. This statement so shocked the House of Lords, that it adjourned to a half-past seven o'clock dinner.

But if proclamation of the fate of Parliament was made by the angry roar of the lion in one House, in the other it was emitted in the gentle coo of the dove. MR. DISRAELI showered compliments on everybody. It was so kind of some of his friends to support him; it was so noble of some of his friends to desert him; it was so courteous of his antagonists to tolerate him;—in fact, he was full of gratitude and recognition. Only he was desolated at having to tell the House that the advocates of Revolutionary Reform had made it necessary for Conservatism to appeal to the Country; and, as soon as some money votes were taken, he should have the distinguished happiness of kicking out of doors all whom he had the signal delight of addressing.

PALMERSTON would not try to hinder dissolution, but had a strong idea that a General Election would walk the Derbyites out of Downing Street. BRIGHT thought that Ministers had done quite right; and though he disclaimed being a Revolutionist, he announced that the masses would carry the day, and compel the passing a large measure. JOHN RUSSELL, having brought on the crisis, of course abused the Ministers for what they had done, especially while Europe was in a disturbed state. He also prudently made his bid for office, promising a £10 franchise for counties, a £6 one for boroughs, and the taking thirty seats for redistribution. If the Derbyites proposed the Ballot, he should oppose it. DRUMMOND, HORSMAN, NEWDEGATE, and some others, were more or less smart, and BERNAL OSBORNE let off a few squibs with effect. The discussion ended by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER utterly denying that Ministers had ever entertained a thought of taking course Number Two.

The House knew its fate, and after some particularly unsatisfactory revelations in regard to Indian finance, the Indian Loan Bill was passed, and honourable Members went home revolving the opening paragraphs of their election addresses, and how they should soothe or scold their wives and daughters into doing without the money intended to be expended on the joys of the season, but which would now be wanted for bri——pooh! for bringing out the expression of the political views of the People of England.

Tuesday. The Lords conversed for half an hour, the principal topic being bewailment that the Divorce Court had so very much to do, and that new judges were wanted for it. The Commons pushed on the Superannuation Bill, rejecting a clause compelling our civil servants to retire at sixty-five; and then came an Irish row. It seems that, somewhere in Ireland, there is a place called Galway, which is thought to be in the direct route to America; and as it is extremely desirable to encourage the Irish to go away to the latter country, the Government have been subsidising a line of packets between this Galway and America. As doing any kindness to any given Irishman is sure to be mortally offensive to some other (a fact rather plainly pointed out by MR. ROEBUCK to-night), a good deal of abuse passed, not in the least interesting to the philanthropic public.

Wednesday. Naturally, there occurred some bursts of ill-feeling in connection with Monday's debate, and the determination of the Conservatives to destroy the House; and these, pleasantly mixing up with a miscellaneous discussion on sundry estimates, gave rather a piquant character to the Wednesday morning sitting, and prevented Honourable Members from feeling utterly bored.

Thursday. The Lords treated themselves to an Indian debate on the Loan Bill, and LORD DERBY promised both theological and parliamentary thanksgiving for our Indian triumphs. There seemed no sort of doubt that Indian finance was at present in a particularly bad way, and LORD ALBEMARLE stated that we were making the Indians pay eighteen shillings in the pound. No wonder they are burying in the earth as much of the remaining two bob as they can save. The Commons sat a little time, and got rid of a good deal of money.

Friday. The remarkably unpleasant news, above alluded to as from Vienna, had got into the City, and doubtless elsewhere; and LORD MALMESBURY deemed it necessary to promise that he would show, before the dissolution, that it was not his fault if Austria was moving 50,000 men into Italy, and bringing 130,000 more to back them,—that the Croats were entering Milan,—and that the railways were ordered to be ready to transport armies. The Lords were also moved to reject the Bill for getting rid of Grand Juries in the Metropolis, which is to be regretted, as the police magistrate is the best Grand Jury.

LORD PALMERSTON had threatened to get up a Foreign debate, but the Viennese news doubtless incited MR. DISRAELI to ask, and LORD P. to concede, postponement. There was some squabble over the conviction of one of the Phœnix conspirators, in Ireland, a malignant traitor, called SULLIVAN, who has been very properly sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was convicted by a Protestant jury, whereat some Catholic members complained—*Mr. Punch* hopes, only because they would have liked Catholics to share in the credit of disposing of a scoundrel. MR. SALISBURY made stricture on some remarks by BARON BRAMWELL, wherein that excellent judge, scandalised at the conduct of a Welsh jury, in returning a verdict palpably against evidence, had commented severely on Welsh disregard for truth. But there could not be much in the case against the judge, when so acute a gentleman as the Member for Chester could do no more for it than defend the Welsh jury on the ground that they knew rascality was the rule in regard to matters whereof the offender was charged, and so they could not think of punishing any one person. MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT spoke sensibly of the great value which occasional rebukes from the Judges have upon the minds of the people. What is termed a Animated Conversation took place about the dissolution, which everybody professed a desire to have as soon as possible. MR. DISRAELI was rather inclined to indulge in some decorous taunts at Parliament, for its somewhat cowardly desire to die in a hurry, and have it over.

A STRONG-BACKED CAR. SCENE—IRELAND.

Tourist. "WELL, BUT MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T CARRY US, AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE!"
Car Driver. "OCH, NIVER FEAR, YER 'ONOUR, SHURE I 'D CARRY *TWICED* AS MUCH!"

MR. PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

Two men, in blue and gold livery, servants in the large establishment of MR. JOHN BULL, were brought up by their employer, charged with making a disturbance in his household, refusing to give up their keys, and threatening to "smash" everything on the premises. They gave the names of RUPERT and BENJAMIN.

MR. JOHN BULL, the Complainant, stated the prisoners had been in his employment for rather more than a year. The prisoner RUPERT was engaged as upper servant, or *major domo;* the prisoner BENJAMIN as house-steward. It was the latter's business to see to the receipts and payments on account of the house.

In consequence of information he received, he was led to believe some trickery had been practised with a particular Bill, lately brought in to him for settlement by the prisoners, in consequence of which he gave the prisoners warning in the usual way. On this the prisoner RUPERT became exceedingly violent and abusive, refusing to give up his keys, and threatening to punch the heads of JOHN RUSSELL and HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, two respectable elderly men, formerly in complainant's employment (who, as the prisoner believed, had put complainant on his guard against the Bill in question). Hearing a noise in the butler's pantry, complainant went down-stairs and found defendants storming about the pantry. On asking for their keys, they refused to give them up, and swearing at JOHN RUSSELL, declared their intention "of having a shy at the crockery before they went." He was apprehensive that if the defendants were not bound over to keep the peace, they would not only carry out their threat of making a smash on complainant's premises, but would commit an assault on his old servants, RUSSELL and TEMPLE. He wished the worthy Magistrate to dispose of the case summarily, as he had a great deal of work on his hands just now, and could not be absent from his business without great loss and inconvenience.

The Complainant was subjected to a cross-examination by the prisoner RUPERT:—The prisoners had done their work very well up to the time of the complaint about this Bill: RUPERT was a little too free of his tongue for his (MR. BULL'S) taste, and too fond of the turf, he thought, for a good servant: had never forbidden him to go to the Derby, nor objected to his keeping a betting-book in the butler's pantry: was not prepared to say prisoner had ever neglected his work for sporting matters: had received a great many Bills from both the prisoners during the last twelvemonths: had sometimes objected to items: never found prisoners make any difficulty about altering anything that was objected to: remembered a Bill for Indian goods, pickles, curry powder, and so forth: the prisoner BENJAMIN made great alterations in that Bill at complainant's request; in fact, made quite another Bill of it: did *not* consider such willingness to alter Bills a mark of a good servant: liked to see a man stick to a thing when he had once put it in black and white: had let both prisoners know as much: had no objection to state from whom he received the information against the particular Bill which led to this charge, it was JOHN RUSSELL told him the Bill was not an honest Bill: TEMPLE saw the Bill too, but did not say anything till after RUSSELL made his complaint: RUSSELL was not now in his service: objected to say whether he meant to employ him in the situation now filled by prisoner: would not say RUSSELL did not expect to be so employed: might have said he would think about it: RUSSELL had been in his service on different occasions: had parted with him: RUSSELL was not a pleasant servant in a house: he was rash and violent, and in the habit of quarrelling with the other servants, and had a trick of writing letters that made a good deal of mischief: had objected to RUSSELL'S Bills, often enough: had told him to take 'em back again: believed RUSSELL'S complaint against RUPERT'S Bill was well founded: won't say whether RUSSELL may not have had private motives for objecting to it: would not have given prisoners warning if they had consented to alter the items of the Bill complained of: would rather not give an opinion whether or not RUSSELL had acted in a straight-forward way: RUPERT might have reason to be angry with RUSSELL; does not consider *that* a reason he should make a disturbance, and threaten to smash everything on complainant's premises. Understood prisoners meant to go to the country: hoped the change of air would do them good: didn't give warning as a threat only: meant to discharge prisoners when he gave it: still adhered to that intention.

Cross-examined by prisoner BENJAMIN:—Had expressed his sense of

THE FRANTIC FOOTMAN,

WHO HAS HAD WARNING.

the prisoner's abilities: had never said he thought him a good servant: may have said he *might* be a good servant if he liked: had found the prisoner useful in a little difficulty he was in about money-matters last year: had employed prisoner to renew some Bills of his that came due at an inconvenient time: believed prisoner had made himself generally agreeable to his employer, and was civil in his manner to his fellow servants: did not consider that prisoner had any ground for charging Russell and Temple with taking away his character: prisoner distinctly refused to give up his keys, till he came back from the country: is satisfied that prisoner was doing something more than packing up his things to go to the country, when he charged him with threatening to make a smash: believed both prisoners wished to leave the house in disorder, in order to alarm him and give trouble to their successors: could not say prisoner had ever been detected in dishonest practices: could not say he felt confidence in prisoner: thought him rather too sharp a customer: does not mean that as a compliment: may mean to imply prisoner is a "dodger:" is prepared to admit he *does* think him a "dodger:" has been warned against prisoner's "dodges:" objects to give the name of the persons from whom he received the warning: they were old associates of the prisoner: can't say prisoner was disrespectful in his manner when he gave him warning: could not say that there had always been peace in the servants' hall since prisoner had been in his establishment: quite the reverse: two of prisoner's fellow-servants had left, owing to disagreements with the prisoners: had had a good deal of trouble to induce others to stay: generally found a good deal of quarrelling among the servants: had a deal of trouble in keeping them on pleasant terms with each other at the best of times: prisoners *did* ask leave to go to the country: he gave them leave, because he thought everybody better for a change sometimes.

John Russell, on being called, stated that he expressed to Mr. Bull a strong opinion that the prisoners were cheating him: thought the Bill in question a regular swindle: it was a Bill for repairs—for mending seats among other things: knew what the items of such a Bill should be: had made out lots of 'em: had no personal ill-will to prisoners: heard them threaten to make a disturbance: heard them refuse to give up their keys: believed they meant to do him a serious injury: went in fear from them: wished them bound over: thought they wanted to frighten Mr. Bull, in order that he might keep them in their situations.

This witness was subjected to a very severe cross-examination by prisoners:—His own Bills for repairs had not been settled: it was not because there was any objection to the items: Mr. Bull had been too busy to settle them: had told him to wait and bring them in afterwards: can swear Mr. Bull said he would see about his Bills by-and-by: is not of a quarrelsome disposition, that he knows of: has his opinions like another: they may be strong opinions: is accustomed to express them freely: always will: may have quarrelled with his fellow-servants occasionally: quarrels will happen in the best regulated families: may have written letters: may have heard it said that they had made mischief: may have received a round robin asking him to leave his place: has been discharged by Mr. Bull more than once: bears him no malice: hopes to be employed by him for many a long year yet: does not consider himself too old for service yet: will back himself against any man of his age for wind, constitution, and pluck: considers prisoners a couple of humbugs: has filled a great many situations: believes he always gave satisfaction: has been out of a situation for the last three or four years: it was not owing to any fault of his: accidents will happen: is anxious to be employed of course: may look forward to getting a place in Mr. Bull's establishment again: may have said Mr. Bull would be ruined if he didn't get rid of prisoners and take him on: has no doubt he said as much: believes such is the fact: never conspired to take the bread out of prisoners' mouths: may have showed his letter, complaining of prisoners' Bill, to certain parties: won't swear he didn't show it to a party called Graham: has never heard that party goes by the name of "Dirty Jemmy:" does not know he was ever convicted of opening letters when employed in the Post Office: may have consulted with him and others about getting prisoners turned out of their situations: knows Charley Wood: won't swear he did not consult with him: knows Henry John Temple: is not on good terms with him at present: did not advise with Temple before complaining of the prisoners' Bill.

The prisoners denied making any disturbance; as to refusing to give up their keys, Mr. Bull had given them leave to go to the country, and they did not think they ought to have been called on for their keys till after their return. They were the victims of a conspiracy of the witnesses Russell, Temple, and others.

The worthy Magistrate said there could be no doubt that the prisoners had behaved in a very violent and unbecoming manner to a very kind employer. Here was a Bill brought in by them to Mr. Bull containing very objectionable items: Mr. Bull had most handsomely offered to allow the prisoner Rupert to alter these items, as he seems to have been in the habit of doing, but the prisoner refused,—it is to be feared, at the instigation of the prisoner Benjamin. On this, their worthy master gave them both warning; when, instead of going out of the house quietly, they had made a disturbance, refused to give up their keys, and threatened to smash everything. Such conduct could not be tolerated, and he would require the prisoners to find sureties to keep the peace. Bail was not forthcoming, and the prisoners were removed, uttering the most violent language against the witness Russell, and threatening Mr. Bull with what would happen if he took that person into his service.

THE TAP OF TEMPERANCE.

Sir! Hoy! Mr. Drummond! You, Sir, member for West Surrey. Here is an advertisement to which your attention is requested. It has appeared in a provincial paper:—

GEORGE NEWBUTT, of the Three Gimlets Inn, Charminster, begs to inform the Public in general, that he has always for SALE, a First Class FAMILY ALE, at 1*s.* per Gallon.

Also, some splendid XXXX, at 2*s.* per Gallon.

N.B.—Any Person Drinking more than Four Glasses of the latter Potent Beverage at one sitting, can be carefully sent home gratis in a Wheelbarrow, if required.

There may be no landlord at Charminster named Newbutt, and the inn kept there by a gentleman of a very similar name may not exactly be called the Three Gimlets; therefore, let not the foregoing announcement, in connection with the following remarks, be taken as an acknowledgment of that gratuitous ride which it concludes by promising. It is recommended to the notice of Mr. Drummond, by reason of the memorable observation which that honourable gentleman made not long ago in the House of Commons—one of the truest things ever said there—to the effect, that no really good strong beer, such as what used to be brewed of old, is now anywhere to be met with. Mr. Newbutt's XXXX appears to be an exception to this generally too unquestionable rule. Four glasses of the beer which Mr. Drummond meant were about as much as any man could take without requiring to be carried home. When this necessity now occurs, which is frequently the case in the agricultural districts, it is almost always the result of gross intemperance,—the effect of some gallons,—the consequence of excess; or the state which constitutes the necessity is not a state of beer, but a state of *Cocculus Indicus*, or a state of the stuff which is called "bitter ale." We should like to have Mr. Drummond's opinion about Mr. Newbutt's ale. There is something like it at the Bull's Head, Barnes, of which, to judge from the operation of two glasses,—the utmost of our experience,—the effect, in a quantity exceeding four, would probably require a wheelbarrow. Ordinarily, one glass of this beverage will be found sufficient and satisfactory; and, as moral purpose is our aim in making these remarks, we will conclude with the reflection, how much better it is to brew, honestly, good beer, the strength of which naturally tends to compel moderation, than to concoct a villanous liquor which is not malt, which is unworthy of the name of swipes, and which is the fruitful parent of intoxication and its consequent evils.

Punch's Telegrams.

Venetian Lombardy.

The police have received orders to seize all journals of which any portion is printed in Italics.

Several organ-grinders who have arrived from Genoa, have been arrested for playing tunes from operas by Verdi. It is rumoured that they will be sent to England.

Theory against Practice.—Parliament is to be dissolved, and Legislation postponed. For the sake of Reform, John Bull loses reforms.

Dr. Johnson's Approval of a celebrated Whig whipper-in.—"I like a good Hayter."

"You've no call to be afeard of my Dawg, Marm, if you will but keep yourn off of 'im!"

THE COMMUNITY OF CRINOLINE.

THE great diurnal oracle of fashion published, the other day, the following remarkable statement, furnished by its own correspondent at Fashion's head-quarters, Paris:—

"La Marche opened the ball this season with three races or rather steeple-chaces, which, however, did not call for comment, the added money being small, and the fame of the competitors second class; nevertheless beauty, rank, fashion, and crinolines, all more or less lovely, attracted by a bright sun and genial atmosphere, flocked in thousands to the scene of action."

Beauty, of course, is feminine; rank and fashion, placed in apposition with beauty, are feminine also; crinolines are feminine, of necessity. Besides, they are all above described as more or less lovely, therefore must needs be feminine. Beauty means ladies distinguished by their personal charms; rank, the female aristocracy; and fashion, ladies who occupy a brilliant social position. What sort of ladies are crinolines, then? Crinolines, in the foregoing passage, are distinguished from fashion: it therefore follows that they are not fashionable ladies. Hence it would seem that crinoline has gone out of fashion, insomuch that it has actually become a symbol and a euphemism denoting, we may suppose, a person of the female populace.

Lord John's Title.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by the number of Administrations which he has succeeded in overthrowing, has secured for himself a name in History. It is that of JACK THE CABINET-KILLER.

GREAT POLITICAL DEBATE.

THERE was a brisk debate the other night, in the smoking-room of the Pegtop and All-Rounder Club, on the subject of the late Ministerial defeat, and of the failure of the Government Reform Bill.

MR. PERCY SWELLBOROUGH, being asked what he thought of the rejection of the measure, languidly replied, that he-aw-han't thought of it. He thought thinking about anything was-aw-a gweat baw, and-aw-in shawt a motht inthuffewable nuithanthe. A man had quite enough to do, he thought, with thinking of hith dweth, and whawt twoutherth he thould wear-aw, without being bawed by thinking of Weform meathureth.

The HON. GEORGE GUTTLETON agweed with the latht thpeakaw, in tho far ath thinking it a gweat nuithanth. He, however, held a wather diffewent opinion ath to whawt sawt of thingth a fellaw ought to think about. THWELLBOROUGH, they knew, wath alwayth thinking of hith twoutherth (*oh! oh!*), whereath he (MR. GUTTLETON) pweferred thinking of hith dinnaws. (*A Laugh.*) He confethed he vewy often sat thome hourth after bweakfatht, weflecting upon thith, to him important, thubject. While THWELLBOROUGH wath occupied in ordawing fweth toggewy, and finding out whawt waithcoath and whawt twoutherth wese in theathon, he (MR. GUTTLETON) wath conthidewing if thmelth or thalmon were in theathon, and-aw-he might thay, wevolving in hith mind the thort of thoupth and *entrèeth* he thould like to ordaw. (*Hear.*) Tho you thee, pursued the speaker, thome men think of one thing, and thome anothaw; and there may be thome who like conthidewing Weform Billth; but ath they're-aw-not good to eat, ah don't mythelf much care to think about 'em. *Cheers.*)

MR. HARDUPPE said the Government might have relied on his support (*a laugh*), if instead of their Reform Bill they had just brought in a Bill to reform his tailor's bills. In fact he thought Reform was wanted for tradesmen's bills in general, (*hear! hear!*) and he for one was quite prepared to agitate in favour of it. (*Cheers.*) These Bills were becoming more and more a nuisance to him (*sensation*), and there ought to be an act for the removal of such nuisances. (*Hear.*) For reasons of his own, it had long been his ambition to obtain a seat in Parliament, and he intended when he did so, to introduce a measure rendering it illegal for any British shopkeeper to sue a British gentleman for payment of his Bill, if in the gentleman's opinion the goods which he had purchased were necessary to his (the gentleman's) existence. (*Cheers.*)

LORD SCATTERBRAIN had an ideaw (*cries of "By Jove! Have you, really!"*) that the country wath at pwethent not quite weady for Weform; and he agweed with his fwiend DERBY (*question!*) that thaw-thing should be pothponed until the countwy wath more wipe for it. (*Hear.*) He thought it vewy pothible that thnobth might want Weform, but he-aw-wath not a thnob, and he-aw-didn't want it. (*Hear!*)

SIR FREDERICK SUCKTHUMBE thought Weformers were-aw-wather a low lot, and he was surprised that LORD JOHN WUSSELL should-aw-condescend to notice them. As for that-aw-fellow, BWIGHT, he-aw-ought to be marked "*Dangerous!*" WOEBUCK, too, he thought, wath a wegular wed wepublican. (*Hear!*) Such wascals played the juice with the British Constitution, and he would ask the aristocracy to wally wound the thwone, to-aw-pwotect it fwom such wevolutionary wuffians. (*Cheers.*)

The HON. MR. SIMPER said that, when the next Weform Bill wath brought before the Houthe, he hoped that thome one would inthitht upon a clauthe being intherted for weforming the pothithion of the ladieth in the Houthe (*hear!*), and for pwoviding the deaw cweatureth with a more befitting wethting-plathe than the blackhole of a gallewy in which they now were birdcaged. (*Hear! hear!*) He thought if ladieth condethended to come and thee the Houthe, the leatht the Houthe could do wath to return the compliment. Inthead of thith the Houthe had poked the ladieth in a plathe where he defied the tharpetht thight to catch the fainteth glimpth of them. (*Sensation, and cries of "Shame!"*) The Houthe pwetended it did thith in ordaw to pwevent its buthineth being interwupted; but he thought thith only added inthult to the injuwy. (*Hear!*) Where but in the Houthe wath lovely woman'th pwethenth evaw deemed an interwuption? (*Cheers.*) Where but in the Houthe wath buthineth of thuch conthequenth, that the pwethenth of a petticoat wath not allowed to interwupt it? (*Louder cheers.*) Where but in the Houthe—

MR. DAMPER rose to order. He had no wish to curtail the freedom of debate (*oh!*), and still less to interrupt such manly and, he might add, gentlemanly sentiments. (*Oh!*) He begged however to remind his lady-loving friend (*oh! oh!*) that his eloquence was bearing him completely from the subject. (*Question!*) They had not met that evening to discuss the Wrongs of Women. What they were debating was the position of the Government, and not, he begged to say, the position of the ladies. (*Oh! oh!*) Men might cry "Oh! oh!" but he would ask them if Reform (*oh! oh!*) was not a more important matter (*oh! oh!*) than the presence of the petticoats (*oh! oh! oh!*) where, as everybody knew, they were only in the way. (*Vehement oh!-oh!-ing. Cries of "Bosh!" and "Shut up, Ugly!"*) Men might call him ugly, but that wouldn't make him shut up. He thought the ladies were becoming more and more a nuisance. (*Groans, and shouts of "Order!" "Shame!" and "Kick him!"*) His words, of course, bore only a Parliamentary application. (*Hear!*) Their petticoats made such a rustling in the House, that even MR. WHITESIDE could scarcely hear himself speak (*question*), and if they were allowed to bring their babies into Parliament—

The indignation of the meeting here rose to such a height, that Mr. Damper found it futile to attempt to gain a hearing. He therefore comforted himself with a fresh light penny cigar, and by imbibing some deep draughts of some consoling beverage, he soon erased all memory of how his friends had snubbed him.

Several more endeavours were made to call attention to the subject of Reform, but we need scarcely mention that the theme of "Lovely Woman" having once been introduced, there was no chance for the discussion of a less entrancing topic.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE SMITH.

The Working Man is, just at present, the subject of a vast deal of eloquence. Who is the Working Man? Honourable gentlemen may as well try to understand their own meaning. What sort of a personage is the Working Man?

In strictness all men are working-men except thieves, incapable paupers, and gentlemen who are born with silver spoons in their mouths to consume the fruits of the earth; and who eat and drink out their mission. To these idle men may perhaps be added some clerks in some Government Offices.

But useful members of society, generally, are working-men only in the proper sense of the words. What is the Working Man specially and emphatically so called; the Working Man so written with a great W and a great M? Is he simply the man whose work consists in manual labour? At that rate the carter is a Working Man, the ploughman is a Working Man, the hedger and ditcher is a Working Man; but honourable gentlemen call all these men Agricultural Labourers.

Is the engine-driver a Working Man? Is his mate, the stoker, a Working Man? Are the journeyman bricklayer, carpenter, painter, plumber-and-glazier, Working Men? Honourable gentlemen will doubtless answer these questions in the affirmative. The labouring tailor also and shoemaker, the potter, the weaver, will be acknowledged by them as examples of the Working Man. Under the denomination of the Working Man they will agree in ranking the operative, the mechanic, the handicraftsman, the smith. Here we get to a term which comprehends all varieties of the Working Man as meant when alluded to by patriotic and Parliamentary speakers. A smith is, in the large signification of the word, "he that makes or effects anything:" which is just the correct definition of the Working Man. Why not, then, substitute this short and simple noun-substantive for the less definite phrase? Why should not honourable gentlemen proclaim with all their strength, that it is high time that the Voice of the Smith was heard within the walls of Parliament, and that no Reform Bill can deserve the confidence of the country that does not provide for the adequate representation of the Smith?

Because the Working Man of the House of Commons and the Hustings is an Idea; an Idea not exactly conveyed by Smith: an Idea of the same class as that which the British Lion belongs to. The comparison runs on all fours, notwithstanding the objection that the British Lion does that alone. Both are what Lord Bacon might call Idols of the Platform, unless he preferred to class the British Lion among his Idols of the Den.

Like the British Lion, the Parliamentary Working Man presents, to the mind's eye, exteriors apparently real. They consist of a human shape in a brown-paper cap, a fustian jacket, a short apron, corduroy trousers, and strong nailed highlows, the figure clothed with these garments, and the face wearing a stern and woeful expression.

Within the brown-paper cap and the other things above enumerated honourable gentlemen affect to recognise an Intelligence of an order much above the average, united with a peculiar earnestness and sincerity, unfairly and unwisely debarred of a due influence on legislation. What in their hearts they imagine, and fear the existence of in the interior of their Working Man, is a strong bias towards Socialism and Communism, and a dogged disposition to abolish Consols, and demand a redistribution of property. Accordingly, the Working Man must be coaxed and flattered, patted on the head, shaken by the hand, and have the hat doffed to him seriously and obsequiously; and a sop respectfully offered to him.

In short, the Working Man of the politicians, Radical or Conservative, is a Myth, whereas, as above shown, the real genuine Working Man is a Smith.

Nevertheless, let the Smiths have their fair share in representation; that is, share and share with the Browns, and the Joneses, and also with the Howards and the Fitz-Plantagenets, and Mr. Punch.

IDEAS OF AN INSULAR CLOWN.

I hears that France and Austriar be like to goo to war,
And to lug we in along wi' 'um, I should like to know what for.
What call ha' we to spend our lives, and fling our money away,
For them there flighty foreigners—onsartain chaps like they?

At peace there ain't no keepun 'um to war if they 'ool goo;
Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their natur' to.
We'd best mind our own bisnuss, and lave they to zettle theirs:
We never got no good by hands in other folks' affairs.

We bain't alike—can't dale wi' 'um—should let 'um all alone;
They mostly worships images made out o' wood and stone,
In diet and in sentiments we differs from 'um, wide;
And we can't make out their vanity, nor understand their pride.

As to the cause they fights about, as fur as I can zee,
'Tis never nothun moor than just whose slaves they wants to be:
For pompous though their action, and the spéeches they employ,
They 're sitch unruly beggars they no freedom can't enjoy.

So let 'um fight till either side looks danger to our shore,
Then pitch into that side straightways, but let 'um bide afore,
But as for helpun are on 'um, taxation is our gains,
And them as we befriends be sure to abuse us for our pains.

We 're taxed so hard already that it seems like payun fines,
All which it is our recompense for generous designs.
Aloof from 'um in time to come I wish that we med steer,
And let 'um break each other's heads, and never interfere.

GAVAZZI KILT AT GALWAY.

Irish will be Irish. The *Vindicator*, a Galway paper, contains an account of the violence with which Gavazzi was treated the other day at that beautiful city for going there and lecturing about "Italy and the Papacy," to the effect, of course, that the former had better get rid of the latter. The free and enlightened multitude of Galway hooted, and pelted Gavazzi with stones, sods of turf, and shameful to say—as the *Vindicator* does—"every description of missiles!" They hooted, and flung stones, and varieties of dirt, not only at Mr. Gavazzi, but also at a number of Protestant Clergymen and Scripture readers who accompanied him. They chased him as far as they were able, and if they had caught him, the *Vindicator* says, "the results would have been desperate if not fatal." That is, they would very likely have murdered the object of their fury. Yet the *Vindicator*, in a paragraph preliminary to the recital of the outrages above mentioned, gives the following general description of them and their perpetrators:—

"This day the apostle of discord proceeded through the city, accompanied by Mr. Brownrigg, and met with rather a warm reception. This region is much too Catholic for these brothers. The saints were roughly handled, and Gavazzi was obliged to take refuge in the Police Barracks."

Things that are equal to the same are equal to one another. The region of Galway, says the *Vindicator*, is much too Catholic for Gavazzi and his brothers. The region of Galway, according to the same authority, was much too truculent for the same individuals. In relation to those individuals, therefore, being much too Catholic is equal to being much too truculent. It follows that Catholic, in the *Vindicator's* sense of the word, is relatively to certain persons—to wit, opponents of the Papacy—equivalent to truculent; to savage, barbarous, destructive, cruel. Did Mr. Newdegate, or Mr. Spooner ever say anything of Catholicity worse than this? The *Vindicator* seems to have a pretty notion of vindicating theological opinions. Mr. Gavazzi, Mr. Brownrigg, and their comrades, "met with rather a warm reception." Opponents of the Papacy have generally experienced the like wherever the Papacy has had the upper hand. The warmth has sometimes been excessive—has risen to the roasting point. The *Vindicator* perhaps approves of treating Dissenters with this high degree of vindictiveness. To represent Catholicity as synonymous with truculence, how very uncatholic! But how very Irish! The bosom of the Papacy is a nest that has some ill birds in it, and sure, one of them is the Galway *Vindicator*, unless Irish Papist means the same thing as extreme Protestant. Some, indeed, say they are much of a muchness.

STODGE GOES TO GIVE A FIRST LESSON IN OIL-PAINTING TO A NOBLE LADY IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

Gorgeous Flunkey. *"Are you for the Nussery?"*

A PROMISING PERFORMER.

THEATRICAL astronomers have long been looking out for a "star" to take the place of the brilliant planet KEAN, now on the eve of disappearing from the firmament of the foot-lamps; and it delights us to announce that a star has been discovered which, if not of equal magnitude with that which is just setting, may in another view be looked on as a no less shining light. For a foreglimpse of this luminary, we are indebted to the telescope or opera-glass of a contemporary; to whose "puff preliminary" we are so liberal as to give insertion gratis:—

"MR. STIGGINS, the accomplished comedian of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, has accepted an advantageous engagement with MR. HARRIS, who succeeds MR. CHARLES KEAN in the management of the Princess's Theatre. During the period he has been connected with the Glasgow Theatre he has gained many friends and admirers—men who respect him for his qualifications as an actor, and also for his scholarly attainments. His admirable writings on the Apocalypse have made him a name among the *literati* of Scotland, at the same time that his genial and fresh interpretation of high-class comedy has rendered him a universal favourite with the frequenters of the Dunlop Street Theatre.—*Glasgow Bulletin.*"

We have taken a slight liberty with this "accomplished" gentleman, in altering the name wherewith he has been gifted, to one which we conceive is more expressive of his talents; but on this we trust to him to put that "genial interpretation," for which, we are informed, he is so eminently famous. MR. STIGGINS must believe in our sincerity when we say we use the pseudonym without meaning any sneer in it. We have no wish to cast ridicule upon an actor who, we hear, is so "respected" in his art, because he happens to be "admired for his scholarly attainments." The actor to whose buskins MR. STIGGINS is appointed to succeed has also his admirers for his scholarly attainments; and for the advantage of the playbill-studying public, we rejoice that a fit person has been found to fill his place. The lore which has been lavished on the fly-leaves of the playbills, which have lately been produced at the Princess's Theatre, must have taxed the highest powers of the deepest-read of scholars.

On a literary account, then, as well as a dramatic one, it relieves our mind to hear of MR. STIGGINS's engagement, which we trust will be of profit to the public and himself. Bilious critics, it is true, may sneer at the preliminary announcement of his merits, and may ask in what the drama is connected with divinity, and whether studying the Apocalyse at all prepares an actor for studying a part. "Not to speak profanely," were the *Divina Commedia* to be produced at the Princess's, MR. STIGGINS might perhaps find his divinity of service; but it could not much advantage him in comedies in general, excepting peradventure in those of the "divine WILLIAMS." Nor, as bilious critics further might remark, is it quite clear why such learning is paraded in his puff. Among the "unco guid" of Glasgow it may perhaps advance an actor to give out in the papers that he is well up in divinity; just as cooks will sometimes advertise their church-going and their piety, in addition to the virtues of their made-dishes and pastry. But playgoers in general do not as the "unco guid" do. In London, for the most part, we like to see things in their place, and do not want divinity lugged into a play-puff. It being as an actor that MR. STIGGINS comes before them, it concerns the London public much more to be told of his theatrical abilities, than of his Apocalyptical research; and until they have had the privilege of reading what he has written and of seeing how he acts, it must, we fear, remain a doubt with all unbiassed critics whether his light comedy be as heavy as his books would seem to be.

The Compensating Balance.

AN insult in the House of Commons is always compensated for afterwards by a compliment,—and the larger the insult, the larger generally the compliment that is sure to follow it. It is strange that the gentleman who is the "very last whose feelings the honourable Member would wish to offend," generally happens to be the very first whose feelings are offended.

HIM, who trying to bring you beer, should spill it over your trousers, you would call lout and clown. What of him who tries to bring you an idea, and makes a mess of it with inexactness and bad grammar?—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

ANOTHER GOG IN VIEW.

IT is proposed to erect a Statue to the memory of JOHN HUNTER. What has JOHN HUNTER done to deserve that indignity?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 16, 1859.

SCENE IN A REFRESHMENT-ROOM AT A PUBLIC BALL.

Enter Aristocratic Swell, in a state of fusion, addressing himself to the Fair Damsel in attendance. "*Haw, really, I don't know what to take: the champagne I had of you the night before last did not agree with me.*"

Young Damsel, naïvely. "*I fear, Sir, you were not accustomed to it.*"

[Swell looks reduced in importance, and bystanders chuckle.

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

Impromptu by an Elderly Gentleman.

"What!" I said, the other day,
"April, Sir! What April? Eh?
Call this April? I should say,
By the weather, it was May.
May? By Jove, Sir, June!—July!
Here the glass is—what?—How high?
Seventy-two, Sir, in the shade!
All too fine, Sir, I'm afraid,
Much too fine to last. 'Tis strange,
In a few days what a change!
Here we were, a week ago,
Walking ancle-deep in snow,
Now we have to ice our wine,
And with perspiration shine.
You've the fruit-trees out in bloom,
Of a morning, from my room,
Certainly, a charming sight!
And those-what?—those yellow, bright,
Like great guineas—what you call
Dandelions, on the wall,
Blazing in the sun like gold,
Famous for the bile, I'm told.
Here, you see, we've April flowers,
And, perhaps, shall have May showers,
Or to-morrow it may rain—
Who can tell?—or snow again,
And the peaches will be spoiled!
Here we are, fried, roasted, broiled,
In the dog-days, so to speak."

Christmas has returned this week.
Fickle climate—is it not?—
One day cold, another hot,
Wet to-morrow, fine to-day.
Well, Sir, well: all I can say
Is, I hope it will agree
With ourselves, Sir: you and me.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, *April* 11. The Lords did rather a cool thing, considering that their *specialité* is reverence for vested rights. They ordered the Society of Lincoln's Inn to produce and lay upon their Lordship's table some plans which the Society had prepared, and which were its private property. The plans were for some new Chancery Courts, proposed to be erected on the Society's ground; and, altogether, Lord Redesdale had about as much right, strictly speaking, to call for the plans, as *Mr. Punch* has to ask Lord Redesdale for the design for his new conservatory, if he is building one, which perhaps he is not, and whether he is or not, *Mr. Punch* does not in the least care. *Mr. Punch*, mind, sees no objection to the demand for these plans; but he begs to remind the Lords, that he shall expect them to adhere to the precedent, and always in future to subordinate private rights to the public advantage. *Salus populi suprema lex*, Cox.

There was a good deal of fidget in the Commons to know what day they were to be dissolved; and Lord Palmerston poked some questions at Mr. Disraeli, who refused to give a definite answer, but stated that the operation should take place as soon after prorogation as should be, in the judgment of Ministers, consistent with decorum. This bit of intentionally provoking verbiage roused Sir George Grey, who enjoys the double advantages of a long tongue and a short temper, and he fired rather hotly into what he called Mr. Disraeli's enigma. But Mr. Disraeli was not in a state of mind to be incensed, and he blandly rebuked Sir George for his "rabid heat," and entirely declined being more precise.

The Railway people have been done a little in the matter of return and excursion tickets,—that is to say, where a person has desired to take a single journey only, he has occasionally sold the return half-ticket to somebody else, who wished to go the other way. What wrong this did it is difficult to say, inasmuch as it was but making the railwaymen fulfil their bargain to carry a passenger up and down; but they see a grievance, and apply to Parliament for a Bill, arming them with powers of a tremendous character against such offenders,—all but the right of instantly hanging them up to the signal-posts. The Commons, however, thought the demand a little strong, and postponed the enactment.

Tuesday. There was a sort of debate in the Lords as to whether a Bill for abolishing the antiquated and inconvenient privilege of the Thames watermen should not be referred back to a Committee. The steam-engine has abolished these men, and it is manifestly absurd that their ghosts should be allowed to sit upon the [redacted]. The Bill was referred to a new Committee.

In the Commons, there was a delightful personal row, involving the Government. The latter, of course, mean to make fight everywhere at the coming elections, and Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, claimed fulfilment of a promise made, he says, by another of the Lords, Captain Carnegie, to stand for Dover, against that Disagreeable Rattle, Mr. Bernal Osborne. The Captain saw no fun in this, and resigned his Lordship; and some other similar changes occurred. The point of the accusation against Government was, that, for the sake of electioneering tactics, they displaced from the Admiralty Board men who had mastered their business, and who, at a crisis like this, should have been kept at their posts. And, on the whole, the case seems pretty much proved; but electioneering ardour, like intoxication, is held to be an excuse for a good many questionable things in England.

Mr. Henry Berkeley, being an eminently practical statesman, or being rather in terror of certain persons out of doors, (who believe that the Ballot will at once pay the National Debt, reform our weather, cleanse the Thames, abolish pauperism and crime, and teach senators the use of the letter H,) moved for leave to bring in a Bill to enforce secret voting. Nobody, not even the mover, could talk seriously about the subject, and Mr. Berkeley himself actually adduced as argument for the measure, the complaint of some hen-pecked animal who begged for the Ballot to protect him against his own wife, the woman having urgently remonstrated with him against some vote which he had given. Lord John Russell opposed the motion, but was prepared (in the event of its being desirable that a Minister who wished to retain office should be a Balloteer) to see, at a fitting time that there was no great harm in the Ballot. Lord Palmerston was, on the contrary, very plain-spoken against the proposition, and was rather successful in his jokes against the Berkleian feebleness. This put Berkeley in a rage, and he forgot his good manners and told his antagonists that they talked flagrant and audacious rubbish (*sic*).* On division, the Ballot party got 99 votes to 102 against them. Neither side was present in strength.

* *Sic*, Latin word, means, Cox, that we quote the exact expression. *Sick*, English word, means how we feel when we read more than six lines of one of your speeches.

Wednesday. The SPEAKER could hardly get his forty members, and when he did, they sat only forty minutes.

Thursday. An extremely interesting night. Never, perhaps, have a father and a son been simultaneously engaged in a loftier duty, or discharged it more admirably. The EARL OF DERBY in one House, and LORD STANLEY in the other, recapitulated the noble deeds of our forces in India, and called respectively upon the Lords and Commons to thank the wise and brave men who saved her Indian Empire to QUEEN VICTORIA. All who spoke were, of course, unanimous in eulogy; and, in his double capacity of Peer of the Realm and Member of Parliament, LORD PUNCH, M.P., hereby ratifies the vote, with the mingled solemnity and enthusiasm which form part of his inimitably noble nature.

In the Commons an arrangement was made whereby, for the future, Jew Members are to come up on the fourth day of the meeting of a new Parliament, and be admitted, if the House pleases, by resolution. SIR FITZROY KELLY brought in a Bill for consolidating the law of offences against the person. *Mr. Punch* has not yet seen the Bill, but hopes that it includes provision for the transportation, before the first offence, of any person who looks likely, at any time in his life, to begin playing a street-organ.

Friday. Ministerial statements about the Italian crisis had been promised to-night, but were again postponed; whence it was surmised that there might still be some hope of preventing the carrion eagles from closing in fight.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL got up a small Indian debate, which he based on a letter in which LORD ELLENBOROUGH had intimated, somewhat distinctly, his conviction that the less England had to do with missionary business in India the better. *Mr. Punch* fears that the Tame Elephant is an awful old heathen, but there is some sense in his recommending extreme caution in iconoclasm.

The Commons, having nothing else before them, insisted on being amused with some explanations of Ministerial conduct, of no great interest to the world; and again LORD PALMERSTON poked at MR. DISRAELI for the date of the dissolution, and again didn't get it. Perhaps the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who is a classical scholar, partakes of a certain ancient superstition, that it was not lucky to allude to Fate in very precise terms.

A GO-AHEAD MINISTER.

ACCORDING to MADAME LOLA MONTES, it is a common thing in the United States for a broken-down jockey or a bankrupt tradesman to turn his mind to law, physic, or divinity, and become an advocate, a doctor, or a parson, in some three months. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* corroborates her statement by an interesting tale, which thus commences:—

"A CLERGYMAN ARRESTED WHILE PREACHING A FUNERAL SERMON.—As the Rev. WILLIAM WATSON, the pastor of the Methodist Church in Glenwood, Iowa, was preaching a funeral sermon, he was arrested by officers from an adjoining county for passing counterfeit money."

The accusation was not altogether unfounded:—

"The Clergyman did not accompany the procession to the grave, and the officers arrested him. They had previously searched his house, in the cellar of which they found inks, presses, papers, rolling machines, and the entire apparatus for the manufacture of counterfeit bank bills. They also found 1,000 dollars in counterfeit bills, 800 dols. of which were tens on the Forest City Bank of this city, and about 200 dols. of fives on the State Bank of Ohio."

But not only were appearances against the pastor:—

"The Clergyman made a clean breast of the matter. He became connected with some counterfeiters about two years ago, and as he had been in early life an engraver, he became a useful and hard-working member of the gang. He has preached in Glenwood about three years. He is about forty years old, a man of family, and has been very generally esteemed and respected by his congregation and neighbours. He said he joined the counterfeiters to get money 'to do good with.'"

To do good, not exactly by stealth, but by forgery; but this exemplary Divine will certainly not "blush to find it fame." The pastor seems to have been in one respect well qualified for his sphere of usefulness among a gang of coiners. He was at all events capable of ministering any quantity of brass to them. His Glenwood flock, however, consisted of rigid moralists, and did not admire the ring of that metal:—

"This explanation was not very satisfactory to his parishioners, however, and they discarded him at once."

The narrator of this edifying case remarks, with justice additionally, but unnecessarily, illustrated:—

"He must have been a nice Minister. An examination of his 'study' showed the *Life in Boston, Venus' Miscellany*, and other flash papers."

The Minister is now fast in bonds:—

"He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, and in default of heavy bail, was committed to the county gaol, to await trial before the Court of Common Pleas. The incident created a great sensation in the little town."

Tribulation, probably, awaits the reverend smasher. He will undergo a trial. He will very likely be convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour. He will call that a trial too, although it is properly speaking a punishment: but quack religionists always term their disasters trials, and a fellow who is at once a religious hypocrite and a common rogue will naturally express his ideas in sanctified slang.

Smart Americans, however, will no doubt be proud of their countryman, the REV. WILLIAM WATSON, whom they are now enabled to boast as the equal of DR. DODD. However, the REV. WILLIAM WATSON will not be hanged.

CANZONET ON THE LATE CRISIS.

AIR—"*A Temple of Friendship.*"

"A TEMPLE* in friendship," cried RUSSELL, enchanted,
"I'll bind to our cause, and make DERBY resign;"
The Temple was sought: JOHN'S petition was granted:
Thought he, "Sure, of office the shoes now are mine!"

So he flew to the House, with the speed of Pandora
On her mission of bringing destruction when sent:
And there entered a Notice, he thought 'twas a floorer,
The deadliest weapon his art could invent.

The battle was fought: JOHN his forces combining
With the Temple and BRIGHT, broad of back as of brim,
A victory gained: counted votes thirty-nine in
Majority: JACK swore 'twas plenty for him.

But what were his thoughts, when a few evenings after
'Twas announced—To the country the House is despatched:
Cried DIS, in his sleeve slily venting his laughter,
"You counted your chickens, JOHN, ere they were hatched!"

* LORD PALMERSTON. *See Peerage.*

Something for a Fool's Head.

THE best thing for any old fool who wishes to dye his grey hair is, if it is nothing worse than what it calls itself, some grease which is advertised under the name of Walnut Pommade. Walnut colouring matter would stain the hair of the aged simpleton without burning it, and give his ass's head that appearance of dead horse-hair, which ordinarily exposes the base imposture of the dyeing old dandy.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

"There was immense trouble with Meyerbeer's new opera. To the title, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, there was the grand objection that it might remind people of the late terrible *fiasco* known as *Le Pardon de Montalembert*. This was the composer's difficulty. Then, when it came to be known that *Pardon* did not mean a pardon, but a sort of Congress, the Tuileries took fright, and visions of a frantic mob clamouring for a Parliament came upon "*M. Duplicité.*" Next, it became known that the interest of the plot turned upon the resolution of somebody to clutch at gold by the most unhallowed means, and at the price of destruction to the innocent; and then the Ante-chamber got into a state of mind, and certain of the billiard-marking nobility protested against scandals. Then the fact came out that a goat was an important performer, and a certain Minister was despatched to superintend rehearsals, and watch lest the wicked wit of the manager might trim the animal's beard, so as to bring the face into any resemblance to that of an excessively exalted personage. Then, some of the priests about the Court raised an objection to the profanity of thunder and lightning, especially when brought into play by a Jew, and it was only by a promise of a private box for the season to a certain Archbishop that this was got over. Then, one of the *dames d'honneur*——

From our Paris Correspondent.

THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS GLORY.

Glory to the great Lord Mayor,
Honour to the grand Lord Mayor,
With his sides overgrown who presides on the throne
In the pomp of the Civic Chair!
Long live the grand Lord Mayor!
Success to the grand Lord Mayor!
He is the City King, and to his renown we'll sing
Glory to the great Lord Mayor!
Chorus. Glory, &c.

When he holds his Court in state,
His consequence is how great!
Than the Pope or the Czar of a scope greater far,
So magnificent a potentate!
Hear him the law declare,
Contradict him if you dare;
Know that mum is the word, so be dumb, though absurd
Seems the speech of the grand Lord Mayor.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

Gainsayers his Lordship charms
With a ho! to the Serjeant-at-Arms;
So adore his high place, bow before his dread mace,
For his thunders are no false alarms.
For the Tower let rebels prepare,
Of the block and the headsman beware!
He'll commit himself too, it is fit he so should do,
To approve himself a true Lord Mayor.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

The Lord Mayor of London Town
Should a cap wear above his crown
That has got at the end a smart knot to depend,
In a curve hanging gracefully down;
With a bauble for sceptre to bear,
Whilst all his beholders declare,
Reared in case so elate as his face to inflate,
There's no monarch to match the Lord Mayor.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

How good is the Lord Mayor's Show!
In triumph to see him go,
And his gay coach roll, with display so droll,
To the mirth of high and low.
What gorgeous flunkeys flare!
What vast buffoons are there!
And of Guys what a sight doth all eyes delight
In the train of the new Lord Mayor!
Chorus. Glory, &c.

Blow the fifes, beat a roll on the drums,
The Lord Mayor comes—he comes!
Let the grand trumpets play and the band of brass bray
To their noses while all raise their thumbs!
City Marshal and Swordbearer scare
All the boys in his way; rend the air
British crowd, with acclaim, and aloud extol the name
Of the proud and puissant Lord Mayor.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

He speaks in Wisdom's saws;
Receive them with applause.
In his head there is fat; being fed upon that
Of his intellect is the cause.
On the fat of the land doth he fare,
On the fat of the sea, oh rare!
If he talks like a fool he but walks by the rule
Of the time-honoured old Lord Mayor.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

Let us wish the Lord Mayor long sway,
May his mace never pass away!
Let him aye hold his own, and o'erweigh twenty stone,
Making fun for us every day!
He is an immense Lord Mayor,
High and Mighty Sublime Lord Mayor!
Trim his crown with gold bells while the town his grandeur tells,
Singing, Glory to the great Lord Mayor!
Chorus. Glory, &c.

A BLOW FOR THE BALLOT.

(*See Speech of* Lord John Russell, *Times, April* 13.)

"Sir, as touching the Ballot, I briefly would state
(For I've no wish to lengthen this tedious debate),
That with Sir R. Bethell I cannot agree,
When he says that the law says all votes should be free.
Ancient statutes he quotes for his proofs, but, Sir, I
Him to find the word 'Ballot' in old laws defy.
I've read all Pitt's speeches, and those too of Fox,
And in neither is any demand for the Box:
So I say, and I'll stick to't with due resolution,
Secret voting's no part of the Br'ish Constitution:
As a Briton I therefore detest it, and go
With friend Pam when he calls it mean, sneaking, and low.

"Still I can't say I think, as I once did, I own,
That the Ballot-box now would endanger the throne;
My predictions on this point I therefore retract,
For I think no great damage would come from the act.
I've such faith in true Britons, be they small men or great,
That I think none desire to imperil the State:
And though granting the Box might not make the Funds go up,
Still I don't think 'twould end in a general blow up.

"At the same time, albeit I've so altered my views,
As to own in the Ballot there may be *some* use,
And to think that *some* good to effect it might chance
(Though I see but small benefit from it in France),
While I've shown 'twould result, Sir, in nothing unpleasant:
Still I cannot support it—at least, not at present!"

More Flunkeydom.

"It is proposed," says an Irish paper, "to erect a bronze statue to the Marquis of Waterford, to be erected in the People's Park in the town whence he took title." This is simple slavering adulation. That of late years the Marquis was a kind neighbour and a good landlord, is a fact on which his neighbours and tenants are to be congratulated, but not a reason for erecting a statue to him. The flunkeyish proposal compels *Mr. Punch* to remark, that if bronze be wanted, it might probably be found in the stock of knockers wrenched off by his Lordship in his "eccentric" days. Save even a deceased Marquis from his friends!

CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (*to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity*). "EDWIN, DEAR! IF YOU LOVE ME, GO DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND FETCH ME MY SCENT BOTTLE AND ANOTHER SHAWL TO PUT OVER MY FEET!"

[EDWIN'S *sensations are more easily imagined than described.*

SHAKSPEARE AND LORD CAMPBELL.

ROBIN HOOD might have envied the gentleman mentioned in the following brief Police report:—

"WESTMINSTER.—JOSEPH MORRIS was finally examined, charged with stealing a great quantity of property from the stables of LORD CAMPBELL, Stratheden House, Knightsbridge.

"The prisoner, who made no defence, was committed for trial."

The act of breaking into the stables of LORD CAMPBELL was one of similar daring to that of walking into the lion's den. There cannot but be something awful to a thief in the character of a Judge, of which the influence must extend even to the Judge's premises; though of course there are none which the depredator, if he could be sure of not being detected, would feel greater pleasure in plundering.

We may imagine what a high joke *Sir John Falstaff* would have thought it, under assurance against a contingency which would have turned the jest against himself, to perform the exploit for which MR. MORRIS was sent to gaol. It will be remembered that *Falstaff's* outbreak of exultation on hearing from *Pistol* of the death of *Henry IV.*, concludes with the following remarkable words:—

"Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!"

The exhortation to steal horses, in close connection with the denouncement of woe against the Lord Chief Justice, may, by the least conjectural Shakspearian commentator, be supposed to bear additional testimony to the prophetic soul of SHAKSPEARE, particularly as the great dramatist doubtless foresaw that he would be under some obligation to the present successor of SIR WILLIAM GASCOIGNE. Hence, there can be little difficulty in concluding that, when he put the horse-stealing proposal together with the malediction upon the Lord Chief Justice, into *Falstaff's* mouth, he had an eye with a forewarning purpose to the future robbery of LORD CAMPBELL'S stables.

THE RETIREMENT OF THE WISCOUNT.

How gallantly, how merrily, to the Country down go we,
The addresses are all printed, the beer is flowing free;
The agents and the canvassers are bustling, blithe and bright,
Like creatures who have all to gain, and nought to lose by fight.

The voters share their triumph; out mouldy freemen creep;
And seedy householders emerge from under clouds so deep,
In their wake like any ale-butt the licensed wittler mark,
Oh, proud must be Britannia of such a wholesome lark!

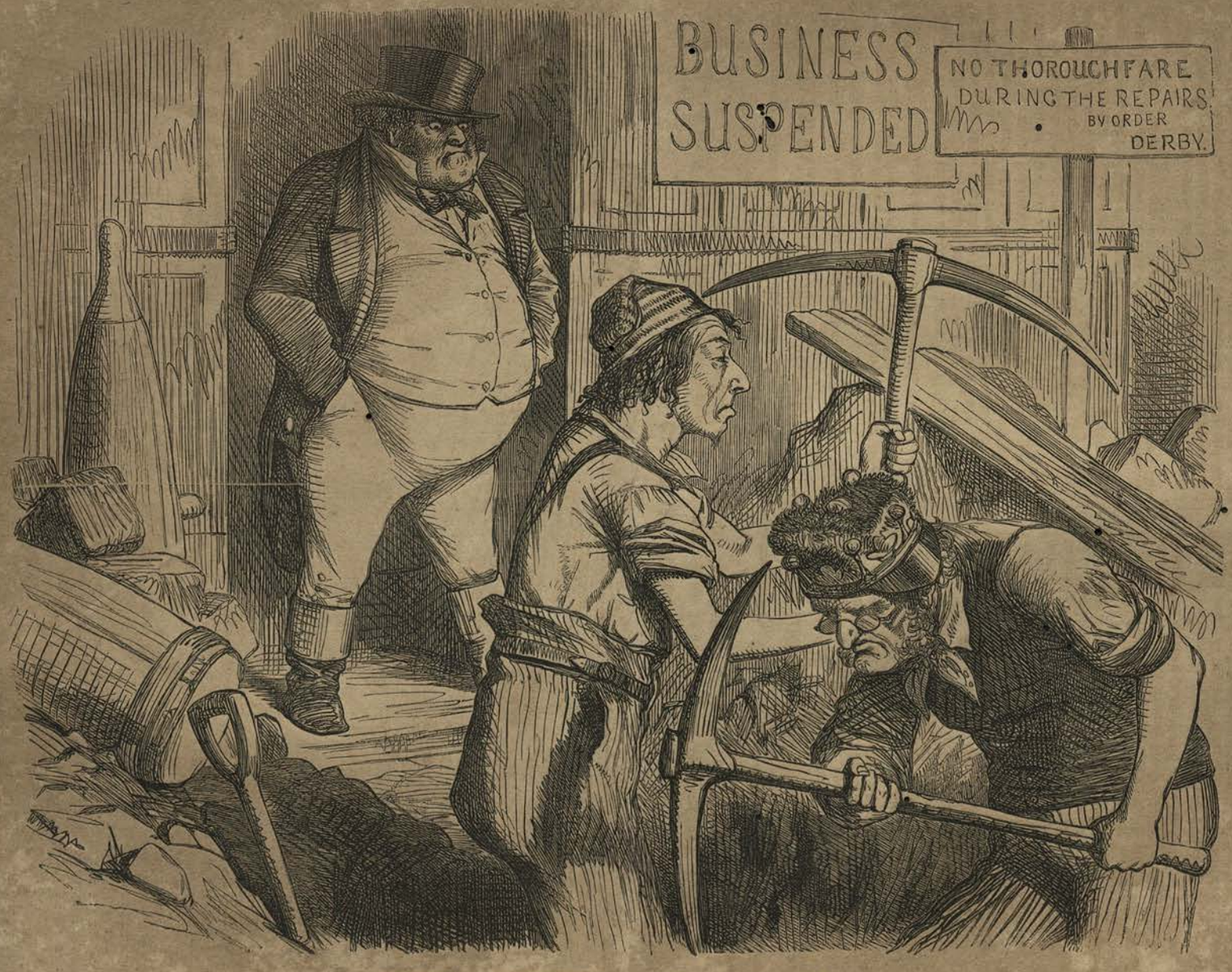
Yes, proud must be Britannia: despite what croakers say,
That constitutions aren't improved by moist'ning of the clay;
That who conquers of such combatants to her don't matter more,
Than which of two Kilkenny cats is left upon the floor.

I would I were Britannia with Commoner and Lord,
Competing for my service, with pen and tongue and sword;
I'd tell the House of Commons—that talks so fast and free,
A few less words, and a deal more work, or you won't do for me."

But Britannia grew paler, and paler still she grew—
In spite of all her eager slaves that to the hustings drew;
And something in her manner proclaimed some loss was nigh,
To which all coming gains would be, what cads call "all my eye."

Then came a horrid whisper that turned *Punch's* hair to grey—
That the noble WISCOUNT WILLIAMS from Lambeth drops away:
Britannia may well turn pale, and ask of all her friends,
Who will henceforth save cheese-parings, and rescue candle-ends?

Penny-wisdom o'er her champions in agony may weep;
Pound-foolishness may deck herself in sables dark and deep;
But no second WISCOUNT WILLIAMS the Commons House will see,
Not e'en Lambeth has another retail-dealer dense as he.



THE STREET UP AGAIN!

THE SAGA OF THE SEA-LORDS AND THE DRAGON OF DEOFRE.—YE FIRSTE FYTTE.

(From the Norse.)

CROWNING its sea-walls
Wind-swept, and white:
Welcome to passengers
Pallid of plight,
Fair riseth Deofre-town,
Far over flood:
There dwells a Dragon,
Deadly of mood.
OSBEÖRN, that dragon hight:
Dark is his mane:
Scales as of brass
Buckler his brain:
Sharp is his tongue-tip,
Sudden to slay;
Pain on its point sits,
Prompt after prey.
Fierce from his fiery throat
Flashes are flung;
Tails hath he many,
Tipped like his tongue.
So wons the weird worm,
Wild by his wave-home;
Grim in his grinning,
Gay in his grave home:
What jarl will beard him,
Bold against brass,
Reckless of tongue's point,
Pierce the worm's pass?
Who OSBEÖRN, the dragon,
Will drag from his den,
Till his teeth and his talons
Are mocked among men?

There sat in the White Hall
Of sea-kings the flower:
From the town of the Pakings,—
A Viking of power:
As they told of the dragon,
The fire-drake OSBEÖRN,
How his tongue-point and tail-sting,
Worked woe, night and morn.
How in Deofre his wonning
That worm held at will,
None so bold as to brave him,
With blade or with bill.
How who so essayed it,
Emerged in dismay,
His person bespattered,
Besmirched his array;
All faint with the fire-flaughts
The weird worm had flung;
And red from the clutch, where
His sharp claws had clung.

Then outspake that sea-king,
Of Pakings the chief.
"What thegn of my meynie
Brings Deofre relief?
Who beardeth the dragon,
The fire-drake OSBEÖRN,
Despite his sharp tongue-tip,
His hide, or his horn?
Be thine the adventure—
KEÄRN-EGGA, the bold!
To drag forth the fire-drake
OS-BEÖRN from his hold."

But KEÄRN-EGGA the crafty,
Sat still in his place:
Though the Lord of the Pakings
Grew red in the face.
"Now, hie thee, KEÄRN-EGGA."
KEÄRN-EGGA said, "Nay:
'Tis no work for a sea-king,
Foul fire-drakes to slay.
Such deeds bring not glory,
Nor profit of pelf:
If worm OSBEÖRN need killing,
Go kill him yourself?"
The chief of the Pakings
Grew red, and waxed pale:
And the Vikings around him,
Made snug for a gale.
He turned to Jarl RICHARD,
The Viking DUNDAS:
"Go thou, my Jarl RICHARD,
KEÄRN-EGGA's an ass.
For my thegn when I chose him,
He swore to be true,
And wherever I bid him
To seek derring-do.
Go thou, fight this dragon:
Yet, ere that thou go,
Kick out false KEÄRN-EGGA,
Or help *me* do so.
Who not bites through this worm
With the steel of the sword,
In the hall of the Pakings
No longer is Lord."

Then answered Jarl RICHARD,
That sea-king so stout,
"Be it ne'er said, one Viking
Another kicked out.
As KEÄRN-EGGA answered,
E'en so answer I:
As a sea king, of dragons
I'd rather fight shy."
Then the chief of the Pakings
Turned angry away,
And from each of his chieftains
Th' emprize did essay:
But each, when applied to,
Said "No" to his face,
Though threatened with loss
Of his sea-king's high place—
Till KEÄRN-EGGA, the stubborn,
Cried: "Stay here, who will;
Be it might to steer galleys,
Not dragons to kill."
And he rose from his seat,
And strode out of the door,
And Jarl RICHARD had followed,
And two Vikings more;
But the chief of the Pakings,
He clutched at their skirts,
And he lauded their prowess,
And praised their deserts;
"In the White Hall I pray you
Your seats still to hold,
Nor follow in dudgeon
KE"RN-EGGA the bold.

And for fighting this dragon,
As fought he must be,
I will find me some Berserk
Our champion to be."

(End of Fytte First.)

PORT OR REPUTED PORT?

GOOD wine, according to the proverb which declares it to "need no bush," * does not require to be puffed in order that it may find customers. The gentlemen whose real names appear in the original advertisement whence the subjoined is copied out of a daily paper, have carried their recognition of this rule almost to a fault:—

PORT WINE.—MESSRS. HYPHEN AND STARS beg respectfully to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the Port Wine they are now circulating at 48*s.* per dozen, cash, is of a reputed vintage; was imported by themselves, has been four years in bottle, is free from acidity, possesses great vinosity without sweetness, has a beautiful bouquet and plumage, and *is* a fine tonic.

NOW as HYPHEN AND STARS imported this Port themselves, have personally tasted it, and vouch for its flavour, perfume, vinosity, and "plumage"—by which we presume they mean the "bee's wing,"—in what moderate language, in what very guarded terms, they describe it in stating it to be "of a reputed vintage." Suppose a man, in "circulating" a bottle of Port at his own table, were to inform his guests that the liquor in question was reputed to be made of grapes. He would probably save his wine, but he would get himself thought a shabby fellow, either, on the one hand, for giving spurious wine, or, on the other, if the wine were really what he said it was reputed to be, and good wine, for endeavouring, by a mean artifice, to prevent his company from drinking it.

Advertisements ought to be edited; and we intend, at our own convenience, sooner or later, to bring out an "Accurate Advertiser," in which the articles recommended to the patronage of the Public shall at least be described, and have their merits represented, either in perspicuous prose or in exact poetry.

* This adage might now be modified, in accordance with modern phraseology, into "Good Wine needs no *bosh*."

UNIFORMITY OF MEASURES.

SINCE the above most desirable of all measures is being pressed upon the notice of Parliament, might we beg that a clause be introduced into it, calling imperatively upon all wine merchants that the quart bottle shall contain not less than a quart, and that pint bottles shall be so made as to hold a full pint? In default thereof, that the penalty on the fraudulent wine-merchant be, that he shall have no kind of redress against his customer, in the event of the latter refusing to pay him for the contents of the said deficient bottle. Or, should that penalty be considered too severe, that the law decree, in every case where a wine-merchant or publican has been found guilty of selling false measure, that his quart bottles be paid only at the rate of pints, and that his pints be settled for, as though they were only half-pints. By his thus receiving only half payment, the publican and sinner may eventually be shamed into the propriety of selling something better than half-measure.

MR. COX TRIES IT ON.

"SIR, *"Canonbury Square.*

"ONE of your contemporaries, remarking upon the admirable Association for the erecting Fountains in the Metropolis, says, that 'A Fountain would be a better memorial than a Window.' HORACE had similar estimate of the two things, when he wrote, 'O FONS—SPLENDIDIOR VITRO.'

"I am, Sir, your obliged,

"Mr. Punch." "COX (*of Finsbury*)."

[Very good, indeed, COX; but it won't do. You have been cribbed. How much ocular viridity do you espy in—P.?]

BELL'S PICTORIAL LIFE IN LONDON.

WE do not now allude to the gentleman who has given his name to the sporting newspaper, but MR. JACOB BELL, the proprietor of the celebrated sporting pictures which have lately been exhibiting at the Marylebone Institute. It is a pictorial menagerie in its way; and the liberal-minded ex-member for St. Albans may be called, without any disrespect, the WOMBWELL of the Fine Arts. Horses, dogs, cows, bulls, deer, donkeys, magpies, kittens, otters, calves, partridges, and goldfinches, abound there as in a Noah's Ark, only there are frequently more than two specimens of each class. With such beautiful representatives of the animal constituency, a boy might, in this animated House of Commons, study his natural history with the greatest enjoyment. It is the Zoological Gardens living again on canvas,—and living without the noise, and the violent assault upon one's olfactory nerves, and the dull iron cages, all of which act as so many bars upon the pleasure of contemplating animals, even in the best regulated *Jardin des Plantes*. All the beasts in this room are perfectly free; there is not the slightest restraint placed upon them, and yet we have not heard of a single instance in which any one of them behaved—as a Gent in the form of a human being sometimes will—like a beast. The scene is worthy of any gentleman's drawing-room. It only shows the refining effect that civilisation will have upon the roughest nature. There are bulls so gentle, that, like HORACE WALPOLE'S earthquake, "a lady might stroke them;" there are horses so sleek and shining, that a navigator with a six days' beard could easily use their coat as a looking-glass to shave in. The bloodhounds, too, are fine, gentlemanly dogs, that a child might play with. These bloodhounds are crouching in nearly every corner of the room. A lady with sensitive nerves would start back at first, upon seeing the strange canine company she had got into. A musical little scream would be all but escaping from her quivering lips, if a second glance did not assure her in time that there was nothing to fear from these Landseerian pets. A spider, that was alive and kicking, would be an object of greater terror to the female mind than the fiercest of them. Horses, too, muster in great force. It is an equine mixture of Horse Fairs and Rotten Rows. English and French horses are neighing closely at one another, as though they were proudly competing for the pictorial prize. It is difficult to say, in this exciting hunt after fame, whether the bold French horsewoman, ROSA BONHEUR, or the elegant equerry of English art, SIR EDWIN, carries off the brush; but they are both of them nobly entitled to their spurs, and may they long ride the hobbies they draw so well!

This collection of pictures is a most choice one. It is pleasant to meet old favourites, whom we have known familiarly for years past at the Royal Academy, and to renew the admiration we then felt for them. Age has not played the least havoc with their looks, and they look as fresh and as charming as ever. MR. BELL has reason to be proud of his handsome family, every member of which is, more or less, an acknowledged genius; and if you doubt it, we refer you to the numerous proofs that may be seen in the printsellers' windows.

The Derby Day was being held in this Institute, in all its crowded glory. It is a dozen pictures rolled into one, and requires to be looked at at least a dozen times, before it can be fully realised. We believe it is scarcely etiquette for ladies to honour the Epsom race-course with their lovely presence. Thanks to MR. FRITH, however, every lady can now say that she has seen *The Derby Day*, without having been actually present. Her eyes have been delighted, and her dress has not been soiled, or her horses lamed, or her carriage-panels broken, or her *porte-monnaie* punished, or her ears offended, by her having visited that saturnalian scene in 17, Edwards Street, Portman Square.

The catalogue is written by MR. BELL himself. We believe this is his *début* in the *belles lettres*, and a very successful one it is. MR. RUSKIN had better look to his future laurels and shillings. The critics receive several smart raps on the knuckles, for their arrogance as well as ignorance. We tremble at MR. BELL'S audacity; for a critic is infallible, and to question a critic's judgment, one should be more invulnerable than Achilles. If you have a weak point, he is sure to find it out, and trip you up by the heels. MR. BELL gives an amusing instance of how a critic is apt to err, as though he were no better than an ordinary individual: he tells us that—

> "In a critique on a picture by SIR E. LANDSEER, some years ago, representing a Hare and a Weasel, it was remarked:—'We think the Rabbit is too much like a Hare, and we never saw a Ferret of that colour.'"

This exposure may cost MR. BELL dearly. When next his generosity prompts him to lend his pictures to a literary institution in need of support, some critic, deeply versed in the wonders of nature, will be proving that all his swans are geese, his horses Irish bulls, his LANDSEERS of no greater value than a shoal of HERRINGS, and his ROSA-BONHEUR'S horses like those who admire them, no better than donkeys!

"ALL IN ONE BOAT."

Speech of C. FOSTER, *at Walsall.*

AT sea and afloat, and all in one boat,
The crew of the old Opposition,
Before and abaft, are thronging the craft,
That floats them away to perdition.

There PALMERSTON, HERBERT, and GRAHAM and BRIGHT,
And JOHNNY, the cabinet-killer,
Each swearing, declaring that he's in the right,
Are shoving to get at the tiller.

Australian BOB and GIBSON the keen
Are slanging each other quite vicious,
But deadly and sly is the struggle between
JOHN DODGER and PAM the judicious.

With murderous pats, like a pair of tom cats,
Meaning mischief, where others would lark it,
All along of two rival fair hawkers of sprats,
In May fair and the Westminster market.

These two are the pest and the bane of the rest,
The pilots of loss and disaster,
For one would steer east, and one would steer west,
And each of them wants to be master.

They set on their ELLIOTTS, CLANRICARDES & Co.,
Their two hungry clans of relations,
As many again as that vessel can stow,
When two fight for one's work and rations.

Thus LEWIS and LABOUCHERE candidly feel,
That WILSON and WOOD are no Nestors,
And OSBORNE and "continuity" PEEL
Think each other the coarsest of jesters.

And wrangling and hustling runs through the pack,
Whip FOSTER whip HAYTER is beating,
Heavy EDWIN is jumping on weak HEADLAM'S back,
And COLLIER would like to mill KEATING.

JEMMY GRAHAM and NAPIER are like cat and dog,
And so are NEWCASTLE and EVANS;
For GROSVENORS and BEDFORDS have stove in the grog,
And all is at sixes and sevens.

They break up the lockers to look for doubloons,
VERNON SMITH makes a grab at the letters,
And oily old SHAFTESBURY pockets the *spoons*
For his clerical helps and abettors.

In the meantime their boat is a public disgrace,
The sport of the wind and the weather,
And the public, ashamed to see men in such case,
Is content if they sink altogether.

As they made of their *Indian* curry a hash,
Unseasoned by CARDWELL or CHUTNEY,
So now they go down, with a shriek and a splash,
Like the Cambridge eight-oar at Putney.

And better this far, for the QUEEN and the Realm,
Than such brawling, and pushing, and jeering;
And best of all, that one man holds the helm
'Gainst such contrary rowing and steering.

So helpless afloat, in their crazy old boat,
Is the crew of the old Opposition,
Fore and aft catching crabs in the obsolete craft,
That floats them away to perdition.

THE POLITICAL WEATHER.—MR. HUMPHRY MILDMAY was announced last week as a Candidate on the Liberal interest for Herefordshire. As this has been, on the whole, a severe April, it is to be hoped that MILD-MAY will succeed.

FIGHT FOR THE POLITICAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

(From our Sporting Reporter.)

HIS long-expected contest, upon which so large a sum was staked, has ended (to quote SHAKSPEARE) in something "very like a sell." As our readers will remember, we have all along predicted that such would be the case; and, inasmuch as it enhances our prophetic reputation, we cannot regret the otherwise deplorable result. For the honour of the P.P.R.,* we, however, hope in future all such sells will be prevented; and in order to effect this, we will gladly lend our influence, and keep our columns open as the True-blue British Channel, whereby, as the song says, to "frustrate" such "knavish tricks."

Our subscribers are aware that our Laureate has penned a glowing record of the fight,† and we therefore need not enter here on a detailed description. Homeric prose is harsh to ears which have been soothed with Ciceronic poetry, and our modest pen declines to tread the ground late occupied by his heroic verse. Enough that we state briefly that the fight between PRINCE RUPERT, *alias* the Knowsley Nobbler, and LITTLE JOHNNY RUSSELL, *alias* the Bedford Pet, for £5000 a year salary and the Champion's belt, was most gallantly contested for upwards of a week, and was eventually decided in favour of the Little 'un, we believe very much to JOHNNY'S satisfaction, as well as of his backers and large numbers of the public. The judges all agreed it was a fair stand-up fight, and, as far as we could see, there was not a foul blow struck in it. When the night, however, came for giving up the stakes, the Nobbler refused flatly to do anything of the sort. To every one's surprise, he said the Pet had not fought fair, but had won by a "dodge" which he (the Knowsley Nobbler) was not at all prepared for. His friends advised him, therefore, that the battle was a drawn one; and he intended to retain the Champion's belt and stakes. The Pet had made cock-sure that he (the Nobbler) would resign; but, at present, he (the Nobbler) really couldn't think of it. To use his own expressive phrase, he'd "see him at Vienna first!" What he meant to do was, to go now to the country in order to recruit; and when he had picked up his strength, he'd meet his man again, and have it fairly out with him. The Referee he had appealed to had confirmed him in this course; and he should therefore snap his fingers at all such chaffing counsellors as Taunting PAM., the Bottleholder, who defied him to pursue it. When the time for meeting came, he hoped that the best man might win. The Pet had long been hankering to stand in his (the Nobbler's) shoes; but the Little 'un would find they were a size or two too big for him.

This statement of the Nobbler was listened to with some distrust, and drew little approbation, even from his backers. In the opinion of the knowing ones, his "going to the country" is nothing but a feint, intended only to gain time, and to enable those about him to make themselves all safe in the matter of the needful. BENJAMIN, his second (no connection, we believe, of the BENJAMIN who came off second best the other day in his encounter with TOM SAYERS), of course makes affidavit what the Nobbler says is truth; and in an address which he has issued to his patrons, he talks mysteriously of certain "disingenuous manœuvres" he pretends to have discovered, to which mares' nests he attributes the Nobbler's late defeat. BENJAMIN, we know, is rather gifted with the gab; but he is not always careful in the crack-jaw words he uses. For instance, when he twits JOHNNY'S backers for their "discordant sections" and "distracted politics," he gives them a good opening to drop in a *tu quoque*. Adhesive though they are to place, BEN'S party don't stick well together, and there has lately been considerable "discordance" in their "sections." Moreover, when they send the Nobbler to the country with such a muff as Mealy-mouthed MAM. as his trainer, such insanities, we fancy, amply justify our saying that their politics, to echo BENJY'S phrase, are most "distracted" ones.

* For the benefit of novices we may note that these initials mean "Political Prize Ring."

† Outsiders are informed that these our (last two) "tuneful numbers" have been reprinted to meet the extraordinary demand, and notwithstanding their attraction, may be had at 3*d.* each.

WORK FOR WEAK INTELLECTS.

"PROSPERITY to the Asylum for Idiots!" This expression of benevolence towards a useful institution was delivered, as a toast, the other day, from a chair at the head of a public dinner-table at the London Tavern, by ALDERMAN SIR GEORGE CARROLL. The worthy Alderman then made a speech on behalf of that charity, at the anniversary festival of which he was presiding. He said that, when its organisation was first proposed,

> "Two objections were stated—first, that there were but few idiots; and secondly, that nothing could be done for them. Experience, however, had shown them that unhappily the number of idiots was much greater than was supposed, and that there were hundreds where only one was supposed to exist. With regard to the second objection, to the delight of every philanthropic mind, it had been shown, through the system of discipline and instruction adopted at the Asylum, that these unfortunate creatures were capable of a far higher amount of education than had been supposed, and that not only with great advantage to themselves as individuals, but even with profit on the work in which they might be instructed. As proof of the artistic taste which could be developed, he need only refer them to a number of crayon drawings and other articles exhibited in the room. * * The visitors would find that the children did not only excel in such artistic productions as those exhibited in that room, but in shoe-making, mat-making, carpentering, and other handicrafts."

Excellence, therefore, in drawing, and in certain mechanical arts, can be attained by persons who are destitute of the higher intellectual faculties. Certain special abilities, amounting to absolute talent, may co-exist with absolute want of reason. This truth has been demonstrated at the Asylum for Idiots, but those who doubt it need not go there to learn it. Let them attend any concert or musical "*matinée*" or "*soirée*" of the season, and hear a solo or a fantasia performed by some eminent artist; the performance either being that artist's sole composition, or consisting of his own variations on an intelligent composer's air. They will derive the same satisfaction from hearing any modern Italian opera; that is to say, almost any opera composed by a modern Italian. They will discover that it is quite possible to execute, and even to compose music, which impresses nothing whatever beyond the mere sense of tune and rhythm, and of which, accordingly, the composition and the execution may well be conceived to require no higher sense. They will hear music which is not addressed to mind, has no mind in it, and might have been produced without any more mind than so much as would suffice for the manufacture of a pair of shoes. Such music, at the best, means nothing more than silly sentiment, or resembles "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Some of it is even more imbecile than that, conveying no idea of even so much as fury, but being only sound.

Of course to those who have no musical ear, and who regard all music as mere noise, a symphony of BEETHOVEN'S or an opera of MOZART'S or WEBER'S, or an oratorio of HANDEL'S, will appear mere nonsense, alike with the emptiest quavering or fiddling. People who note the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, and do not perceive any other difference in music, will not require to be convinced that unhappy idiots are quite capable of becoming celebrated musicians. Some of them, perhaps, will think that musical talent principally depends upon the want of every other. On one point, however, all rational people may agree. Whether music is generally divisible into tweedledum and tweedledee or not, fashionable concert and opera-performances generally consist of music of which those expressions convey the whole meaning.

MENDELSSOHN wrote "Songs without words;" if words were added to his songs, it would take somewhat of a poet to write them. Tweedledum and tweedledee, in various inflections, would form a sufficient *libretto* for very much of the music that is played or sung to the most elegantly attired audiences. This is mostly produced and performed by Frenchmen or Italians. Now, why should foreigners of limited intellect engross a field which might be just as successfully cultivated by simplicity of native talent? Let the conductors of the Asylum for Idiots endeavour to develop the faculty of music in those of their patients who possess that solitary gift, and let them throw open the hall of their institution as a concert-room for the performance of music adapted to the fashionable taste, at fashionable prices. The brilliant throng that pays from half-a-guinea to a guinea a-head to hear similar entertainments, could not possibly be provided with a more suitable resort than the Asylum which these remarks are designed to recommend to the public.

Cold Bathing for Cambridge.

THE Cantabs were beaten by the Oxonians in their late boat-race in consequence of the unwaterworthiness of their boat, which filled and sank; but as all of them happily reached the land, we are warranted in saying that they got off swimmingly.

FASHIONABLE TALK.

Cox. I say, B. O., in what part of the world are you living now?

Bernal Osborne. In the B. O. Monde, to be sure.

Delightful Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, JIM! HERE'S A SWELL—LET'S FRIGHTEN 'IS 'ORSE!"

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CAMBRIDGE MILLING CLUB.

WE have been requested to insert the following correspondence:—

THE CAMBRIDGE CHICKEN *to* ALICK HOPEFUL.

"MY DEAR ALICK, "*Barnwell, March* 16, 1859.

"SOME OF US wants to put you up for Chairman and Champion of the C.M.C. We know you well. But there's some County members as thinks JACK SLASHER the man. They haven't seen you use your mauleys. Tip us a line to show the others,—something spicy, mind: you're the boy for that.

"Ever yours devotedly,

"MASTER A. HOPEFUL." "THE CHICKEN."

(*Reply.*)

"DEAR CHICKEN, "*Cambridge, March* 17, 1859.

"YOURS just received. I answer by return, both hample and explicit. Speaking personally, you do me proud. To be Champion of that hancient harena, the C.M.C., beats cock-fighting. So thank your pals.

"You knowed me, as a young un. I was growed in the Ring. You know how I cussed my stars in 1852, when they was all abusing the C.M.C. I never wished myself out of jug so much before: it would have been an U. P. with RAD. SYKES then.

"You axe after my views: natteral. I'm for a fair field and no favour. I take nothing from nobody. Let's all have a clear ring. Perhaps there is some faults in the rules: but who's perfect? I'm the friend of hamelioration, and the hantagonist of change.

"Do away with the Ring! And what then?—stabbing and gouging. If Mounseer hasn't got fists, what's that to hus? If Jonathan is weak in his lines, why, wuss for him! But what can you expect out of a bowie-knife and a revolver? Don't Jonathanise me!

"There's the new rural Peelers. Aren't they enough to ruin us? They've knocked up the old tuns, in their career of splendid usefulness. Who'll care for county boundaries now? I feared the change, as a citizen; but as one of the Fancy, more. How's a fight to be got through now?

"Town and Gown rows have thrived of late prodigious. A cove may look on it as a hopeful sign. P'raps there ain't much science shown in 'em; p'raps there is. Still it's something. A man as would try to separate 'em in real earnest—mark my words—would get his head broke o' both sides. Feeling thuswise, I have, as you may ha' noticed, led the Town in five rows last year. It's true we was over-matched; but never say die. I ain't conceited, though there's some as is. I've had addresses from Grantham, Hitchin, and Newmarket Goose-clubs, inclosing fifteen yellow-boys got by raffles in my honour.

"I come to sparring. Sparring ain't milling, but it's something; and it's my opinion that, as things har, you won't get much milling done among the swells without the gloves. In my own neighbourhood I've done my best to promote sparring. And I don't regret it.

"But talk o' sparring. What's the C.M.C.? Why it's the nurse o' sparring. To keep up the C.M.C. is to keep up the Ring, and that's to keep up the honour of England. I'm your man.

"Once I had a chance that falls to few. I was bottle-holder to BEN. CAUNT in his fight with BENDIGO. The kind confidence of my principal intrusted me with the bottle, and I did not abuse it.

"Will this do for you, Chicken? or shall I spice it stronger?

"I am, yours eternally, ALICK HOPEFUL."

"*The* CAMBRIDGE CHICKEN, *&c. &c.*"

NAPOLEON'S THUNDER.

IT is said that MEYERBEER, in his new opera, produces his effect of Thunder by means of grape-shot being continually rolled backwards and forwards. It strikes us that LOUIS NAPOLEON produces his Thunder much in the same way. He is continually rolling from one point to another large quantities of ammunition, which make a terrific noise, and frighten people into the belief that there is going to be a fearful storm. Europe has had enough of this thundering nuisance, and we wish that MASTER LOUIS, if he really intends being quiet, would leave his grape-shot and cannon-balls alone. Such materials may suit the purposes of a composer, like MEYERBEER, but are dangerous instruments in the hands of such a celebrated discomposer as the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

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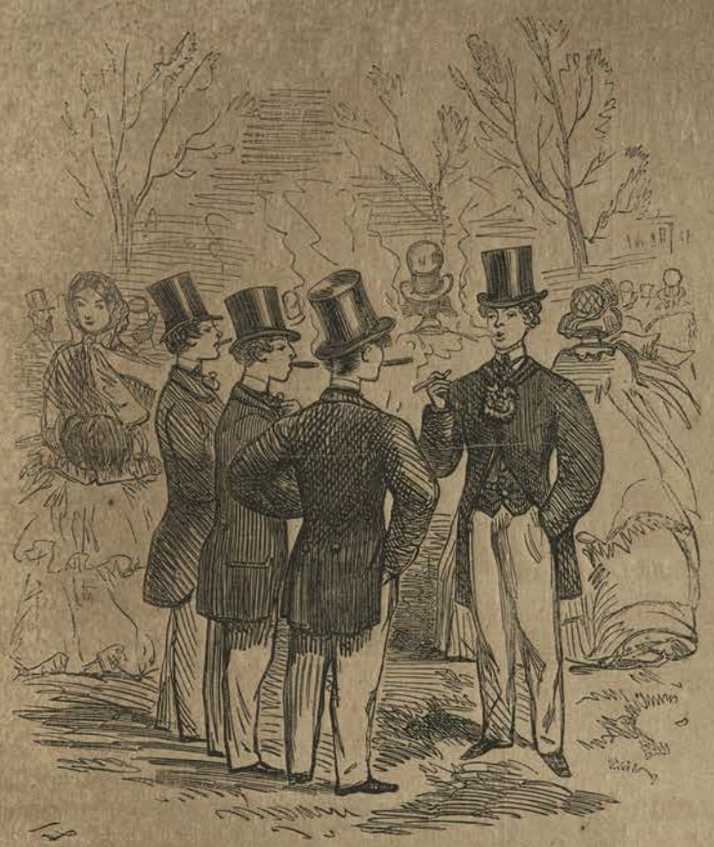


A LITTLE BIT OF PARK!

First Man (Home for the Holidays). "AWFUL BIT OF GERANIUM THAT, CHARLEY!"

Second Ditto. "YA-AS, I WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF FLOWERS—AW—THEY LOOK SO JOLLY INNOCENT!"

THE REWARD OF JUVENILE MERIT.

THREE little boys, says the *Post*, found, while picking up loose stones on a part of the PRINCE CONSORT'S Farm, abutting on the Long Walk at Windsor, which had been turned up by drainage operations, a lead case containing 501 silver coins, chiefly half-crowns, of ELIZABETH, CHARLES THE FIRST, and JAMES the FIRST; and—

"The boys divided the coins among themselves, but on the discovery becoming known to MR. TAIT, the steward of his Royal Highness, the coins were collected and forwarded to HER MAJESTY, and the boys suitably rewarded."

How? We should like to know in what manner these boys were suitably rewarded for being found out with the coins. The reward may have been considered suitable by the giver, but the receivers may have found it unpleasant.

The Impunity of Crowned Criminals.

WE hear a great deal about the Law of Nations. There is no such thing. What is a law without a judge, or even with a judge, without a JACK KETCH? Which of the Monarchs who threaten to disturb the peace of Europe need hesitate to execute his murderous design for fear of being hanged in the event of being defeated?

TURKISH FINANCE.

IT seems that there is lots of finance in Turkey but no money. The poor SULTAN must say to himself:—"My PORTE-*monnaie* is in a desperate bad case!"

Fountains of Political Purity.

THE example of the philanthropists who have been erecting drinking fountains in our chief towns, will probably be improved upon during the coming election. In those boroughs which are contested, the candidate who goes in to win will perhaps set up a number of beer-engines.

THE HOTEL-KEEPER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"IF there's been a grand dinner, always get the party to settle before leaving. The dinner-bill, my Son, is never so severely scrutinised overnight as when a gentleman looks over it the next morning!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 18th. LORD PALMERSTON'S Parliament met for its last debate.

LORD MALMESBURY rose to explain how he had tried to keep the peace of Europe. His Lordship had nothing to tell which everybody did not already know, but then the great secret of interesting people in these days is telling them what they already know. It is an insult to anybody to try to instruct him, whereas to set before him in an agreeable manner that of which he is well aware, and to enable him to nod complacently, and to remark "To be sure," and "How graphic," is to compliment him by asking his opinion, and consequently to please him. This art, dear to a good many authors and painters and orators, and other prosperous humbugs, was rather neatly practised to-night by LORD MALMESBURY, who went very mildly and inoffensively through the whole history of negotiations, documents, interviews, and all the rest of what has been served up by the newspapers hot and hot, and of which his Lordship's *rechauffée* was not particularly necessary. The English of the whole case is, that Austria is tremendously strong in Italy, and means to hold her own if she can. Her fortresses are terribly armed, and she has to a large extent the "arms of precision," that is the rifled weapons about which so much has been heard. France is by no means so strong, and though her crack soldiers, her Zouaves, her Chasseurs de Vincennes, and portions of the regiments of the line have the rifle, the mass of the French army has not yet got it, and has something very like Old Brown Bess. *Argal*, it was the game of France to delay, while she was daily and nightly improving her armament, and while moreover she was impoverishing Austria, who has not more money than she wants, and is spending £50,000 a day on her gigantic army. As for Sardinia, she is the "advanced guard" of LOUIS NAPOLEON, Commander-in-Chief. LORD MALMESBURY wanted LORD COWLEY to have arranged what there was no intention of arranging, and Russia, in private concert with France, proposed a Congress. And as a Congress can't sit with cannon looking at it, then came the question of Disarmament. Austria was very haughty, but affected willingness to be pacific if other people behaved properly. France was not going to disarm, because she had never armed. Sardinia's cue was to *bouder*, because not admitted to the Congress. And so the matter stood at the rising of Parliament; but, as everybody knows, events have since thrown a new and lurid light on the "situation." LORD MALMESBURY, as may be supposed, said nothing a thousandth part so plain as *Mr. Punch's* summary, but he gave a decorous version of the state of affairs, and, of course, Hoped. LORD CLARENDON also Hoped, and incidentally expressed his satisfaction that "the detestable system of MAZZINI and his accomplices" was at an end. LORD DERBY also Hoped, but intimated to Europe that though England would preserve Neutrality, it should be an Armed one; and if her honour were ever assailed, she would be down in thunder on the foe. There was no further discussion, everybody agreeing that the crisis was a most important one, and that it was desirable that Europe should understand that though England was about to plunge into a domestic battle of her own, her acts were no business of anybody else's, and nobody abroad was to augur any change in English policy from the fact that Parliament dissolved.

The same subject was brought before the Commons, by MR. DISRAELI, with much more oratorical skill, but of course he could only say what the Foreign Minister had said. LORD PALMERSTON thought that Sardinia ought to be admitted to the Congress, or else not be asked to disarm. TOM DUNCOMBE did a little bit of Italian clap-trap for the Finsbury hustings, which MR. GLADSTONE regretted, but thought that MR. DISRAELI had spoken too favourably of the conduct of Austria, and too unfavourably of that of Sardinia. MR. CONINGHAM wished Italy evacuated, and its rulers left to settle accounts with their own people. LORD JOHN RUSSELL concurred with LORD PALMERSTON, and hoped that Government would enter into no new engagements unless with the sanction of Parliament. MR. MONCKTON MILNES was for extreme and guarded neutrality by England. GENERAL THOMPSON gave another proof of the extreme desirability of his retiring on his

laurels, and a leash of baronets, WALSH, VERNEY, and WILLOUGHBY, repeated what other people had said. The subject then dropped. When it is resumed, there may be some strange things to tell.

The gravity and importance of the questions considered in both Houses were in keeping with the moribund condition of Parliament. But there were two incidents of a lighter character to be noted; first, that SIR G. C. LEWIS actually suffered the indignity of being Counted Out while he was preaching most wisely on an Indian subject; and the other was this:

LORD CAMPBELL demanded That Clock.

LORD DERBY had reason to believe "that it would be going before Parliament re-assembled."

LORD PUNCH remarked that it had better be, that was all.

Tuesday. A remarkably short QUEEN'S Speech (as one of our contemporaries coarsely and disloyally says, for HER MAJESTY is not remarkably short, but on the contrary, of exactly the right height, and in the words of *Orlando*, "Just as high as *Mr. Punch's* Heart") that is to say, a Speech in three paragraphs, finally prorogued the Palmers on Parliament.

LORD CHELMSFORD read (very well) the statements—

That the QUEEN dissolved, in order to obtain her people's Opinion on the state of Public Affairs.

That Our Sovereign was much obliged for the Supplies.

That HER MAJESTY informed her Parliament, that the appeal she was about to make to her people had been rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on the public business of the country, as indicated by the fact that within little more than a year two successive administrations had failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons. The Most Illustrious Lady in the Realm hoped that the step which she was about to take might have the effect of facilitating the discharge of her high functions, and of enabling her to conduct the Government of the country under the advice of a Ministry possessed of the confidence of the Parliament and the people.

Mr. Punch has conserved these words, because they are considered by the curious in QUEEN'S Speeches to be of a rather original character. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was observed, on perusing the last sentence, to lay his finger to the side of his nose, from which demonstration the wise in such matters are led to believe that his Lordship was privately arranging with himself who should be Premier of the Government so described.

At 25 minutes to 3 P.M. the Palmerston Parliament became speechless. Its dissolution occurred on the following Saturday. Friends at a distance will please accept this notification, as well as any proof which the Carlton or Reform Club may delicately offer to electors that their "opinion" is of sterling value. A good deal of business will be done before the new House meets.

GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.

HE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has been giving entertainment to the public, by prohibiting some other entertainments to be given. But although the laugh which has been raised, has been got up solely at his Lordship's own expense, other pockets have been injured by the cause of its production, and it is on their account that we would draw attention to it. For a list of entertainments, which were this Easter promised to the public, but of which his Lordship prevented the performance, we are indebted—no, we're not, for we paid fourpence for the paper—to a writer on the subject in last Tuesday's *Daily News*, with whose censure of the Government we heartily concur:—

"This year a goodly row of 'entertainers' appeared in our advertising columns. MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED were to appear at the Olympic, MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL at Sadler's Wells; and that undying evergreen, MR. ADAMS, was to have exhibited his Orrery at the Haymarket. But yesterday morning an official document bearing the signature of MR. BODHAM DONNE, the licenser of plays, was received by each of the *entrepreneurs*, setting forth that the advertised performances were illegal, performances within the walls of a theatre during Passion Week being negatived by law, and none of the above-named buildings having a music licence, under which the proposed entertainment could be given.

"In obedience to this edict MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED did not attempt to open the Olympic, and they will have to submit to a heavy loss incurred for printing, advertising, rent, &c., through the enforcement of an absurd law, and the reprehensible tardiness of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S officials, whose prohibitory notice was not received until the actual day of opening. Of the course pursued by the others who were honoured by an official warning we know nothing; but it is obvious that the absurdity of the law is only equalled by the preposterous manner in which it is administered. An entertainment given by people, whose well-known names are sure and certain guarantees of its respectability is permissible during Passion Week in a Concert Hall, would even be permissible in the Argyll Rooms, or any place which has a music and dancing licence, and yet is tabooed in a theatre, a place where, it is well-known, music and dancing are never carried on."

Governmental powers of reasoning differ much from merely mental ones, and the *dicta* which proceed from the office of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN are such as merely common sense would, we are sure, decline to dictate. To the non-official mind it is a matter of some puzzlement, that the Magistrates, who owe their office to the Government, should have the power of permitting what the Government prohibits. Not being an official, MR. GERMAN REED has naturally some feeling of surprise that the Magistrates can licence "public places to be opened, at a time when the Government compels them to be shut:" and we agree with his opinion, in a letter to the *Times*, that "the sooner this anomaly is put an end to, the better."

In what light an Orrery can be viewed as being an "entertainment," it quite exceeds our faculties of blinking to conjecture; and we are equally perplexed to know why innocent amusements are prohibited by law, at a time when somewhat questionable pastimes have the sanction of it. The Argyll Rooms may open, but the Princess's may not; yet the balance of morality is not in favour of the former. If the Government interferes with our amusements during Passion Week, one would think it might do better than stop only the least harmful. An enlightened British Public may dance at a Casino, but they are not allowed to look at dancing at a theatre. They may have their minds improved by seeing a sham Bull fight, but the siege in *Henry V.* is an improper sight for them. If their tastes incline that way, they may be "entertained (?)" by melodising "niggers;" but to singers at the opera they must not hope to listen. "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" is improper for their ears, but the elevating strains of "*Hoop de dooden doo*," so long as they be heard outside a theatre, are harmless. Well: this is a free country, and such laws as these so prove it. Were we to venture to suggest there might be wisdom in repealing them, we should be told that it would sap the foundations of the state, and undermine the bulwarks of the British Constitution. Ours, as we know, is a paternal Government; but we can scarcely think it acts the part of a wise father, in suffering its children to go to a Casino, while on their going to an Orrery it claps its sternest veto.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. PUNCH takes the liberty of requesting all candidates who may be returned as Members of the House of Commons for the next Parliament, to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of sitting for their photographs, and to forward them, whether as positives or negatives, to *Mr. P.* In the event of any gentleman distinguishing himself in Parliament, either by folly, conceit, proficiency in bunkum, penny-wisdom, bigotry, or humbug,—or in the much less probable case of any Member becoming conspicuous by intelligence, eloquence, sound sense, toleration, and genuine patriotism,—it may become the duty of *Mr. Punch* to hand down the Honourable Member's likeness to the execration or regard of posterity, as the case may be.

Honourable Members are hereby warned, that if they neglect this precaution it will be the worse for them, as *Mr. Punch* will not be answerable for the consequences of any misrepresentation to which he may be reduced by the want of a reliable portrait. It is for Honourable Members to decide whether they will go down to future ages under *Mr. Punch's* version of their features, or Phœbus Apollo's. If, like the national beverage, they prefer being drawn in their own mugs, they will attend to this recommendation; if not, they must take the consequences, which may be of the most frightful description.

N.B. Honourable Members, of all parties, are requested not to send portraits of themselves in fancy dress, "as they appeared on the Hustings." Supporters of the present Government are recommended to take off their masks before sitting. No portrait purporting to come from SIR JAMES GRAHAM will be accepted, as all are known to be counterfeits. Only in this way can *Mr. Punch* hope to make his work, what he trusts it will be considered by posterity, the real *Mirror of Parliament and Biographical Portrait Gallery of British Worthies and Unworthies.*

A BARONETCY AND A BLOW-OUT FOR A HERO.

The salvation of India was owing to Sir John Lawrence, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub. The debt has been paid by making him from a Knight into a Baronet.

The other day a very large number of gentlemen interested in Indian affairs met at Willis's Rooms, with a view to devise some addition to the little honour with which the great services of that gallant and right honourable officer have been rewarded by the Government of his country.

The deliberations of the Assembly resulted in the following resolution, unanimously adopted:—

"That Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart. be invited to a banquet."

Sir John Lawrence will now, at least, in recompense for having preserved our Indian Empire, get a good dinner. The entertainment is to be given by officers of the civil, military, and naval services, and by gentlemen connected with the official administration of India. The solid pudding which Sir John Lawrence will receive at the hands of those discerning gentlemen is a reward much more suitable to his merit, or any other distinguished merit, than a petty title which Government often confers upon old cheesemongers who have saved nothing but a lot of money, and which it did confer the other day upon a batch of squires, whose only claim on their country, that their country is aware of, consists in a right to receive the rents of certain considerable tracts of its surface. Moreover, a baronetcy is not only an empty honour, but, small honour as it is, it also, in involving an exaction of fees, empties the recipient, whilst he who has a dinner given him at least receives a bellyful, without being rendered out of pocket.

WALKER WANTED AT COURT.

The following verse is quoted from a poem reported by the *Morning Post*, as having been sung by the gentlemen of St. George's Choir on the occasion of a recent solemn and courtly ceremony:—

"Oh, happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who claims our highest love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move."

Where did the Court-poet come from? The next time he writes English poetry, (not, as he most likely calls it, *boetry*) let him please to remember that we sound the letter *s*, in the word *house*, in such a manner as to render *house* incapable of rhyming with *vows*. When next he attempts to utter the former of those two words, he will perhaps take advantage of the hint thus offered to him, and not continue to pronounce it "houze."

Beauty in All Things.

An easy, fat old man was asked by a lean, vestry Cato, if he could tell him of what use were the Police? "Great use, Sir!" was the old man's indignant reply; "I firmly believe, if it weren't for the Police, that I should have cold meat every day!" Cato cut.

Heaven-born Grumblers.—There never was a farmer yet who was satisfied with his harvest, nor a Hansom Cabman with his fare!

BEDLAMITES AT BETHLEHEM.

A splendid specimen of that style of verbal architecture which is called "penny-a-lining" has been recently exhibited by one or two of our contemporaries, describing the late visit of Prince Alfred to Jerusalem. The verbal architect, or word-piler, is evidently one of the first masters of the art. In accordance with its canons, he of course begins his notice by informing us how, on the 17th of March:—

"All Jerusalem was thrown into a state of the most pleasant excitement by the news that advices had been received at the English Consulate the previous night, announcing the arrival at Jaffa of Her Majesty's ship *Euryalus*, having on board His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, on his way to visit the Holy City. The truth of this was presently confirmed by sundry unmistakeable signs, such as the constant galloping of messengers between the English Consulate and the Pacha's residence, by the erection of a second flag-staff over the former, and the passage of rich furniture through the city to the Armenian Patriarch's Palace, which, it appeared, the Pacha had decided upon fitting up for his Royal Highness's reception, that he might have his choice between that and the British Consulate."

After (at a greater length than we can quote) describing how the Jerusalemites were "destined to undergo a temporary disappointment," in consequence of the postponement, for four-and-twenty hours of the advent of the Prince, the verbal architect proceeds with his word-piling work thus:—

"It grew dark, however, and the Prince had not arrived. But at length the roar of the cannon-salute announced that the royal visitor was at the Pacha's pavilion, and immediately huge lanterns were despatched from the English Consulate to meet the procession at the city gate. The soldiers lined the street up to the Consul's door, and then the great guns from the fortifications announced that, for the first time in the history of the world, an English Prince was within the walls of Jerusalem, and amid the din of the multitude and the pealing of the guns, his Royal Highness, accompanied by, &c., rode up to, &c., while the Turkish infantry presented arms, &c."

In this style verbal Pelions are heaped on verbal Ossas, until, by way of climax, the Prince arrives at Bethlehem. Here, we are informed, the Pacha was out-Pachaed, and the Jerusalemites out-Jerichoed:—

"His Royal Highness's reception at Bethlehem, presented a most wonderful and interesting sight. The whole population in their picturesque dresses turned out to see and welcome H. R. H., and his numerous cavalcade rode through a crowd of eager people; men in their red and white turbans with holiday robes of scarlet cloth, and women and girls in dark blue and red, with gold coins on their heads, and bracelets of gold and silver on their arms, on every terrace and roof; and many a prayer of 'God preserve him to his mother!' or 'God lengthen his days!' was heard in an audible voice by the by-standers in their vernacular Arabic. One man even ran forward, and spread his garments in the way; but the Prince, with delightful tact, turned his horse aside, so as to avoid treading on them."

If this "one man" was a Bethlehemite, the fact of his projecting his garments in the path would seem to indicate that he was somewhat versed in English history, and had thence derived a notion that the way we welcome *Royalty* is by *stripping off our overcoats* and strewing them before its feet. We, however, think it much more probable that this "one man" who so acted was some English snob or other, who had a monkey-like desire to ape Sir Walter Raleigh, in the hope that young Prince Alfred would condescend for once to play the part of old Queen Bess. But the Prince had the good sense to remember who he was, and so did not forget himself; though we have no doubt that he let out something like "Confound the fellow!" when he had to pull his horse aside with such "delightful tact."

After treating us to several more long paragraphs of bosh, the Jerusalem penny-a-liner winds up his statement thus:—

"It will be gratifying to the people of England to know that H. R. H. was in excellent health and spirits, and charmed all the world by his unaffected courtesy as well as his dignity and manly English bearing."

Oh, yes, of course! We were prepared to hear all this, and we are of course ecstatified to hear it. But it would still more "gratify the people of England" to hear that their young Prince was not exposed to all this snobbism, which is enough to be the ruin of his "unaffected courtesy" and "manly English bearing." It perhaps was only natural that the inhabitants of Bethlehem should have behaved themselves like Bedlamites: but they by no means are the only persons bitten with such madness. There is such a spreading mania for running after Royalty, that we really think in future the progress of our Princes ought to be preceded by a general strait-waistcoating, by which all loyal lunatics might be restrained from such mad acts.

General Disarmament.

Herne Bay has displayed a praiseworthy alacrity in the cause of Peace by declaring its readiness to put down its One Policeman immediately. In the mean time, the only Staff it can boast of has been recalled, and deposited on the shelf of the Station House.

A TENDER POINT.

Irish Jarvie (with much excitement). "NOT FAST ENOUGH! IS IT? OH THIN YER 'ONOR, JIST JIMP UP, TILL I TIRRIFY YE THE WAY I'LL ROWL ALONG!"

THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

MR. HENLEY may give warning of the ugly rush in store for us,
If identity of suffrage to the rabble ope the door for us,
May wax eloquent in protest 'gainst a House without a head in it,
Where fools rush in, while Angels (as they well may) fear to tread in it;
May call up awful pictures of a Parliament all Coxes,
Hatched by hustings-rant and humbug out of secret ballot-boxes;
With a penny-wisecount WILLIAMS for Chanc'llor of the Exchequer,
Over candle-ends and cheese-parings deeming himself a Necker;
And BRIGHT installed as Premier, by dint of brass and Brummagem,
Unbutt'ning JOHN BULL'S pockets for the mob to come and rummage 'em.
An ugly rush the rush may be of rabble fierce and frowsy,
But I think I know an uglier, and that's the rush we now see—
The rush of Noble Lords, and Right Honourable coves, sir,
For the picking of the fishes and the carving of the loaves, sir.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks," so CAMPBELL'S song informs us all;
"The Flag that braves the battle and the breeze," it fires and warms us all;
But Britannia needs a bulwark, 'gainst the drones that seek her honey,
Their flag inscribed with £ *s. d.*, and "money's worth for money."
Take DERBY, PAM, or RUSSELL, and BRIGHT into the bargain,
One may hanker after honours, count a ribbon or a star gain;
One's object may be patronage, another's may be salary;
One may seek applause from boxes, another from the gallery;
But be praise, the bait, or pudding, power, patronage, or pelf, still
The aim and end of all the lot is self, and only self still;
'Tis this that brings the Bill in, and shapes the Resolution,
That holds hard to conservatism, or spurs to revolution.
Your candidate for office cares no rush for man or measure, he
Values one rush, and only one—the rush that storms the Treasury.

THE GIRL FOR MY MONEY.—The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

THE SALE OF A GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

THE Liverpool *Daily Post* contained the other day the following advertisement of a sale, which we are afraid was not very respectably attended:—

BRECK ROAD, EVERTON. BY MR. IRELAND.

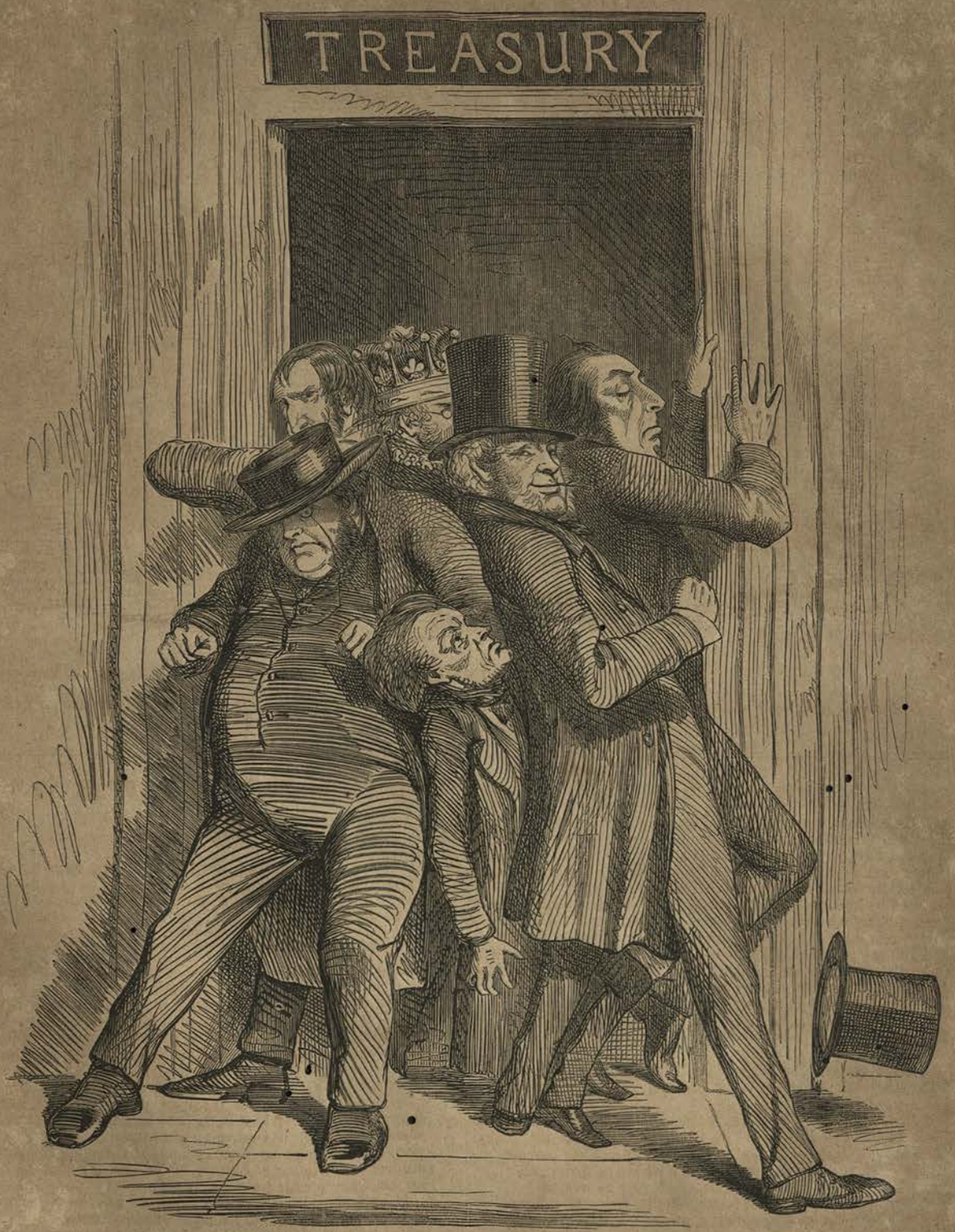
This Day (Tuesday), the 29th instant, at Eleven o'clock precisely, on the premises, 48, Brunel Street, Breck Road, Everton,

THE genuine HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, superior made cabinet maker's tool-chest, and other family requirements, the property of a gentleman declining *housebreaking (sic)* in consequence of domestic bereavement.

The tool-chest of a gentleman who declines housebreaking, in the sense of discontinuing that avocation, may have been supposed to contain a variety of jemmies, centre-bits, and other professional instruments, the hope of getting which at a bargain would naturally attract multitudes of rogues and ruffians from the slums. His family requirements were probably imagined to include sundry masks and wigs, and other disguises suitable to the exigences of a gang of burglars, euphemistically denoted by the term "family." The gentleman-housebreaker's household furniture was most likely surmised to be chiefly second-hand; that is, to have belonged to somebody else, from whom he took it. Its sale may be thought to afford a too conclusive proof that although he declines housebreaking for the future, he also declines to make any restitution of the property that he has acquired by that questionable practice.

Doubtless, this gentleman's furniture had been all honestly purchased, and not a single article of it stolen until the day of its sale, when as much of it as could be laid hold of was probably walked away with by the fellows in shooting-jackets, knee-breeches, and ancle-jacks, whom the peculiar wording of his advertisement had allured to his Auction.

THE CAPE IN CUMBERLAND.—Should SIR JAMES succeed in bringing his nephew into Parliament, it would be a capital improvement to change the name of Carlisle to that of GRAHAM'S TOWN.



THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

"HE FEARED THERE WOULD BE AN UGLY RUSH SOME OF THESE DAYS."—*Mr. Henley on the Reform Bill.*

EAVES-DROPPINGS FROM THE EASELS.

BY OUR OWN STUDIO SNEAK.

GREAT day was last Tuesday week—it was the day for 'sending in,' and the brethren of the brush are still in awful doubt as to what will be the judgment of the Hanging Committee. As its name appears to indicate, its duty seems to be to keep the artists in suspense: and as I chance to know what works have been accepted, it would be an act of charity to publish a 'c'rect list' of them. Since, however, I am bound in honour not to tell, it would not be quite the thing to *print* the information. But if any artist chooses to invite me (say) to Richmond, or to take a bit of fish with him at the Trafalgar, *perhaps* I might be found to have my note-book in my pocket, and *perhaps* I might (in confidence) oblige him with a peep at it.

"*Mais revenons à nos moutons*—as the gentleman remarked when he went to see the SHEEPSHANKS. For the last month or two the painters have been keeping open house, and their studios and dining-rooms have been thronged with friendly critics. To me and a select few others of the press, every artist of note has sent a note of invitation, putting us for the nonce upon the visiting Free List. Indeed, a man like myself, of the higher class of critics, might, were he so minded, get a dinner daily given him at this art-festive season, if he would only take the trouble (and a cab) to go and ask for it. But, alas! MR. FRITH no longer lives in Frith Street (being my chief crony, he will pardon me, I know, for my divulgence of this fact); and artists generally have migrated to such fashionable quarters, that it is no such easy matter, as it once was, to drop in upon them. As I was saying the other day to my friend SIR TITIAN MAULSTICKE ('Sirs' are snobs in general, but MAULSTICKE is an exception, and I therefore don't mind knowing him); said I, 'When you hung out in Soho, old cock, one could often look you up; but it's no joke, I can tell you, hiring Hansoms up to Highgate merely on the spec of finding you at home, and of being asked to stop and take pot-luck with you.' And there's my old chum HARRY GAMBOOGE, A.R.A., who used when I first knew him to live in a sky-parlour, in the classic realm of Greek Street, but is now a 'happy villa-ger,' in Victoria Square, Kensington. He was blowing me up lately for not hunting him up oftener, and I explained to him—'HARRY, my dear boy, the fault is no child of mine. When you lodged in Greek Street I was always at your elbow' (here HARRY gave a grunt, and muttered, 'I believe you!'); 'but Greek Street was get-at-able, and Kensington—except to carriage-keeping swells—is not. Pay my cab-hire, and I'll come to you as often as you like: but I'm a literary man, you know, and literary men, you know, are always careful of their cash. No, no! my dear fellow. Kensington's a nice place enough—when one gets to it. But, as my friend BARNUM says, if you'd make money, be cautious: and to a cautious man like me, cab-hire *is* a caution!'

"Passing by SIR RICHARD, who I regret is *not* 'himself again,' (indeed I think the 'great guns' have all missed fire this year: one or two, whom I won't name, I think will not 'go off' at any price), I come to a less known but not less trusted artist, about whose merit the public were entirely in the dark until I took the thankless trouble to enlighten them. MR. SMUDGE has sent in no less than twelve pictures, and if they be not all hung upon 'the line,' the hangers will I think deserve most richly to be gibbeted. Eleven of the twelve are to my mind perfect gems, and the twelfth is such a master-piece that my pen itches to describe it. The subject is historical: *Apelles Defies the Thunder of the Tempora*. The *Tempora* was, as every schoolboy knows, the leading journal of the Greeks, and APELLES stood precisely in the shoes of my friend SMUDGE, *c'est à dire*, he was *par excellence* the painter of the period. For action and for passion, this work cannot be surpassed—excepting by the gifted hand to which we owe it. The figure of APELLES (which is nearly eight feet high) reminds one forcibly of RAFFAELLE in his loftiest of moods; and the rendering of the right hand, which is outstretched from the nose-tip, is replete with natural feeling and with classic grace.

"Equally excelling, though in a more domestic school, are the paintings of my young friend, MR. VANDYKE GREEN; who, thanks to my judicious and unbiassed criticism, is yearly rising in his own, and in his friends', high estimation. His picture, *The False Tooth, or the Disappointed Lover*, conveys to the mind's eye a most delicious bit of sentiment; and not less delightful is his *Rural Felicity*, a piece depicting a snug party assembled at a pic-nic, and tormented with a lot of toads, frogs, 'wopses,' ants and midges. It will enhance to connoisseurs the value of this work, to know that the insectal anatomy is all studied from the life; MR. GREEN, with that devotedness which characterises genius, having encamped on Hampstead Heath for upwards of six months, for the purpose of 'going to Nature' for his models. As a proof of how much good his *al fresco* work has done him, I trust the nation will take note of the defunct daddy-long-legs, which will be discovered in the foreground of the picture; and it should also be observed what a happy inspiration has been breathed into the right wing of the slowly-dying blue-bottle, which is painfully expiring in the left-hand corner."

THE USE OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Ministers, charged with the nation's protection,
With War in close prospect, decree an election.
The Admiralty, by a lay lord directed,
Has to care that the country shall well be protected.

Its chief, a lay lord, gives a sea-lord dismissal,
For not standing for Dover—for which he might whistle.
Has this Board aught to do with the country's defences,
Or is SIR JOHN PAKINGTON out of his senses?

Is its office to keep England's fleet in condition,
Or to sit in the House, and sustain inquisition?
Whichever the case may be, small is the wonder
That our dockyards are famous for failure and blunder.

No marvel at millions kicked down on our shipping,
Whilst France is our fleet at far less cost outstripping,
When practical seamen, its administrators,
Are ousted to make room for voluble praters.

In the Navy's affairs so that Board of chief use is
For their grievous misconduct in making excuses.
Therefore PAKINGTON cries, flinging CARNEGIE over,
"Risk the nation at large—but make all safe at Dover!"

TO MEMBERS ABOUT TO VISIT THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

A MEMBER can pay a visit now to his constituents, either in person, or in the more elegant form of a visiting-card, that not merely contains his electioneering address, but also his name and physiognomy in full. This is a new feature, that has never yet been put on the canvass of an election. For instance, we are informed by an advertisement that—

"MESSRS. A. MARION AND CO. think it will be of great advantage to candidates who cannot possibly wait personally upon all their constituents to use their PHOTOGRAPHIC VISITING CARDS, which will prove a great saving of both time and trouble in canvassing. They will also afford the electors an opportunity of having a correct Portrait of the honourable gentleman seeking their suffrages."

In this way are likenesses brought home to every man's door, What a boon, too, conferred on those delinquent M.P.'s, who, conscious of having voted wrong, haven't the courage to face their constituents in any other form than that of photography. If they are not gifted with the call of eloquence, such a visit saves them an infinity of stuttering and stammering; and yet the little they so say is spoken strictly by the card, and must go home, if left at the right house. The boon would be further increased, if MESSRS. MARION would take off the entire supporters of LORD DERBY, and take them off so effectually, that we should never see them again.

New Military Dance Music.

IN reference to some recent transactions in commission jobbing which have got some gentlemen of the thimble into trouble, and some officers of distinguished rank into a very questionable position, we may announce, that a popular musical genius has composed, and will immediately publish, a New Army Quadrille, the themes of which are the "*Rogue's March*" and the "*Devil among the Tailors*."

IF MR. MARSH, the Master of the Vine Hounds, and who has lately made himself so notorious by his cruelty to a Fox, cannot be punished by any English Law, surely the "Lex Tally-Ho-nis" might be made applicable to his case.

AN ARTIST'S DREAM, AFTER SENDING IN HIS PICTURES WET TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PERIL AND NO PARLIAMENT.

INTO what a situation
Statesmen have their country got!
Europe 's in a conflagration;
England's Parliament is not!
Weeks must pass before another
England's monarch can convene,
Ministers, meanwhile, may smother
What advice they give the QUEEN.

Here we are, completely under
Their unquestionable rule.
Oh, that DERBY may not blunder!
Don't, DISRAELI, be a fool!
Take, with foreign broils, occasion,
Your designs now none can ask,
Not to meddle; for invasion
Good look out be all your task.

For this quarrel now proceeding
England cares not either way,
Can't endure the thought of bleeding,
Or of being doomed to pay.
Who shall drive Italian cattle?
Is the question—solve it, chance.
If Sardinia wins the battle,
Italy is free—as France!

Woe to him who shall entangle
Us in this accursed strife!
May that traitor's body dangle,
Whilst his soul departs this life!
Right and Freedom's cause command not
Us to swell the battle-clang,
Other cause we understand not:
Him that talks of Glory—hang!

MR. PUNCH AT THE POST OFFICE.

MR. ROWLAND HILL and MR. PUNCH (both of the Post Office, and two gentlemen who, in co-operation, have done more to facilitate the delivery of the public's letters than any two persons in the world, or out of it), have just issued their Fifth Report. They have permitted their clerk, young COLCHESTER,* to sign it, but as he is put into the Post Office simply because there were reasons for doing something for him, and it being notorious that COLCHESTER knows no more about letters than one of the oysters from whom he takes his title, it is not necessary to keep up the fiction here. Let the men who use the brains be credited with the results.

H. and P. state that they have increased the number of post offices in the United Kingdom by 134, so that there are now 11,235, besides 1168 of those road letter-boxes which the public take to exceedingly.

In reference to the receiving houses, H. and P. inform the tradesmen at whose shops the same are situate, that complaints have been made of their keeping persons, who want a penny stamp, waiting while some customer for the wares of the shop is being served. This H. and P. beg to inform the parties, will not do. The QUEEN is to be served first, and a person tendering a penny for HER MAJESTY'S Head, and thereby increasing HER MAJESTY'S revenue, is entitled to instant attention. H. and P. find that children sent on errands, small boys, and the humbler classes are chiefly subjected to this neglect, and that there is no such incivility to a well-dressed and elegantly-mannered person, who shoves everybody out of the way, forces a passage to the counter, and interposes between the vendor and the purchaser of the trumpery shop-goods. This conduct is recommended to all who have a true sense of what is due to their QUEEN.

In regard to the road letter-boxes, H. and P. remind the public of London, that if they want letters written at night delivered the very first thing in the morning, they must use these boxes, and not the shop boxes. Invitations to pleasant parties, enclosures of checks, love-letters, and the like, should always be expedited, but letters of duty, answers to mothers-in-law, testimonials, and anything that will do at any time may be reserved for the shop-box.

H. and P. regret to see spreading among the people a childish habit of clanking the lid or flap of those metallic boxes. This silly practice jars upon the nerves. Raise the lid quietly, deposit your letter cautiously, close the box gently, and walk away affably. As for peeping in at the slit when you have no letter, it is perfectly foolish. There is nothing whatever to see, and you only impede traffic. The police have orders to be in vigilance to slap the lid down on the nose of any person thus thrusting it in.

H. and P. are glad to find that a very large portion of London letter-writers use the initial for the district. Any person who does not is (generally speaking) a Fool, and as it is of no consequence when a Fool's letters are delivered, no harm results from the exceptional omission. The same remark still more strongly applies to any blunder in dropping the letter into the London or Country box, because the directions are staring the party in the face. It argues little for the fitness of people to have the ballot, when they can't even drop a letter into that one of two holes which is marked with the name of the district they want.

Applications are frequently made to H. and P. by some person who has erected a new solitary villa, far beyond the suburbs, to have a special mail laid on six times a day for his accommodation. It is not always possible to comply, but if the owner of such a villa has good wine, a good cook, and agreeable daughters, he is at liberty to invite, every day, one of the young gentlemen from the Post Office to dinner, who will (when he does not forget) take out with him any letters for his host.

H. and P. admit that the Book Post system causes much complaint. They are informed that books, sent by post, arrive all manner of shapes, having been jumped upon, stamped upon, sat upon, banged with mallets, wrenched across, and otherwise rendered fit to go into the sacks designed to receive them. This is entirely the fault of the publishers, who should publish Round books that would go easily into the sacks. As for the suggestion of light square tin boxes that would weigh almost nothing, and preserve the volumes, H. and P. will trouble the suggestors to mind their own business.

About a million and three-quarters of letters posted last year were not delivered, chiefly because they were wrongly directed. If parties like to take the trouble of writing letters which are not to be received, that is their business. This remark also applies to about 570,000 newspapers, but must be qualified by the remark that the public are very unreasonable and impatient about newspapers. The row that is made because a country postmaster keeps back a Sunday paper or two to amuse himself, or his wife and children, instead of delivering it, is unworthy of a humane and philanthropic country. Instructions have, however, been given to postmasters to avoid detaining the same individual's paper more than once in a quarter, and to borrow in rotation.

What kind of Idiots persons must be who, having received post office orders, do not cash them, and do thereby make the Post Office a present of nearly £2000 in one year, H. and P. cannot imagine, but there is not the slightest objection to the course, and H. and P.

* He may fairly be called so because, though the Colchester was born in 1798 he was not created until 1817.—DOD.

Do you think we did not know that, MR. DOD? but thanks all the same.—*Punch.*

think of applying the sum thus forfeited to providing for the widows of underpaid postmen who die in harness.

H. and P. are happy to report that the conduct of the officials of the Post Office last year has been extremely good. Some of the younger gentlemen have been a little too much addicted to pale ale and peg-top users, and to qualifying themselves at EVANS PADDY GREEN ESQUIRE'S for certificates of indisposition, but on the whole their errors have been slight. Very few of the postmen have been had up for beating their wives, which, considering the irritating nature of the postman's calling, and the propensity of women to look into letters which don't concern them, is much to the credit of the poor and faithful fellows. H. and P. however feel that it is for the Post Office to pay any fine that may be incurred by one of their servants who may find it necessary to wop his wife for tampering with the letters in his charge.

H. and P. have only to add, that as long before another report is issued, young COLCHESTER will have been superseded by another clerk, they earnestly hope that they may not have a pert Scotch clerk called ARGYLL sent back to them, as, though he has an hereditary claim to connection with one kind of Post, it is not that under the charge of

ROWLAND HILL
AND
PUNCH.

St. Martin's le Grand,
April, 1859.

MODERN OLYMPIANS.

IT is formally announced that an extremely discreditable and insolvent association, which, because it inhabits the soil on which the ancient Greeks dwelt, has the assurance to call itself Greece, is about to carry the parody of classical institutions to an extreme point.

Modern Greece is going to celebrate the Olympic Games!

The date is fixed late in the year, so as to catch travellers, and the Athenian lodging-house keepers, who are a good deal worse than even those of English watering-places, are already turning cupboards into bedrooms and getting ready cards with

ΑΠΑΡΤΜΕΝΤΣ ΤΟ ΛΕΤ

engrossed neatly, to invite English and French Cockneys.

The idea is happy, and the spectacle will be edifying and elevating.

In the old Olympian Games, which, according to certain authorities, were instituted by Jupiter in honour of his overthrow of the Titans, there were a few features which of course we all remember, and therefore need not refer to LEMPRIÈRE about. One seems to see a few reasons why some very important modifications must be introduced into the proposed celebration.

"The Presidents were above suspicion of being bribed."

"No unfair dealings were allowed."

"No criminals, or such as were connected with guilty persons, could present themselves."

"The only reward was a piece of olive, something with no money value."

"The only object of the Games was to stimulate courage and virtue."

How can so ridiculous a notion be entertained as that of having anything of this sort in Modern Greece. Pooh! the report must be a French *canard*. And yet it is not; formal and official notices are out, and *Punch* makes no doubt that railway and steamboat excursions, "to the Olympic Games and back, five clear days in Greece," will soon be organised.

Well, the Athenian hotel-keepers are to be congratulated on their ingenuity, much as we congratulate the keeper of a road-side public-house in England, who has the sense to get a fight, or a race, fixed for the neighbourhood of his locality. Let us hope that another Olympic Game, in which the Gallic Jupiter and the Austrian Titan contend, may not spoil so well-designed a scheme upon travellers' pockets.

PUNCH UPON COX.

AT a Meeting of the Electors of Finsbury, held in Canonbury Square, on Monday, it was understood that *Mr. Punch* intended to be present, and perhaps to speak. At an early hour, therefore, High Street, Islington, presented a dense mass of humanity, struggling to reach the Square, while thousands poured down from the Caledonian Road, myriads swarmed from Hoxton, and millions from the more inaccessible parts of the borough of Finsbury. The police calculated that there were about ten or eleven times as many persons assembled as ever come out on a Derby Day. About two o'clock *Mr. Punch* appeared in his carriage, and his horses instantly disappeared, an enthusiastic body of his admirers lifting up the carriage itself and bearing *Mr. P.* in triumph into the Square, and past the windows of MR. COX. *Mr. Punch* good-naturedly smiled at the effervescent loyalty of his adorers, and proceeded to ascend Canonbury Tower, whence he addressed the silenced audience as follows:—

Mr. Punch. "Gentlemen, I have a very few words to say. (*Cries of 'Make them many.'*) I thank you, my friends, but in many words there is little wisdom. (*'Not such words as yours.'*) You are very good, I'm sure. (*'Who has made us so?'*) If I have helped to make you good, I am more than repaid. But listen. I came to speak to you about this Finsbury Election. (*'Stand! stand!' and terrific cheering.*) No, my friends, no. I am the Member for All England, and it would be as wrong in me to split myself up into fragments, as for my gracious friend your beloved QUEEN (*'May she have many such friends,'*) AMEN! to smash up her big diamond, the Koh-i-Noor, and divide it into little ornaments. (*Cheers for several minutes, and cries of 'You won't forget old Finsbury.'*) I will not, my friends. Where those beautiful houses now stand to my right, the abodes of elegance and luxury, once spread Canonbury Pond, on whose ice I used to fall down, in a sitting posture, in winter (*roars of laughter*) amid whose duckweed I used to fish for tittlebats in summer. Bless old Finsbury! (*The vast meeting here burst into tears, and the speaker was visibly affected.*) But now to sterner duty. I came to speak of MR. COX. (*Jeering shouts for ten minutes.*) Nay, my friends, be not too severe even upon Cox. I have come to make a sacrifice, a sacrifice in your favour. (*Cheers.*) You all know that Cox has been very useful to me. (*'You have made him immortal.'*) It may be so, but he has been useful to me. (*'He ought to be proud of your notice.'*) I hope he is, for he takes great pains to deserve it whenever he gets an opportunity. I selected him as the type of all that was ludicrous in a representative. Estimable, as he most probably is, in all the relations of private life, bland to his household, indulgent to his clerks, attentive to his clients, I considered him, as an attorney, out of place in Parliament. I studied his speeches, and found them shallow and ignorant. (*'He's that.'*) I laughed at him, and you all laughed—the world laughed. Well, I want Cox. I want him as a type of a Legislative noodle. (*Roars.*) Well, you see how useful he has been to me. But am I selfish, am I unregardful of the interest of this borough? (*'No, no.'*) I come here, I tell you, to make a sacrifice. I will not control you in this Election. I should like you to return Cox. But, gentlemen, listen. If you feel—and I shall not be surprised if you do—if you feel, I say, that even for the sake of affording a laughing-stock to the country, the returning Cox for Finsbury is more than you ought to be asked to do—if you decide that you would prefer SIR SAMUEL PETO, why, gentlemen, reject Cox. I give him up, I surrender him. (*Cheers.*) SOCRATES, whom I greatly resemble, sacrificed a Cock to Æsculapius, and I, *Punch*, will sacrifice a Cox to Common Sense. (*Cheers for twenty minutes*). Do, therefore, just as you like. I leave you free. If you return Cox, why, there he is for me, if you don't, I must look round for another such person, and hard as it may be to find so preposterous a party, I dare say that I shall manage. So, as I have said, do as you please. Bless you, my friends."

[*Amid the cheers of the multitude, clapping of hands, waving of kerchiefs, and the sudden clash of church-bells, set ringing in his honour, Mr. Punch subsided into Canonbury Tower.*

Carrying Wealth to India.

INDIA requires a loan of money, and when she has obtained gold from us, she will next probably want diamonds. Newcastle will then perhaps demand a consignment of coals.

PERFECT DEFINITION OF AN OMNIBUS.

A LONG, narrow BOX, put upon wheels, and originally invented for the purpose of saving time and money; and in which generally a gentleman loses an hour, and a lady her purse.

IT has been suggested that the present Ministry should be called (in reference to their Reform Bill) "THE DERBY AND HOAX ADMINISTRATION."

OH! WHAT A HUMBUG!

Amelia. "MAMMA, DEAR! HERE'S A NOTE FROM DEAR WILLIAM, WITH A BOX FOR THE OPERA, I SHOULDN'T WONDER." (Reads):—"*My darling Amelia, Circumstances over which I have no control will take me as far as Greenwich. I find that I have left my Latch-key—please to get it from the Waistcoat I took off, and send it by the Bearer to your ever affectionate, Kiddleums.*"

THE RETURN OF THE WISCOUNT.

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again!
WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again!
Let DOULTON fall, ROUPELL sing small,
  Now we've the Wiscount back again.
What though the potter's paid his shot?
We'll send him, double-quick, to pot,
Now Lambeth, trebly blest, has got
  Its WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again.

There's Finsbury may boast its COX,
And TOMMY DUNCOMBE, sly old fox—
"*Vox populi*" alias "*Dei vox*,"
  Shout till your wind-pipes crack again:
Proclaiming in triumphant strain,
That Lambeth reassumes her reign,
In high Finance to 'spound and 'splain,
  Now she's her Wiscount back again.

Let Court and Cabinet combined
Try to enthrall his steadfast mind,
With honours, titles,—free as wind,
  He'll bid the tempters pack again.
Still penny wisdom's constant friend,
He'll save our every candle-end,
Till Britain bless the men that send
  Her WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again.

How to gain Unanimity in Juries.

LET the jury consist exclusively of ladies! As it is proverbial that women never do disagree, there would not be the slightest difficulty in securing always an unanimous verdict. The whole twelve would vote as one woman,—more especially, if one of their own sex was being tried. Besides, the mere prospective horror of a dozen women being all locked up together, without a cup of tea, or a stocking to mend, or a baby to play with, or a novel to thumb, would force them to agree, long before they had looked at the prisoner, even, to see whether he was good-looking or not.

An Awful Mistake.

THE *Times*, the other day, contained the following tragicomical statement:—

"MEHMED ALI PACHA has been seriously ill for the last few days; his original indisposition was considerably aggravated by a mistake of the chemist, who, instead of sending chloroform for external application, sent some caustic fluid, which was applied without being looked at."

What became of the chemist?

VINDICATION OF A WORTHY VICAR.

THE subjoined announcement, published in *The National Society's Monthly Paper*, is open to, and has no doubt met with, sad misconstruction:—

A SCHOOLMASTER is wanted, immediately, in a small Village in Berkshire. He must be a good Churchman, and a strict but kind Disciplinarian. A Married Man, without Family, would be preferred; and his Wife, who must be a good Needlewoman, would be required to take part in the Instruction of the Girls. At present there is no House, but in lieu thereof an Unfurnished Bedroom is offered at the Vicarage, and the use of the Kitchen, along with the Vicar's Servants, for a Sitting-room. Salary, to a Married Man, £40, subject to a Deduction of £20 a year for Board in the Vicarage. Salary to a Single Man, £30, subject to a Deduction of £13 a year for Board.—Address, the Rev. &c. &c.

We are afraid that many unthinking persons, who have perused the notification foregoing, have hastily concluded that the Vicar's servants, to whom it offers the use of the Kitchen for a Sitting-room, are his butler, footman, cook, housemaid, and other domestics male and female, the former probably in plush. This supposition has of course occasioned the most painful comments to be made on the Reverend Vicar's ideas of the company proper for a Schoolmaster. That reverend gentleman may have been undeservedly charged with ignorance of the consideration due to another gentleman, entitled by a respectable education, to be associated with educated persons. The good Pastor may even have been unjustly accused of pride and insolence. We have no hesitation whatever in suggesting that by the Vicar's servants are meant his curates. His curates are of course his servants; are not LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI HER MAJESTY'S servants? What harm is there in calling people by their right names? As to the Kitchen which is proposed for the common sitting-room of the Rector's intelligent lay and ecclesiastical servants, the word Kitchen is doubtless an error of the Press caused by the injudicious correction of what, in the manuscript advertisement, was mistaken for a clerical error. The original word, of course, was Library.

The salary offered to the Schoolmaster is so nearly that, what with one deduction and another, which curates usually receive, as almost to demonstrate the correctness of the above explanation of the Kitchen which he is to sit in, and the Servants with whom he is to live.

Compromise with Abolition.

AN American Member of Congress of moderate views, has, we understand, had the courage to prepare a Bill, which he intends to propose in the House of Representatives, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Niggers.

AN "INGENIOUS MANŒUVRE."—Increasing the publican's billeting-money, just as an election is coming on! We are struck with horror, as with a pewter-pot, that Conservatives should have been guilty of such a "twopenny-halfpenny" trick.

A DIFFICULTY IN THE GERMAN DIET.—Austria should pause before pitching into those Sardines. If Hungary should rise, she may have other fish to fry.

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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, BOYS! I DARE SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO GET HOME: AND HOW DO YOU AND THE DOCTOR AGREE?"

Harry. "OH! WE LIKE HIM VERY MUCH."

Paterfamilias. "HAH! AND DO YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS?"

Harry. "OH! PRETTY GOOD: I CAN LICK THREE FELLOWS; BUT FRED, HERE, CAN LICK *SIX, COUNTING ME!*"

ELECTION SONG.

BY A "FREE AND INDEPENDENT."

I've a vote! I've a vote! for no matter which side,
To neither Whig, Tory, nor Rad am I tied:
Up, up with the hustings!—'tis a gold mine to me;
I've a vote! I've a vote! independent and free!

I heed not dishonour, I fear not the law,
I've no conscience to guide me, no terrors to awe:
And ne'er like a spooney my vote will I yield,
Till my man stands the shot, and my pockets are filled!

Quick! quick! draw your cheques, let your purse be well lined,
And I'll warrant you'll soon leave opponents behind;
I'll be bound there are voters in plenty like me,
Your return who'll make safe if your cash you'll make free!

What tho' against bribes the *Times*' thunder is heard,
To decline the good things of this life were absurd;
The dread of detection's paraded in vain,
I have braved it before, and dare chance it again.

Peradventure the lawyers upon us may fall,
They may fine, may imprison, they cannot appal:
While the waves of Pactolus within our reach flow,
For a dip in its golden tide dauntless we'll go!

Then hurrah! my brave boys! ye may drink, ye may eat!
The "publics" are open, the Members stand treat;
Up, up with your posters! All comers I'll see,
I've a vote! I've a vote! And the Voter is free!

Domestic Tyranny.

WE know a highly respectable Lady, who makes her servants take their meals standing. When they dine, they are not allowed to sit down. Her reason for this is, that she finds they do not eat so much, nor do they waste their time gossiping. We wonder how the same system would work, if introduced at our public dinners? We fancy that the speeches would be shorter, and the consumption of bad wine infinitely less!

POLITICAL BIAS.

"THE Battle of the Constitution must be *bought* in our Registration Courts."—DERBY *ringing the changes on* PEEL.

HUMOURS OF AN OXFORD ELECTION.

WE are sorry that any necessity should exist for the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, on the occasion of an election of members for the University, to issue a notice concluding with cautions such as the following:—

"And take notice, that all persons who are guilty of bribery at the election will, on conviction of such offence, be liable to the penalties mentioned in that behalf in the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854. And take notice, that all persons who are guilty of treating or undue influence at the said election will, on conviction of such offence, be liable to the penalties mentioned in that behalf in the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act."

At Oxford, where elections have hitherto always been conducted with a degree of dignity which has not permitted so much as personal canvassing on the part of candidates, only fancy the possibility of common bribery, and even treating! But no—these are impossibilities. There can be no "Sovereign Alley" in the University of Oxford—if there is any alley of the kind, it must be a Preferment Alley, an Advowson Alley, a Next-Presentation Alley, a Stall Alley, a Mitre Alley, or some, not to say merely respectable, but holy and reverend, alley of that description. And then as to treating—can anybody imagine MR. GLADSTONE and SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, even through their agents—those agents being perhaps heads of colleges—tempting Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity to barter the privilege of a Briton and a scholar for a pot of half-and-half? The very choicest and most venerable port now to be met with in the most orthodox of ancient cellars is the only conceivable analogy to so ignoble a tender. What undue influence can the candidates for Oxford be considered capable of exerting? That of fighting men had down from Town? Or would their solicitors go about to the reverend electors, and threaten to take away their Bishop's countenance from them unless they voted for the right man?

If there is any bribery, if there is any treating, of how dignified a nature soever, at an Oxford election, that ceremony will perhaps come to be attended with incidents bearing a corresponding relation to those of an ordinary and popular proceeding of the same political nature. The colours of candidates will be worn in combination with ecclesiastical vestments. Bands of music, in the face of Act of Parliament, will parade the streets in the habit of choristers, playing sacred music—Gregorian chants or Camberwell and Islington psalm-tunes, on this side or on that. Theological disputants, regular Jesuits some of them, hired in London from houses in the Roman Catholic slums, and ultra Protestants on the other side engaged at Exeter Hall, will go about to confute electors on their way to the poll, and, not content with that, will argue against, and try to upset the opinions, of moderate and rational people whom they may chance to meet. Hustings of mediæval and of modern structure will also be erected, and candidates will be pelted with quotations from the Fathers and the Reformers. Various questions, moreover, of a brief and suggestive but mostly uncomplimentary nature, will be addressed to them by the learned multitude. "How about the *piscina?*" "Who was seen in the conventicle?" "Go to your oratory!" "Who ate haunch of mutton on Ash Wednesday?" "Who's your Confessor?" Such are some of the interpellations with which perhaps hereafter gentlemen who would be members for Oxford will be greeted in the event of a contest for the representation of that seat of learning.

THE ELECT OF THE MILLION.—LOUIS NAPOLEON only wants 500,000,000 francs, just to begin with. If France gives it to him, we shall be fairly convinced at last that "The Empire IS the Pay."

NEAPOLITAN PARODY.—"MURAT *pour la Patrie.*"

DELIGHTFULLY IRISH.

THERE did not appear in the *Times*, the other day, the following announcement:—

"On the 1st April, at Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, Killmaculty, Ireland, the wife of PETER MORRIS, Jun., J.P., of a daughter, *under the influence of woman's ministration.*"

But there did appear the same statement, with a different date, name, and address.

Mr. Punch, after presenting his best congratulations to the family who have been made happy by the arrival of MISS MORRIS, and expressing his hope that the young Irish lady in question may grow up a happiness to her parents, would be glad to know the terms on which a pupil would be received into a household whose head is so deliciously euphuistic. An ordinary papa who wished to apprise Europe, at such a crisis as this, that instead of a family doctor a family doctoress had attended his wife, might possibly have rendered his language European, by saying that the *sage femme* had been summoned *vice* the *accoucheur*. Or he might have employed the English term used by the translators of the Bible. Or he might have used simpler phraseology, and alluded to "female attendance only." But our Irish papa goes in for beautiful writing, and tells us of "the influence of female ministration." This, as a scoffing Scottish judge recently remarked, is "very Irish." None the less lovely for that, and *Mr. Punch* particularly desires to introduce a pupil into Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, to be treated, and particularly to be talked to, as one of the family. When that pupil returns, he or she will be a charming talker, if the conversation in Beaumont-and-Fletcher House be in the style of the above advertisement. There are no washing days in Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, but there are periods when undergarments are subjected to lavatory manipulation. It is never time for MR. PETER MORRIS to go to church, but the dial indicates the Sabbatic hour when he should seek the heaven-directing spire. The little MORRISES are never threatened with a whipping, but it is intimated to them that in the absence of self-restraint, Solomonian ministration may eradicate irregularities. There are no broken windows at Killmaculty (indeed there is not such a thing in Ireland, far less a windy bunged up with a dirty towt) but if an accident had occurred, MR. MORRIS would command a reparation of the vitreous medium between the chamber of sleep and the light of heaven. Pigs are killed in some parts of Ireland, but in Killmaculty the domestic porker submits to carnificial ministration. *Mr. Punch* requests, by return of post, the terms on which a pupil can be admitted to an abode, where to borrow from MR. TENNYSON, "Heaven's best gift, of speech, is '*not*' abused."

There is only one doubt on *Mr. Punch's* mind. "Under the influence of female ministration." Can this mean that the happiness of the MORRIS family was accelerated by the effect of a sermon by a Quakeress?

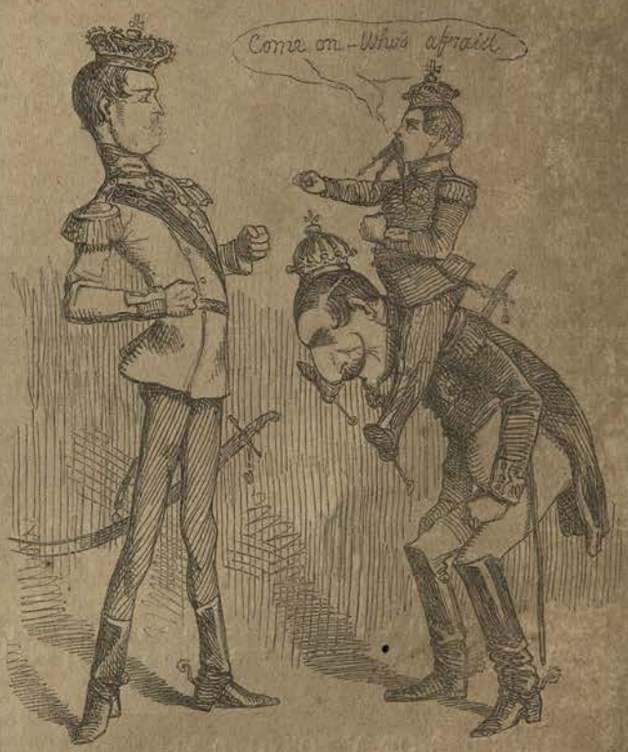
MALEDICTION FOR THE MONEY MARKET.

SLAVE of money, who thy hoard
  Shalt in usury dispose,
So that it shall aid afford
  To thy country's plotting foes,
Never may the price per cent.
  Of thy treason meet thy view,
And the sum which thou hast lent
  Mayst thou lose, curmudgeon, too.

With no house above thy head,
  With no shoes upon thy feet,
When thy sons shall beg their bread,
  With thy daughters, in the street,
Think of homes unroofed and riven,
  Through the means which thou didst screw
And their outraged inmates driven
  Forth to starve yourselves as well.

Think that on thy soul are lying,
  Bought by thine atrocious loan,
Curses of the tortured dying,
  Heard by Heaven in shriek and groan;
All the crimes in war committed—
  For thy wealth defrays their cost—
And, in misery unpitied,
  Rave to think thy wealth is lost.

If the Enemy repay thee,
  And thou reap the promised gain,
May the fiend that lured, betray thee,
  Fire thy heart, and scorch thy brain;
Go—by all mankind discarded—
  Load thy pockets with thy pelf,
With the price of blood rewarded,
  Traitor go, and hang thyself!



BOLD SENATOR BROWN.

ACCOUNTS from New York state that "senator A. G. BROWN, of Mississippi," at a meeting of democratic Republican electors in Tammany Hall, in the course of a speech advocating the acquisition of Cuba, declared—

"I want Cuba for the extension of slavery, and let all the dirty abolition crew understand it. If Cuba were to come to us as a free territory, and a free territory alone, then my courage would very much ooze out at the points of my fingers."

What is the courage which, in the contingency stated, "would very much ooze out at the points" of this eloquent American statesman's fingers? It may be such as would enable the brave BROWN to walk into the cannon's mouth. It at any rate is sufficient to have made him dare to say—

"I am a pro-slavery man. I believe that slavery is of Divine origin; that God decreed it from the foundation of the world; that the African race from their creation were doomed to be slaves to the white man; and my impression is, that every one of you would be better off if he had a negro to wait upon him."

What a bold stroke of impiety! Senator BROWN is anyhow a brave blasphemer. There is, at least, one fear to which BROWN is evidently a stranger. That fear has been said to be the beginning of wisdom; and the above quoted words of MR. BROWN attest the truth of the saying. Each of the foregoing passages concludes with a ridiculous anticlimax of which nobody could have been guilty but a fool.

POOR STUFF.—Of what material is an electioneering canvass principally made? Yarns.—*Bernal Osborne (ex-member)*.

APPLEWOMEN FROM THE ANTIQUE.

"DEAR PUNCH,—As yours is the leading journal of the age, and of course the fittest mouthpiece for all valuable suggestions, I must trouble you to give insertion to a grand idea of mine, to amend a great defect in our dramatic system.

"What the defect is, it is easy to describe. I go, let us say, to the Sultana's Theatre. I see there a standard play (as far as regards the acting, it matters little what), put upon the stage 'regardless of expense,' and with all that close adherence to historical fidelity for which the management, we know, is so conspicuously famous. Let not uninstructed critics dare to wonder at the wonders which are brought before their noses. There is a quotable authority for whatever is presented. The flyleaf of the playbill, which is in itself a history, gives the public some idea of the pains taken to please it. Every book that is readable, and some few dozens that are not, have been ransacked for the customs and the costumes of the 'period,' which it is intended to 'revive,' or reproduce. The properties are likewise all 'taken from the life'—if that term can be properly applied to things inanimate. If a battle or a banquet be put upon the stage, the drinking cups and weapons are most strictly 'of the period.' Nor is this rule observed only in the greater stage accessories. '*Curat de minimis*' is the maxim of the management. Not merely are the infantry, if troops be introduced, all furnished with the arms and armour 'of the period;' but if a baby be brought in, a lollipop 'of the period' is given it to suck, or in case a mediæval street-boy is produced, a popgun 'of the period' is revived for his amusement. If a Louis the Eleventh's hunting-whip be cracked, or an Elizabethan barmaid or servant girl be kissed, the smack in either case will smack most distinctly 'of the period.' Nay, supposing a procession or a siege be represented, the notes which are brayed forth by the trumpets 'of the period' are taken, we are told, from the black letter 'of the period:' and the gunpowder which is burnt 'smells woundily' of the period, being made, we may depend, from some recipe 'of the period,' that we may sniff the 'villanous saltpetre' of the period.

"Now this attention to the *mise-en-scène* is praiseworthy in the extreme, and I should be the last to either smile or sneer at it. Bilious critics may contend that the acting of the plays at the Sultana's Theatre is by no means on a level with the merits of their upgetting, and may endeavour to persuade me that the poetry of the drama is there smothered and put out of sight and out of mind by the upholstery. But what care I for critics? To my eyes the attraction of a play is in the scenery. Gas before genius, say I, upon the stage; and I'm sure that the enlightened British Public will agree with me. But the defect I have to note at the Sultana's, Sir, is this. The costumes and appointments on the audience-side the footlights are not at all in keeping with those upon the other; and to readily impressible persons like myself this absence of completeness is exceedingly distressing. While the play is in performance, all my senses are wrapt up in what is passing on the stage, and to such perfection the 'revival' is brought out, that I imagine myself living in the period presented. Then, Sir, on a sudden down comes the act-drop, and from the twelfth or thirteenth century, as the case may be, I am projected at a bound into the middle of the nineteenth! A horrid cry of 'Happles! horanges! lemonade and bottled stout!' grates as harshly on my ear as the summons to a jury; and all my visions of the past are dispelled in a moment by the presence of an applewoman, whose middle-aged appearance is the sole link that connects her with the mediæval era.

"Now, surely Sir, this jar upon one's nerves should be prevented. Surely, Sir, the Management of the Sultana's Theatre might, when they let the curtain down, still keep up the illusion, and not allow our feelings to be trifled with so ruthlessly. So sudden a transition gives the death-blow to one's sentiment, and destroys the bright imaginings which one's brain has conjured up. Yet methinks it would be easy to remedy the evil. It would surely be but little tax upon the treasury, if half a score of supernumeraries, at a shilling each a-night, were engaged to undertake the part of audience-refreshers, in the place of the old applewomen whose presence now afflicts us. Their costumes should accord with the costumes on the stage, and their refreshments be in keeping with the period of the piece. When either *Coriolanus* or *Cato* is revived, some more strictly classic beverage than ginger-beer should be produced with it. The drinks of the dead languages should be revived for the occasion. A compound called '*Falernum et aqua*' might be vended, at the price, let us suppose, of two *denarii* a glass; or the playgoer might be treated to a taste of the '*Quadrimum*,' such as THALIARCHUS was by HORACE asked to tap. So, when the house is crammed to see the *Gallic Grandmothers*, or any other thrilling melodrama taken from the French, *eau sucrée* and *mouchoirs* should be provided for the boxes, and *eau de vie* supplied in *demi tasses* to the pit. In the same spirit, moreover (though *eau de vie* would be but ill replaced by British brandy), when good old English pieces are put upon the stage, good old English drinks ought to be handed to the audience. When *Richard Cœur de Lion* or Bluff *King Hal* appear, it would be nice to 'crush a cup' of right good hyppocras or mead, so as to keep still on one's palate the flavour 'of the period,' while, as soon as the drop falls upon the exit of *Sir John Falstaff*, the house ought to resound with the cry of 'Sherris Sack!' of which the thirsty playgoer might quaff 'potations pottle deep.'

"It would be tiresome to enumerate the many ways in which this notion might, I think, be carried out. The system might of course be applied with equal fitness to viands as to drinks. Indeed I can conceive it might without untruth be advertised, not merely as a 'Novelty!' but an 'Additional Attraction!!' For instance, I can fancy how the Scotch would cram the house, were it announced in all the newspapers that haggis and cockaleekie would be nightly handed round for the refreshment of the audience, in the intervals between the murders in *Macbeth!*

"Trusting you will give the world the benefit of my suggestion, which need by no means be confined to the Sultana's Theatre,

"I remain, *Punch*, yours, with reverence,

"A BRITISH PLAYGOER."

"P.S. If the orchestra were dressed in the 'costume of the period,' it would considerably enhance the musical effect; and were a similar rule enforced in the dress-boxes and stalls, it would add to the completeness of the general *coup d'œil*, and cause great increase of amusement to the gallery and pit."

"OUR CLEVER YOUNG MEN."

(*See* MR. GLADSTONE'S *Speech on the Reform Bill.*)

"OUR clever young men, Sir, are always so shy,
That they shrink from a num'rous constituency:
I know them right well, and have studied their habits,
And how they resort to their boroughs, like rabbits.
From great cities they fly, and those vast vulgar towns,
Where the 'million' reside, spinning cotton for crowns;
Where low radical notions are poked in their faces,
And sneers about sinecures, pensions, and places;
Where every pert smug manufacturer prates
Against taxes on knowledge, and rails at Church Rates.

"Can a clever young man, who has a cousin a peer,
And an uncle a bishop, to such snobs adhere?
Can one so knit up with the Br'ish Constitution
Mix with blackguards whose aim is, in brief, Revolution?
Can a PITT, or a CANNING (if such be in store
To rescue the State), face the Finsbury roar?
Can their delicate frame bear the brawling and knocks
That grace the contention 'twixt PETO and COX?
No, no! Bully BRIGHT! Think well o'er it, again,
And some snug boroughs leave for Our Clever Young Men!"

THE DOOM OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN both classical and romantic story, statues are related to have been occasionally animated. What if the spirit of the Transatlantic statesman named in the subjoined portion of American intelligence should be doomed to inhabit the monument erected to his memory?

"MR. POWER'S bronze statue of DANIEL WEBSTER, made for some persons in Boston, United States, is said to give general dissatisfaction. One writer says, 'It is a terrible-looking thing, having the appearance of a coloured gentleman who has run away from his disconsolate master, and in stolen clothes.'"

Fancy a pro-slavery politician obliged to exist, constituting a public exhibition, in the form of a fugitive coloured gentleman. Let DAN'L WEBSTER'S Statue be a caution to sinners!

THE CARLTON DICTIONARY.—The Derbyites have a pretty way of describing a bribe. They call it "a votive offering."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

M. F. H.* PUNCH TAKES COMMAND OF HIS FIELD IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.

* Master of Fox Hounds.

REPRESENTATION ACCORDING TO NUMBERS.

If the number of our Delegates is to be increased in proportion to the number of voters, the House itself will have to be increased also. Even as it is, its size is scarcely large enough to accommodate all the collective wisdom that the nation proudly accumulates. Enlarge the area of that wisdom, and the present building will be insufficient to hold even the multitude of Williamses that Middlesex alone would return to it. We should require a separate House for every separate county; unless Sir Charles Barry could give us a building that had the power of expanding, and of holding any amount of rubbish you chose to stuff into it, —much on the same elastic principle as a carpet-bag. For ourselves, we are ready to admit that our House of Commons is amply sufficient; and, instead of desiring increase in the number of Members, we believe that the business of the country would be a considerable gainer were one half of the present M.P.'s liberally dispensed with.

Can a Lady in low spirits, who has frequent recourse to the Eau-de-Cologne bottle, be said to be sustained by *Farinaceous* food?

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IMPERIAL FRENCH EAGLE (TO IMPERIAL RUSSIAN DITTO). "DEAR BROTHER! OH, LET US HASTEN TO PROTECT THE POOR LAMB YONDER!"

PUNCH'S ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BUFFINGTON.

HERE everything promises well for the cause of order and the Constitution. Mr. Jaggler (Conservative) has secured all the public-houses, so that not a drop of drink can be obtained by a Blue. Several sheaves of bludgeons came down by last night's train. Two distinguished members of the prize ring addressed the electors from the window of the Yellow Pig this afternoon, menacing them with punched heads in the event of their proving recreant to the Constitution. Mr. Miggle (Whig-Radical) has not a chance.

SLOPBURY.

There are 258 electors here. Of these, 86 are Green (Liberal), and 69 Blue (Conservative), and none of these will take money. Of the remaining 53, two are in prison, and one is an idiot in the workhouse. The other 50 are strictly corruptible, and Mr. Walker (Conservative) has offered them £5 a head. Mr. Snookling (Liberal) has been telegraphed to, and unless he will mend the bidding, the Carlton man is safe.

CHISELBOROUGH.

We are in the utmost excitement, owing to the base conduct of the rival candidates, who have coalesced in order to cheat the electors, and refuse to pay anything. We are sending in all directions for a candidate, and sooner than elect either of those who have attempted so vile a fraud, we will return our respected beadle, Mr. Timothy Gapeseed. Truly a Reform Bill is needed.

MUFFGATE.

The struggle in this borough will be close. It consists of one long street, one side of which chiefly belongs to Sir Bilbury Grog (Conservative), and the other to Lord Marlingspike (Liberal). All the tenants have received notices that unless they support the nominee of their respective landlords, they must quit, and distresses are in the hands of the agents, to be shown to those who are in arrear of rent. There are, however, six or eight independent electors, who can turn the scale, and they have all been bribed twice over by each side. It is impossible to say who will come in, and it is of the less consequence as on petition he will inevitably be turned out.

WOPLEY.

Yesterday the prospects of Mr. Bunkum (Liberal) were rather seedy, and the Tories were rabidly vaunting the certain success of Colonel Boshleigh, but to-day the tables are turned, for the Countess of Oxtail, whose noble mansion is near the place, has driven round to every one of the leading traders, and in the course of purchase of some trifling article, has intimated that in the event of Mr. Bunkum's failure, everything for Oxtail House will in future be procured in the metropolis or at Jobbingsford. The Tories have now the audacity to prate about the indecency of aristocratic interference at Elections! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*

NAMBY, AND THE PAMBY BURGHS.

Lord Badgerbait had signified to the electors of this group of burghs that they were to elect his nephew, Captain Diddlemore. But it seems that the *gallant* Captain had the misfortune after dinner yesterday to offend Lady Badgerbait by rather too demonstrative admiration of a favourite lady's maid, he has been sent to town in disgrace, and the steward came round this morning to say that his lordship's other nephew, Mr. Alfred Fluke, of Limmer's, is to be chosen. *Noblesse oblige.*

GRINMOUTH.

Here we shall have a good fight for it. Sir Ebenezer Brawn (Tory), who owns the mines in the neighbourhood, has been keeping his colliers half drunk for a week, and on the day of election will make it three quarters, and send them into Grinmouth. But brute force will be constitutionally met, and Mr. Squelcher, uncle to the Liberal Candidate, the Hon. Augustus Squinneye, will use his deserved influence with the sailors and dockmen, and the invaders will be received as they deserve. Bets run high that there will not be a whole window in Grinmouth by eleven on Tuesday morning, and two assistant-surgeons have been sent over from Liverpool to our infirmary.

PADDLETON.

The election will be a close thing. All the electors take bribes, but there are two clubs, the Spotty Caterpillars, and the Affable Slugs, that are supposed to hold the election in their hands. Colonel Behemoth (Conservative) had bought both, but some of the Slugs were crawling about this afternoon with hints that Blue (Liberal) money was as good as Red. A stranger was inquiring late last night for the Liberal bankers. Colonel Behemoth's solicitor is gone to London, probably to Pall Mall, and probably will return with heavy arguments in favour of the Colonel.

LOAMSHIRE (WEST).

It is well known that the representation of this division of Loamshire is in the hands of the Earl of Snitchbury and of Sir Lumpington Bumpington, the principal landlords. They have hitherto agreed to return one and one, and accordingly Lord Bloke (Conservative) and Mr. Varycose Vane (Liberal) offered themselves as usual. But we hear that Lady Bumpington, who is known to be the master at Blotchley Castle, insists on Sir Lumpington's starting a second candidate with Mr. Vane. The new man is Major De Seevor, who, it is understood, aspires to the bumping charms of one of the Bumpington heiresses. He would not win if Lord Snitchbury were a free agent, but his property is a good deal mortgaged, and it is believed that a certain attorney, much in his confidence, has been "got at" by Lady B., and that he will "persuade" his principal to leave his tenants uncoerced this time. If he thus betrays the Constitution, truly we may say, *delenda est Carthago.*

FARCLAYTON.

Extra subtlety or awful stupidity has so prevailed here, that a London barrister, Mr. Cackle, who was brought down merely to frighten any real candidate from coming forward, has been permitted to jabber himself into the good graces of the electors to such an extent, that he demands a rounder sum for withdrawing than it is at all convenient to his employer to pay. He impudently talks of going to the poll. If he does, Wyley and Cackle will come in, ousting Bigaroon.

DRAGGLEHURST.

Sir Bungo Hoops, the eminent brewer (Liberal), is opposed by Colonel Jollop, late in the Indian Service (Conservative). Money is no object with either, and it is a great object with every one of our electors. It is difficult to say which way the contest will go, as both candidates have been promised by the entire borough.

OWLSWESTON.

Messrs. Blinker and Winker, both Liberals, expected to be returned unopposed, but a Conservative Candidate from London, a Mr. Fitzbeeswax, has come down, and publishes an address in which he proposes to free the borough from the tyrannical sway of a clique. As peremptory notices have been given to all Lord Honeyborough's tenants to support the new man, a brisk contest may be looked for, and Winker will probably go to the wall, for he has no money to spare.

HIGLEY.

We expected to have our quiet little borough roused into the agitation of a fierce contest, but a telegram last night brought the news that the Hon. Captain Gumboyle's brother, Lord Mumps, had unfortunately, when in a state of intoxication, fallen from his yacht to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. The gallant Captain therefore goes up to the House of Lords, and Mr. Guffin will walk the course, to the considerable detriment of the poorer electors of Higley, who look rather hungrily for the subsidy usual at elections here.

NAG'S BARSTOCK.

Sir Crucible Lute was considered safe, and is probably so, but a paper of his, read before the British Association, in which he seems to have expressed some doubt whether we had sufficiently studied the Mosaic account of Creation, and thoroughly understood it, has given great offence to the clergy here, and placards all over the town invite the electors to Vote for Lute the Atheist. An orthodox candidate, with about £800 or £900 to spend, would run the baronet very hard, and would have the ministers of all denominations with him.

JELLYBAGLEY.

There are five candidates in the field, and we return one member. Our late representative, Mr. Yelp (Liberal), offers himself for re-election, and his opponents are Mr. Gusher (Conservative), Mr. Blatter (Liberal Conservative), Mr. Mash (Liberal), and Mr. Cractile (Chartist). Of these, Mr. Blatter has no chance, having but £600 a year, any more than Mr. Cractile, who is a pauper and a lunatic. Mr. Mash is Mr. Yelp's cousin, and is understood to oppose him from bitter family feelings, and if these are guided into a proper channel, Mr. Mash, who is wealthy, may oust his relative, but is more likely to let in the Conservative, Mr. Gusher, who is very rich, and who promises, if elected, to build an assembly room, and endow a capital band for balls, to be at the orders of the ladies of Jellybagley. Gusher is already the ladies' candidate, and they declare that he does not squint more than a gentleman ought, and that his club-foot reminds them of Lord Byron. Their influence is not slight, but Mr. Gusher will not neglect other agency, and we have little doubt that he will head the poll.

AN APPEAL TO VERY OLD LADIES.

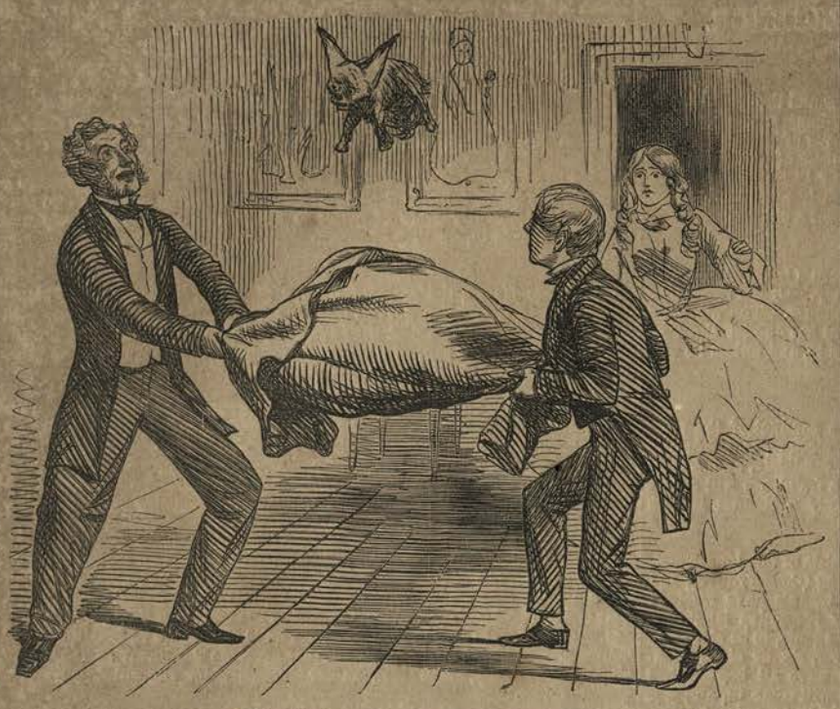
WE should like to have seen the host of applicants who, no doubt, answered the subjoined invitation, which appeared in a fashionable journal:—

MATRIMONY.—An accomplished Foreign Gentleman, aged 30, is desirous of forming a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE with a lady similarly situated.

Similarly situated,—that is, aged thirty. If any of the numerous candidates for this gentleman's hand wore their own hair, it was, of course, either dyed or else extremely grey. Fine sets of teeth were, doubtless, disclosed by the smiling lips of many of them,—teeth which may have been of pearly whiteness, and which cost at least twenty pounds. There are few other teeth, probably, among the whole number. What can a man expect who advertises himself as aged thirty, and in want of a wife similarly situated.

Prospect of Spanish Solvency.

A SHIPWRIGHT on the Thames is building a large number of gunboats for Spain. The *Times* asks—"What can the Spanish Government want with the apparatus for landing armaments and pushing up creeks and harbours?" We shouldn't wonder if what it wanted was to pay off the numerous bondholders who lent Spain the money on which they receive no dividends.



EFFECTS OF A WET EASTER.

HORACE AND HENRY, BEING SHUT UP IN THE COUNTRY, AMUSE THEMSELVES BY EXERCISING (!) THEIR FAIR COUSIN'S PET LAP-DOG.

DOINGS AT ROME.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, "*Rome, April* 16, 1859.

"WRITE immediately to the Postmaster-General and complain, if you are charged a farthing for the postage of this letter, for it would be a scandalous imposition. Forty-four good Roman *baiocchi* did I thrust between the bars of the cage within which the gentlemen of the Post Office at Rome transact their business in prepayment thereof, and as it is not usual to demand a receipt for the amount, to prevent mistakes I have made a memorandum of the circumstance in the English, French, and Italian languages on the envelope, viz.:—

Affranchie
Bollata
Paid.

"I should not have called your attention so particularly to this fact, if it were not an exception to my general rule of never prepaying a letter to England. It is perhaps owing to this resolution, and also to another which I observe with equal strictness, namely, of never taking in a letter unless it is prepaid, that my correspondence has become rather limited; in fact, I rarely write to any one except to my aunt, a spinster lady of advanced years (who has, *entre nous*, a pretty comfortable little property in the Funds), and to whom I retail, once a fortnight, all the gossip which I can pick up in the Eternal City.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, a British artist, and have, like many others of my dear fellow-countrymen, a studio here, which is pretty well attended during the season, I can tell you. Yesterday, for instance, I had twenty-three visitors, of whom a large majority drove up to the door in their own carriages. Two of these vehicles were decorated with coronets. Besides their owners I received a Dowager Duchess, a Baronet, three Knights, an ex M.P., several distinguished members of the clerical profession, and an Italian Count. I place the latter gentleman last on the list, out of no personal disrespect whatever (in fact he gave me a little commission), but simply because the title is so common in Roman society, that literally speaking, it is almost more *distingué* to be without it.

"To come to the point, however. My object in addressing you now is to give you some particulars concerning the visit of our illustrious young Prince, BARON R—NFR—W, who for some weeks past has been enjoying the gaieties of a Roman winter; and, I do not wish for an instant to detract from the merits of my excellent friend and literary brother, the Editor of the *Court Journal*, when I venture to hope that you may find this letter somewhat more interesting than the last bulletin on the same subject in that ably written periodical.

"For weeks before the arrival of his Royal Highness the Anglo-Roman community here was on the tiptoe of expectation and in the greatest suspense concerning the manner and nature of his intended visit. Among the various reports rife at this period (most of which I need scarcely add were unfounded), I quote the following:—

"1st. That his Royal Highness was going to make a state entry through the Porta del Popolo in the brilliant and warlike accoutrements of that gallant regiment in which he has lately attained to the rank of Colonel.

"2nd. That the English residents in Rome were to form in a body to welcome their Prince, and having unharnessed the horses of his carriage, to drag him triumphantly through the town.

"3rd. That his Holiness intended to meet him on the road in the garb of a British tar, attended by a select body of Cardinals, who were also to exchange the scarlet hat and stockings for the broad-brimmed oil-skin and white duck.

"4th. That the celebrated divine, DR. CUMMING, had received a special commission from HER MAJESTY'S Government to accompany his Royal Highness on his visit to this city, in order to preclude the possibility of his Royal Highness falling a victim to the dangerous fascinations of the Romish schism.

"5th. That with the same laudable object in view, at least three leading articles from the *Record* should be read daily to his Royal Highness.

"6th. That his Royal Highness had been invited by his Holiness to partake of a champagne luncheon with which he proposed to entertain him in the ball at the top of St. Peter's on Shrove Tuesday.

"7th. That his Royal Highness was expected to arrive daily.

"8th. That he was not coming at all.

"The last mentioned hypothesis, however, was given up when it was definitively announced one evening in the Café Hellenico (which you know is the great artistic rendezvous in the Eternal City) that the porter at the Iles Brittaniques Hotel was prepared to swear that his Royal Highness was engaged at that moment in discussing his supper at the above mentioned establishment after a dusty journey from Florence.

"Here was a disappointment! No triumphal entry—no uniform—no ovation—no cheering—no—'Hang it all,' remarked my friend VANDYKE BROWN (only he used a more forcible expression) 'hang it all! I couldn't have come into Rome more quietly myself!'

"It was a dismal, drizzling day, and the Heir Apparent was provided with an elegant little umbrella (not unlike the one which I used to sport in earlier days). He was accompanied by a confidential and apparently military friend, who carried a similar instrument, while a gentlemanlike footman (or footmanlike gentleman) followed at a short distance. Few English were out at the time; no one but myself recognised him, and I saw him step aside quite amiably into the gutter to accommodate some begrimed costermonger; or to make room for a fat priest.

"His Royal Highness's hotel is close to the Piazza del Popolo, where he modestly contents himself with the second floor, and where a book is kept in which all loyal English subjects may inscribe their names, as an act of respect and homage to their Prince, and perhaps in some instances, with a delusive hope of being admitted to the Royal presence.

"Ah! my dear *Punch!* how many hearts have fluttered, how many new coats and dresses have been ordered, how many barouches sent trundling in the great cause. For my part, I shall not be easy until his Royal Highness has given me a commission for a picture, or at least, asked me to lunch. Why, why was I not born to be a Lord Lieutenant of my County, like my excellent Hibernian friend, O'FLANAGAN, who has been hovering about the Royal abode like an uneasy swallow (as far as that biped can resemble one of the lords of creation in rouge and stays) ever since his Royal Highness's arrival was announced. Why can't I go up to the Prince at once, and waiving all unnecessary ceremony, say boldly, 'Sire! May it please your Royal Highness, I am a British artist.' 'Excellent and accomplished Prince Consort, respected papa, extensive and liberal patron of Fine Arts, &c. &c.' 'Dutiful and illustrious son, follow bright example—happy to see your Royal Highness any day at my studio—ten to four—3rd piano, Vicolo del Aspirante, &c. &c.' The fact is, that the *ateliers* of several of my countrymen whom I could name, have already been honoured

by such a visit. Now, my dear *Punch*, I am not of an envious disposition, never was, but I ask you in the name of all that is fair, what attraction there can be in such men as DAUBNEY GLAZE or VANDYKE BROWN, which your humble servant does not possess; and whether my celebrated historical picture of the *Coronation of Amalasuntha* (A.D. 534), is not more worthy of his Royal Highness's attention than the sickly compositions of MISS ANGELICA WIGGLES, who, it is said, received his Royal Highness in a blue flannel robe, with her hair falling all round her head in the cause of picturesqueness and genius-ship.

"I merely put these questions parenthetically to you as a man and a brother, without wishing to prejudice you for a single moment, and, apologising for the digression, resume my pen.

"The Carnival was a most brilliant one this year. The youthful Baron was accommodated in a balcony half-way down the Corso, and entered into the sports with enviable enthusiasm. I myself had the honour to receive a box of *confetti* from the Royal hands, and a bunch of violets from COLONEL BR—CE, who stood by his Royal Highness with praiseworthy perseverance, and supported him throughout this trying occasion.

"To the Romans—of whom every other man is a Count—and not one of whom, possessed of £50 per annum, thinks of degrading himself by doing anything useful during the term of his natural life; to these gentlemen, I say, the simplicity of his Royal Highness's manner and mode of living is incomprehensible. '*That* the *Principe di Gallia proprio d'Inghilterra!*' they incredulously exclaim, as they see him laughing in his blouse and wideawake. 'What! the Heir Apparent to the throne of Gran Brittagna in a carriage unadorned by a crest—without even a livery servant—impossible!' They cannot understand that he is come abroad, like any other young English gentleman, to read with his tutor, and see Rome in a quiet way, and they refuse to believe in a Prince unless they see him blazing in uniform and a coach and six.

"It is pleasing to observe the beneficial effect which his Royal Highness's presence has had upon the feminine portion of the English congregation here. No shirking the Morning Service now. No slinking in between the Lessons. No, my dear *Punch*, at a quarter past ten every morning the church is nearly full, and there the dear creatures sit for three-quarters of an hour criticising each other's dresses, having first rushed to fill all the available space round the pulpit—I would fain add, for the purpose of hearing the sermon better—but the fact is that his Royal Highness has a few seats reserved for himself in that vicinity, and I am afraid that has something to do with it. Lord, lord! how I do wish you could see the manœuvring little darlings. I have travelled much, my dear *Punch*, and seen fair faces in various lands, but for good modest flirting, commend me to my own countrywomen. The ogles, the glances, the blandishments that that young ro—, I mean that his Royal Highness, has bestowed upon him are astonishing. I could not help comparing his lot with mine—about good looks I say nothing—vanity never was one of my failings, and besides I may have injured my complexion since my school days by that odious practice of smoking, to which, on purely sanitory grounds, I have been compelled to have recourse, but this I will say, that at his Royal Highness's age, I was a good three-quarters of an inch taller than he (in fact, I have not added to my stature except in the way of double soles since that period), and I am blessed if ever I met with such good auspices under a British damsel's bonnet.

"As I passed by the Iles Brittaniques the other day, with SLASHER of the Heavies, nothing would satisfy the honest Captain but adding his autograph to those of the Prince's other humble servants. As we stood in the porter's lodge where this famous register is kept, and while SLASHER was deliberating whether he should subjoin the address of his Town residence in Jermyn Street as well as that of his Hotel in Rome to his signature, what should I see lying on the table but the bill of fare for his Royal Highness's dinner! Yes, there were the dishes written out at full length in a fair round hand: *Potage à la Julienne—Bistecca—Plombuden*, and other national delicacies. Here is a subject for moralising. Actually plum pudding and beefsteak—could you have supposed it possible? Shouldn't you have thought that Royalty only feasted on Ambrosia? Death, my dear *Punch*, is a great leveller, so is Love, so is Hunger. Isn't it a satire on the vanity of all human greatness? Don't you draw a moral from the tureen? You and I have been hungry sometimes like this youthful Colonel of the Coldstreams, and have eaten our steak and drunk our modest pint. Yes, princes and peasants we must all eat occasionally. That you and I, dear *Punch*, may never want a dinner, is the earnest wish of your faithful correspondent. Let me conclude in the words of the immortal CICERO—

"Hanc epistolam cur non scindi velim, causa nulla est—"

"Vale! JACK EASEL."

Master Tom (who has been rebuked for making use of school slang). "*But, Grandma', Slogging is derived from the Greek word* slogo (σλόγω), *to slaughter, baste, or wollop; and by compounding, you see*——" [Grandma' is quite overcome by Tom's *learning*.

GRATITUDE.—The man who has been favoured with a kick, perhaps does feel, in the presence of the man who has administered it, "a lively sense of favours to come."

A PUFF FOR WEBSTER.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, in his persevering resolve to Imitate his Uncle, now takes the command of the army of Italy. We hear that he has offered MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER the most magnificent terms to accompany him, and daily exhibit, for his Majesty's instruction, MR. WEBSTER'S admirable Impersonation of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as given in the *Pretty Girls of Stilberg*. Moreover, we are apprised that the offer has been respectfully declined, whereat we are glad; first, because we prefer to retain one of our best actors, and secondly, because he might perhaps be less useful than is expected. We doubt whether his *repertoire* contains a sketch of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as he would have appeared if he had happened to have to cut away like one o'clock with the victorious Austrians thundering in his rear, a highly possible situation for NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

English Gallantry.

WHO says we are not a gallant nation? Take a public dinner, for instance. Doesn't the "QUEEN" always take the lead, or isn't it always wound up with "the Ladies?"

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.

MEN only purchase such things as they want, but women frequently purchase things they do not want, and apparently for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of purchasing.

DOMESTIC PARALLELS.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW, like cats, show a great attachment to the houses they inhabit, without caring much for the persons who inhabit them.

A MYSTERY SOLVED!

We have no doubt that many of our readers, in common with ourselves, have been puzzled to divine the object of the singular-looking circular structure at the south-east corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. A close inspection of its arrangements, however, has enabled us to assign to it an employment, for which its approximation to the plans on which zoological architecture is based most admirably adapts it,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE NEXT ELECTION FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF A CITY GAOL.

EQUITY TAILORS.

Two ingenious tailors in Holborn, near Chancery-lane, proclaim—

THE NEW CHANCERY SUIT, 50s. complete; or the coat 26s.; waistcoat, 8s.; trousers, 16s. This famous suit, noted for durability, style, and moderate price, is made to order.

This is a modest pair of tailors. "Noted for durability" is a very mild commendation of a Chancery suit. "Warranted to last for ever" will, by most people, be thought not too much to say. But these are, perhaps, truthful tailors, and, having an eye to late reforms of the law, think it as well to speak within bounds, and describe the New Chancery Suit, with a due distinction from the Old, as merely "noted for durability." In this we recognise a conscientiousness which encourages us to hope that this costume really has, and deserves, a reputation for style also, as well as for comparative cheapness.

Parliamentary Minutes.

THAT idle Clock at Westminster, which may well hold its hands before its face for very shame, has cost the nation the pretty little sum of £22,057. We never knew a richer illustration of the homely truth, which is always being dinned in our ears, that TIME IS MONEY!

DUMB BELLS.—The most perfect specimen of dumb-bells in the world are those suspended in the Westminster Clock.

SIMPLE TALK FROM WASHINGTON.

MOST readers of the newspapers are informed as to the details of a case of recent occurrence in America, in which the name of SICKLES is most prominent. Into those details *Mr. Punch* has no intention of going. But he desires to lay before his friends the following extracts from the opening speech of the counsel for the prosecution. Imagine SERJEANT BALLANTINE or SERJEANT PARRY thus introducing a culprit to a jury:—

"It was the Sabbath, a day which for more than 1800 years has been set apart in commemoration of the Divine mission which brought 'Peace on earth and good will to man.' In the soft gush of that Sabbath sunlight, at an hour between the morning and evening Christian sacrifice, at the time almost when the sound of the church bells was lingering in the air, the deceased, all unconscious of the tremendous woe which then stood suspended over his house, met the prisoner at the bar in a public thoroughfare of this city."

In the course of the speech, MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD proceeded in the following practical language to explain to the jury the character of the law against murder:—

"The great, grand, and old foundations of the common law with respect to this offence, instead of being impaired, have been strengthened by time. Springing like an arch over the vast chasm of the remote past and the present, they have become stronger by the pressure of centuries. The maxims of the common law relating to the crime of murder are based on common sense and common justice. However technical that common law may be in other respects, here it deals alone with fact. All its features are essentially humane. The features of these great old masters, even our rough ancestors, as portrayed to us in the light of their own maxims, are reflected to us as living actual men, like unto ourselves. These principles owe their entire strength, and I may say also their veracity, to their humanity, not a maudlin, sickly sentimentality humanity, but one that is God-fearing, and to men loving; and while thus they allow a sufficient toleration of the weakness of our common nature, they form, as it were, at the same time, the very pedestal upon which rests the sublime figure of public justice."

Finally, he expounded to the jury its duty:—

"If, however, gentlemen, the defence be legal, and proved to your satisfaction, let the prisoner go free—free as the winds of Heaven. If, however, on the other hand, it be not legal—if it receives not the sanction of the law, or, being legal, it be not proved, I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, by the duty you owe to yourselves, your God and your country, to smite the red hand of violence everywhere by your verdict, and *proclaim to the four quarters of the now listening world*, there is yet virtue left to a jury, no matter how high the position, or how lofty the pretensions of the offender."

Mr. Punch does not presume to offer any remark upon the stupendous eloquence of MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD. But as soon as the reader has recovered breath he is requested to peruse the following criticism on the speech. It is from the pen of the Washington Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and is written in all shrewdness and gravity:—

"I do not think that MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD made a very favourable impression upon any one by the speech with which he opened to the jury the most important case which he will probably ever be required to try. Its chief merits were brevity and *freedom from rhetorical faults*. It was *direct, simple, and clear*, and may be well described in another's words as "a pretty little speech."

In the immortal name of NAT LEE and the Bedlam tragedy, what *is* the American standard of oratory? We thought the above rather tall talking, anyhow. But no, *Sir*.

A LIBEL ON THE SEX.

A NEW Statue of Venus has been discovered at Rome. Artists are enthusiastic in their praises of its wonderful beauty. It is said that the nose of the celebrated Venus de' Medicis has been completely put out of joint ever since the discovery. We confess, we place but small faith in its pretended perfection; and we are sure that ladies will agree with us, when we tell them that there are no marks on the statue to lead us to the belief that it had been in the habit of wearing stays, nor was the smallest remnant of crinoline found near the spot where this mock Venus had been for so many years hiding its charms. It is a violence to all one's notions of ideal beauty to conceive female perfection in the absence of both stays and crinoline! We denounce this vaunted Venus as an impudent impostor.

Latest Election Intelligence.

AT the close of the Finsbury Poll,—PETO and DUNCOMBE being in an enormous majority, and MR. COX, the resident and tried Candidate, being nowhere,—*Mr. Punch* ascended the Islington hustings, and, with tears in his eyes, spoke as follows:—

"Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo—" [*Left crying.*

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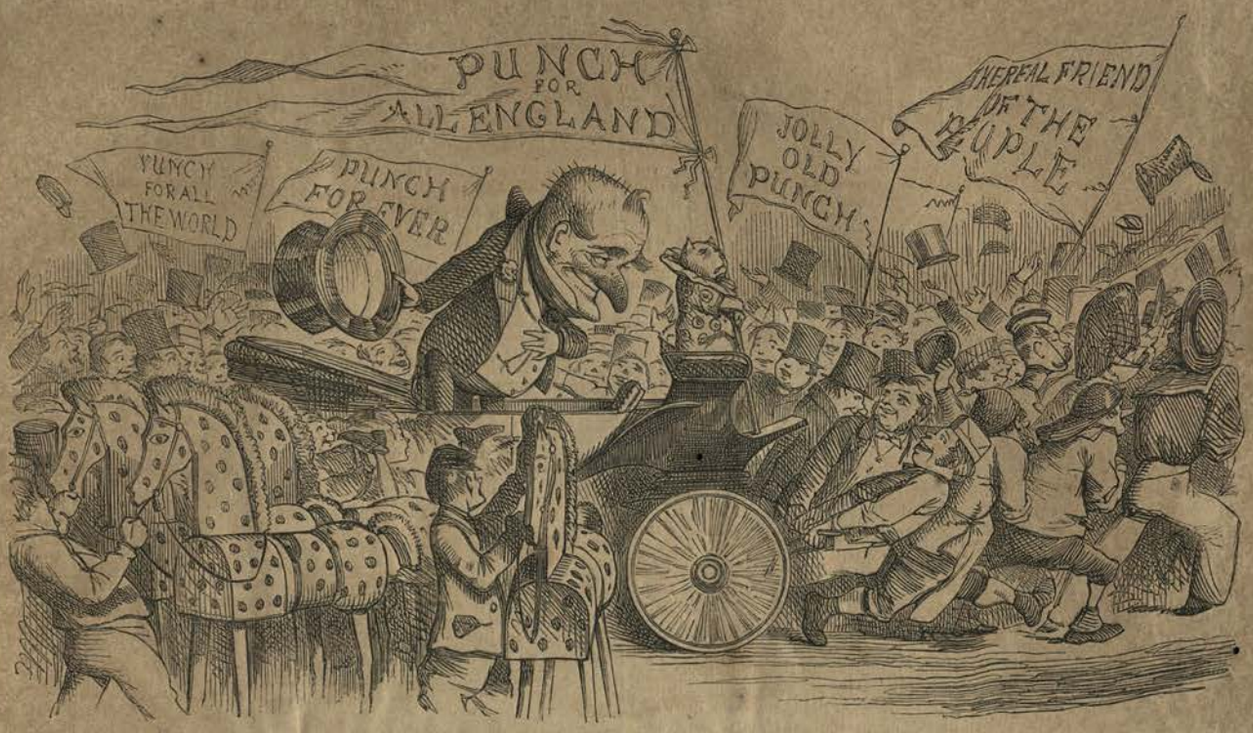

TRIUMPHANT RE-ELECTION OF MR. PUNCH

AS

MEMBER FOR EVERYWHERE.

THIS, the most important of all the elections, took place on Wednesday last, at *Mr. Punch's* own residence, 85, Fleet Street. The proceedings were strictly private, no person whomsoever being allowed to be present except the honourable candidate himself.

Precisely at twelve o'clock *Mr. Punch* entered his reception room, and shut the door. Falling in an easy but graceful attitude into his arm-chair, and lighting his matutinal cigar, the honourable gentleman opened the proceedings of the day by remarking that the east wind was becoming personally offensive. He then addressed himself as follows:—

SIR. I have the honour to propose you as Member for Everywhere. It is unnecessary for me to dilate upon the inconceivable services which you have rendered to your QUEEN and country. Suffice it to say, though the terms are painfully inadequate to the occasion, that you are the greatest public benefactor the world has ever known, and that without you the nation would be utterly ruined, the Constitution subverted, and MR. MACAULAY'S New Zealander already sketching the ruins of St. Paul's.

Mr. Punch then seconded himself in the following words:—

SIR. I beg to second the nomination, though the word second ought not to be used in connection with yourself, who are *nulli secundus*. You are one of those miracles of genius, wisdom, wit, kindness, generosity, justice, benevolence, and irascibility, which appear about once in a thousand years, or not so often. I wish that the English or any other language enabled me to say enough of your merits.

No other Candidate presuming to show himself, *Mr. Punch* declared himself duly elected for Everywhere.

Mr. Punch returned thanks to himself in a brief speech, in which he pledged himself to exercise over everything the same vigilance which had previously marked his marvellous career, and to wield the same unhesitating bludgeon which one moment smashed the crown on the head of a tyrannic Emperor, and the next instant came whack on the sconce of an idiotic Alderman. As to binding himself to any particular line of conduct, he would see himself blowed first, but he should always, he hoped, be perfectly prepared to walk into anybody who might question his behaviour.

Mr. Punch then moved and seconded a vote of thanks to himself, for his impartial conduct in the chair, and having carried this unanimously, he made the usual elegant acknowledgment, and the proceedings terminated.

We may add in reference to the prospects of the Government and Opposition, that this most important election leaves the relative numbers of Parliament as follows:—

Members Elected.	H.	P.
654 greater or less Humbugs	654	
Mr. Punch	—	1

Leaving, of course, an utterly overwhelming balance *against* Humbug.

A Costume that is Quite Killing!

THE PRINCESS VOLLKONSKA has been nearly killed in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, in consequence of an accident caused by the preposterous size of her dress. So numerous and so fatal are many of these accidents, that, when it is said a lady is "dressed to death," it must mean that she wears Crinoline!

TIME AND FASHION.

A "WATCH-SPRING Petticoat" is advertised. Fashion is advancing—like the crab. We shall soon get back to clocked stockings—unless, which is to be hoped, the watch-spring petticoat is to be the wind-up of Crinoline.

None too Soon.

A MOTION is, we hear, shortly to be made to the Court of Chancery, for the application of the Winding-up Act to the Westminster Clock. The application will be based on the fact that the credit of all the parties to this deplorable concern is utterly gone, and that though their checks have been abundant, they have all been hitherto endorsed "No Effects."

THE HOUSE ADJOURNING.

THE stone of the House of Commons is, it is said, fast decaying. St. Stephens seems to be falling a martyr to the same fate as his namesake, in being barbarously stoned to death.

A LITERARY WAIF.

THE day after the Finsbury Election a letter was put into our box containing two or three proof sheets of what seems to have been the commencement of an *Universal History*. As the word "Cancelled" appears upon them, we conclude the intention of completing the work is abandoned for the present. That the world may know what they have lost, we venture to reprint the portion which has reached us.

"IT was at the battle of Pharsalia, which was fought during the Wars of the Roses, in the spring-time of the year B.C. 1672, that EDWARD the Blue Prince, the eldest son of Old KING COLÆ, after slaying fifteen Saracens with his COLT'S revolver, engaged in single combat with his mortal foe, PRINCE RUPERT, who was a rival suitor for the hand and the affections of FAIR ROSAMOND. After they had fought for upwards of six hours by Canterbury clock, the gauntlet was thrown up in favour of PRINCE RUPERT, who, in strict conformity with the old law of duelling, mounted on the shoulders of his defeated foe, and sounded his own trumpet in defiance of all-comers. Being then carried pig-a-back to the Ladies' Gallery, he was crowned with cabbage-leaves by the Queen of Beauty, impersonated by the grandmother of the LADY JANE GODIVA. A photograph of this extremely interesting ceremony is still preserved in the Assyrian Room at the British Museum. The motto which encircles it was composed for the occasion by the MAN OF ROSS, who, it is believed, was the poet-laureate of the period. The honour of its composition has, however, since been claimed by CHAUCER, BUNYAN, ROBINSON, and ALEXANDRINE SMITH. In the spelling of the period, the scroll stands thus:—

Happie, happie, happie Payre!
Nun butte £p Braibe desserbe £p Fayre."

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT (who was complimentarily called so by his courtiers, being, in reality, of a somewhat dwarfish stature) succeeded to the throne of Troy upon the death of CLEOPATRA, the mother of his wife. His coronation was attended with more than usual pomp, WIDDICOMB THE FIRST being master of the ceremonies. Under the system of one RARI, a trainer of the period, the king was quite successful in taming the White Horse, and drove him in his curricle to the Augean stables, where he was put up. On the same day, the king sat down to a lunch of lampreys, at which, to please QUEEN HELEN, he dissolved his finest pearl in a butt of Malmsbury. It was during his reign that the declaration of independence was signed by the Athenians, and the colony of Macedonia received a constitution at the hands of NERO, and was enrolled by WILLIAM PENN among the Free Trade States."

"THE long-vexed question, which has so disturbed historians, from HOMER and HERODOTUS up to JOSEPH HUME and FLETCHER, as to who dragged whom round the walls of what, has been set at rest by the researches of WILLIAMS, 'the divine,' an antiquarian of Lambeth. From a Chaldean MS. exhumed by this gentleman in his Nineveh exploration, which was undertaken in the hope of finding out the North-west Passage, and of discovering the Sauce of the Niger, the true facts of the case have been clearly brought to light. The truth is plainly patent to all who can decipher the Sanscrit hieroglyphics, that the dragsman in question was CÆSAR HELIOGABALUS; who, after the capture of Philippi from the Jews, harnessed to his drag the horses of KING DIOMED, and so 'dragged' the conquered HECTOR home to dine with CLYTEMNESTRA at her villa near Vesuvius."

"THE meeting at Philippi, to which CONGREVE was indebted for his drama of *The Rivals*, was a duel that took place B.C. 1654, between REGULUS THE NINETEENTH, champion of Christendom, and the heathen crusader, BRUTUS AFRICANUS. The meeting, as originally fixed, was arranged to have come off upon the plains of Pompeii; but as the Amazon queen DIDO had electrically telegraphed her strong wish to be present, and as there was then no railway from her palace to Pompeii, the valley of Philippi was appointed for the meet. It was on this occasion, saith ASSER the historian, that the expression '*Et tu Brute!*' was made, in his death-gasp, by the assassinated REGULUS, who fell upon his helmet in the thirty-second round, and expired exclaiming, '*Veni! vidi! vici!*'"

LAMENT BY A TRUE BLUE M.P.

(*Touching the state of the Clock and the state of Parties.*)

WHEN the Clock's hands they won't work,
And the Clock's wheels they won't play,
How are poor old boys in Westminster
To be up to the time o' day?

"Look at your private tickers,"
That 's all very well to say;
What we want is something to set 'em by,
And tell us the time o' day.

Oh, our father's times were the good old times!
When, according as your lay
Was Tory or Whig, you 'd a leader so big,
To show you the time o' day.

You 'd no reasons to find, nor to make up your mind,
But by what PITT or FOX might say
You set your ticker—be it slower or quicker—
And *that* was the time o' day.

Like a tall clock-tower that tells the hour,
To the town miles and miles away,
Those leaders so great, in matters of state,
Gave small folks the time o' day.

But in these wild times men scorn tower-chimes,
For what their own fobs may say;
Big leaders are dumb, and the big Clock 's mum,
And none gives us the time o' day.

Well—a watch of your own, and a mind of your own,
Are very good things in their way,
But I 've no watch to wind up, and I can't make my mind up—
And I don't know the time o' day.

Charity Measure.

By the Toast Master of the London Tavern.

ONE Pound	*elicits*	No Cheering.
Two Pounds	*draw out*	The Faintest Response.
Five Pounds		Hear! Hear! Hear!
Twenty Pounds	,,	Loud Applause.
Hundred Pounds	,,	Tumultuous Clattering of Glasses.

A STRIKING DODGE.

THE *Dublin Packet* says that the following handbill has been extensively circulated. The document is so perfectly unique, that we give it entire. It would be an act of Vandalism to chip it, or in any way mutilate it. Here it is, in all its unprofaned beauty:—

ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, PHIBSBOROUGH.

"A proposal having been made to provide a Clock for the tower of this Church on very advantageous terms, the clergymen have availed themselves of it. The new Clock will strike for the first time at twelve o'clock noon, on Sunday, the 1st day of May, 1859. The congregation are requested to be in attendance, in order to celebrate the event by their presence in front of the Church; and, at the first stroke of the Clock, they will make the sign of the Cross, the men uncovering their heads for the purpose. In order to save the building fund the expense of the Clock, a special collection will be made on the occasion, every person giving whatever his own piety will suggest, be it only the widow's mite; and it is even respectfully suggested that parents will put something into the hands of their children to offer, so that, ever afterwards as they will look up to the Clock, they may have the pious gratification of remembering not only that they had heard its first sound, but that they had some share in its erection.—THOS. M'NAMARA, Administrator.

"18th April, 1859.

"P.S. The offerings will be received within the railing, around the great Cross in front of the Church, and the last Mass will be delayed till a quarter past twelve, to allow the congregation time to enter the Church."

We wonder if the ceremony did take place on the first of May. If so a Jack-in-the-Green would have added largely to the solemnity of the proceedings. As the Clock began to strike, the big drum and the pandean pipes might have raised a loud shriek of deafening congratulation, and my Lord Duke and my Lady would have joined doubtlessly in a riotous dance to express their unbounded joy. It must have been such an exhilarating thing to hear a Church Clock strike. We are curious to know whether the horological *débutant* was nervous, or husky, and whether it gave out the twelve notes it had to deliver in a clear bold unfaltering tone? The subscription might have been affected by the way in which the Clock recited its first lesson in public, and if it gave out only eleven strokes, or went so far as a baker's dozen, or delivered them in a stupid stuttering manner, the coppers might have melted away almost to nothing. We should like to learn how many persons waited, after the wonderful performance was over, for the hat to be carried round, and also whether any mad wag cried out "Encore," as soon as the twelfth stroke had been concluded. We trust that a report of this Phibsborough *début* will duly appear, and that we may also be favoured with a portrait of the Clock. The particulars of the mummery will be especially welcome, as they may form an admirable precedent for the inauguration of our Westminster Clock, when its voice, like that of a new Member, is heard in Parliament for the first time.

THE CURE FOR THE KING OF NAPLES.

WHY is the KING OF NAPLES like a cat? Because a cat is sly and cruel? For another reason also—because a cat has nine lives. BOMBA was once actually reported dead, and since that he ought to have died at least as many as eight times. He has, according to our various correspondents, been for a long while dying of a variety of different diseases. The Neapolitan sovereign has been the subject of a host of complaints, among which, for a few, may be enumerated apoplexy, paralysis, gangrene, psoas abscess, and tubercular consumption. He has been half operated upon by a bungling surgeon, and he has been blistered all over his body with a vesicatory fluid by a quack. He seems, indeed, to have died a thousand deaths, and to have experienced, within the last few months, afflictions which must have been equivalent to the "Fifty Years of Indescribable Suffering," endured, according to the advertisement, by our old friend MARIA JOLLY, of Wortham. What a case BOMBA would be for PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, if HOLLOWAY could get the ailing tyrant to swallow his pills and submit to be smeared with his ointment, instead of being bathed in the irritating lotion of the Italian humbug! In the event of BOMBA'S recovery, BOMBA might occupy the niche left vacant by the late lamented EARL OF ALDBOROUGH. BOMBA had, by the last account of him, the celebrated bottle which contains the stuff called the blood of St. Januarius in his sick chamber—placed there that it might cure that wonderful complication of diseases under which he labours. It is reasonable to suppose that miraculous diseases require miraculous remedies, and a king who has been for years inflicting fiendish tortures on his innocent subjects may naturally enough ascribe his own sufferings to supernatural justice; whilst anybody who is fool enough to believe in JANUARIUS, might be expected to have faith in HOLLOWAY.

"Them 's my Cent-iments!"

AT a preliminary meeting of the electors of Old Rottenborough, the Government Candidate was asked to state what his opinions were. "My opinions!" he replied, giving his breast (pocket) a significant sly slap, "The only 'opinions' which I think of winning your votes with are 'golden' ones."

NEUTRAL ADVICE.

LET France delight to go and fight,
If 'tis her folly to:
Let Austria cry for "territory!"
With that we've nought to do.

Our shout must be "Neutrality!"
To England peace is sweet:
But, friends, that she may neutral be,
LET'S MAN OUR FORTS AND FLEET!

A USEFUL LESSON.

WE read the following curious story in the *Carlisle Examiner*:—

"About five years ago a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Newcastle lost a valuable ring in his pigsty. The ring being an heir-loom, was highly prized, and the strictest search was made, but in vain, for its recovery. In the course of time the contents of the pigsty were sold as manure to a farmer, and supplied the necessary stimulants to the production of a crop of potatoes. The field has undergone a regular routine of cropping since that season. A few days since it was again ploughed up for cropping purposes, and a number of girls were employed upon it in gathering the 'quickens.' One of these in taking out a handful of these weeds came upon the identical ring lost five years before, and which during that long period had been reposing peacefully in the earth. The mother of the girl took it on sale to MESSRS. LISTER AND SONS, jewellers, here, who recognised the crest, and, as a matter of course, retained the ring. Its owner was communicated with, and had the satisfaction of recovering the ring so long lost, and of the regaining of which all hope had long since been given up."

We have all been in the habit of hearing the proverb that "it is no use casting your pearls before swine," urged as an excuse for not giving good advice when we don't think it will be taken. It is to be presumed this gentleman's ring was not a pearl one—otherwise the proverb has been falsified by the Newcastle pigs, who seem as greedy for precious stones as the bipeds who have maligned them. But how came the ring into the pigsty? CLEOPATRA dissolved a pearl in her wine-cup; could this splendid North-countryman have meant his pigs to rival the Egyptian queen, and swallow gems in their wash? Or was it a pearl-ring after all, and did the wearer lose it, in the rash attempt to test the proverb, that you may throw your pearls before swine, without danger of their being swallowed?

If this be the true account of the matter, it is to be hoped that the lesson has not been lost upon him. It is worth the five years loss of a ring to have one's confidence in "the cheap wisdom of nations" shaken, especially in a maxim which is generally used as a cloak to self-indulgence and an excuse for lazy acquiescence in evil. Henceforward, we may expect to find this gentleman active in all those good works which are commonly regarded as waste of labour—essaying, for example, to inculcate cleanliness on the neglected poor, unselfishness on the thoughtless rich, opposition to jobbery on town-councils and courage and truth-speaking upon Members of Parliament on the hustings. He knows now that pearls *may* be thrown before swine, with some chance of their being appropriated.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—There is but one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

FLUNKEIANA.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Genteel Footman. "OH NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"

BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE.

"MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI stated that the Conservative party in the new Parliament would number 300 members."—*May*, 1859.

WHEN the fight first began, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
When the fight first began, out came the pay:
Cheques that the Carlton drew
Off to each borough flew;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Dover you went the pace, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Dover you went the pace, so people say:
OSBORNE proclaims quarrels
With some gay gold laurels:
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Plymouth you did the trick, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Plymouth you did the trick, never say nay:
Neatly you won the fight,
Turning out JEMMY WHITE:
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Windsor the Castle screw, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Windsor the Castle screw came into play,
You worked that Castle screw,
Turned CHARLEY GRENFELL blue;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Yarmouth, you went ahead, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Yarmouth you went ahead, merrily, eh?
Bought pans and potkins,
And sold YOUNG and WATKINS,
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Frome too you managed well, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Frome too you managed, mid Puseyite bray,
The toby to tickle
Of poor tailor NICOLL;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Berwick you played the game, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Berwick you played the game, winning the day;
Tell us what starch banks
Cashed cheques to oust MARJORIBANKS,
When the proud Tories went bribing away?

At Bodmin, and Colchester, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Weymouth and Pontefract too, you made hay,
And in other localities
Showed liberalities,
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

But, we hear menaces, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE;
Certain election petitions will pray
To expound to Committees
In what towns and cities
It 's thought the proud Tories went bribing away.

And the worst of the matter is, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
All this expenditure, be what it may,
Leaves a majority,
Armed with authority,
Coming to sweep you from office away.

THE ITALIAN BOOT.—LOUIS NAPOLEON is hitting his hardest with a view of trying whether the iron cannot be made to enter its very sole.

Admiral Punch. Pr—nce Alfred of the Eurtalus.

MEN FOR THE FLEET!

Admiral Punch. "THERE, BOYS! THERE'S AN EXAMPLE FOR YOU."

EXHIBITION OF REJECTED PICTURES.

Privately Viewed by our Catchpenny Critic.

ELL. *Hic sumus iterum.* I beg your pardon, ladies. I would simply say, to use less classic phraseology, that the season of the pantomimes being counted with the past, 'here we are again!' is the season of the pictures. The Hanging Committees have all been in full swing, but now their labours of suspension are at length suspended. Occupied as I have been with more important duties (there is no rest for the sole of a literary man's boot, when once he sets foot in the higher paths of the profession), I have only just had time to rattle round the galleries, and the slight acquaintance I have formed with their contents will not incline me to waste much more of my valuable leisure on them. As far as I have seen, the good pictures seem like the good points in the Reform Bill, 'conspicuous for their absence,' as Hibernian LORD JOHN has said. At the Academy, for instance, the only works of art which are worthy of the name are those done by one or two of my young friends whom I won't mention; and as they don't happen to have R.A. appended to their names, of course their pictures are so hung that one had need to be a giant or giraffe to get a glimpse at them. *Quis custodiet custodes?* I feel disposed to say, when I think into whose custody such paintings are committed. If we critics go on suffering the hangers to have rope enough, of course they'll go on hanging themselves only 'on the line,' and won't think of condescending to make room for their betters. As I happen to know most of them, I don't wish to be nasty; but I would just remind 'the Forty' that *vixêre Forties ante Agamemnon*, and that if they don't look out they may come to grief just like those ancient parties. There must be 'something rotten in the state' of the Academy when such daubs as MR. BLANK'S are hung 'upon the line,' while the works of my friend BROWN are hung upon the staircase!

"After this prelude, the public will not be surprised to learn that certain of the artists whose works have been rejected, have decided upon opening a rival exhibition, where they may appeal against the judgment of the judges. I confess this happy notion is not a child of mine, but I am proud to say I know the genius who fathers it: and it is by reason of our intimate connection that I'm the first to introduce his offspring to the public. I do so, it is true, not with his consent, but my business won't allow my waiting for such trifles. *Avida novitatis est gens newspaperana.* The gents who read our paper are always singing out for novelty, and "'tis my vocation, Hal' to somehow pick it up for them. Don't preach to me about my 'violating confidence,' and 'dragging private matters prematurely into print.' Such sermons may be listened to by slow old-fashioned journalists, but we of the fast school are forced to turn deaf ears to them. What's the good of putting one's legs under a friend's dinner-table, if one mayn't make use of all the 'good things' one can pocket. I'm no respecter of persons or mahoganies. As a writer for the public, my business is to pick up whatever will amuse it. If one starts as a 'fast' critic, one's success, as my friend BARNUM says, depends on going a-head. To keep pace with the times, one must chuck all scruples overboard. Of course I don't want to injure anybody's feelings, but one can't be always looking before one leaps, and people who've got corns had best keep out of my way. I repeat, I'm no respecter of persons or mahogames. My business is to write what is amusing to my readers: and for the amusement of my readers my business is to blab.

"Foremost among the pictures which the R. A.s have rejected, is a portrait of my friend TOMKINS, done by my friend SMITH. This noble work of art was originally entitled *The Portrait of a Gentleman;* but for strictly private reasons (which, if I only knew them, I would willingly divulge) the title has been changed to one less complimentary.

"From the nature of the subject it is, I need not say, a highly interesting picture; and although the judges have seen fit to reject it, I cannot doubt its finding favour in the eyesight of the public. The likeness is most happy; the artist having caught the genial smile of the sitter, and transferred it to the canvas in a most becoming manner. The curl of the left whisker is rendered to the life, and the bold handling of the nose is exceedingly commendable. MR. TOMKINS needs no help to hand his name down to posterity, but his brow acquires fresh lustre from the brush of MR. SMITH.

"Not to mention some few score of minor gems, a picture which I look on as a 'pearl of greatest price,' is *The Daughter of the Ratcatcher*, by MR. RUBENS ROBINSON. Had the name of this young artist been only better known, the judges would have jumped to hang this painting 'on the line.' In portraying female loveliness, of feature and of form, MR. RUBENS ROBINSON has outstripped all competitors, and will ere long be on the heels of his great namesake himself. The colouring of the cheek of *The Daughter of the Ratcatcher*, would, I think, make TITIAN'S *Venus* blush with envy, hatred, malice, and all manner of uncharitableness. See too with what skilful tracery the master's hand has stippled in the fringe of the left eyelash, and what a purely vegetable dye he has imparted to the hair, which, as the legend tells us, was rather of a reddish, or perhaps a radish, hue; and being freed from the conventional confinement of a bonnet, flowed with delightful freedom, we are told, 'all down her back, like bunches of carrots upon it.'

"I don't wish to say anything to make a young man proud, but MR. FLASHY has sent in a baker's dozen of his pictures, and in each of them I think he has surpassed himself. For treatment of the 'middle lights' few can hold a candle to him, and his dazzling *chiar'oscuro* throws all rivals in the shade. It is invidious to specify where all are so first-chop: but his best effort perhaps is one he quaintly calls *Still Life*, a painting which depicts a party of police poking their noses down a cellar, and sniffing out a private still. Scarcely less consummate in design and composition is a more aspiring work, entitled, *Crikey! Won't he Catch it!* representing a small errand-boy chevying a cat.

"MR. FLIPP, who is related I believe to MR. X., has done his best to copy the few failings of that gentleman. But a more successful copyist, I think, is MR. CRIBB, whose great work, *Forbidden Crusts*, is both composed and christened on a well known High Art model. The picture represents a couple of French poodles, sitting up on their hind legs, and eyeing eagerly the crusts which have been placed upon their nosetips. The expression of the noses is rendered with great taste; by a little stretch of fancy, one might almost hear them sniff. The watery appearance too, imparted to the mouths fully equals the best efforts of the best of water-colourists.

"A thousand thousand thanks are also due to MR. DAUBER for his delightful *Nero Taking his First Lesson on the Fiddle*. This really great picture (it measures 30 feet by 20) clearly ought by rights to have been hung upon the line, and it is a matter of surprise to all of MR. DAUBER'S friends that the judges should have had the want of judgment to reject it.

"My dinner bell is sounding, and so I must shut up; adding just one word of thanks to MR. MUFFE, whose *Donkey Fair* reminds one of ROSA BONJOUR'S horse ditto. And I ought to give a syllable of praise to my friend SPOONE, whose *Landscape—with Cows*, which was so admired (by his family) last year, has inspired him to paint a *Landscape—without Cows*, which I have no doubt, although the R.A.s have rejected it, will descend to all posterity in the keeping of the SPOONES."

BIRDS OF THE CIVIC FEATHER.

ON Tuesday last week the Court of Aldermen met for despatch of business; when MR. ALDERMAN CONDER was sworn in. MR. CONDER is the newly-elected Alderman for the Ward of Bassishaw. He was introduced by MR. CLARKE in a speech of admirable brevity, which, indeed, was almost too brief, and which is reported to have commenced with the remark that "It was unnecessary to say much as to the character of MR. SHERIFF CONDER." Of course MR. CLARKE might, with a less ambiguous reticence, have more boldly declared that it was unnecessary to say anything. With a degree of taste, however, for which he deserves credit, MR. CLARKE abstained from any reference, with an ornithological view, to the aptitude of MR. CONDER'S name to the chief part of that new function on which he was about to enter. Well grounded in orthography, he was perfectly aware that the voracious bird of the Andes and the new Alderman differ as to the spelling of their names; and he therefore very properly forbore to say, that he rejoiced in having the honour to introduce a condor into a society of vultures.

IMPERIAL PLEDGES.

IT is said that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has pawned his Crown Jewels. It is not often that monarchs give their subjects so costly a pledge of their affection. Of course, the jewels were taken to the Lombards to be pawned?

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—To the astonishment of all his friends, FREDERICK PEEL made a joke the other day.

BROOM versus BRUSH.

On the first Monday in May, Artists have the privilege of varnishing their Pictures before the Exhibition is opened to the Public. MR. DAUBE *has just laid on his final coat, when he is horrified to find that the floor has to be Swept!*

NEW NAVAL TITLE.

AT the declaring of the poll of the Dover election, *Mr. Punch* let fall two tears for his old friend BERNAL OSBORNE, and then wiped his eye to take a sight at ADMIRAL LEEKE, who amid a deafening uproar—

"Was understood to say, as alluding to some squibs which had been put in circulation, that the 'yellow dog' had been found, and was now at the top of the 'cherry-tree.'"

Every dog has his day, and *Mr. Punch* is not surprised to find the "yellow dog" has his. For a dog to climb a cherry-tree is not a common feat; but even this may be effected if the dog be but a "yellow" one, and have some "yellow boys" to back him and to give him a leg up. *Mr. Punch* has little wish to enact the part of *Pistol*, or he might let off a joke or two to show that he could "mock a LEEKE." But *Mr. Punch* will only hint, that in addition to his Admiralship of the Red, or White, or Blue, ADMIRAL LEEKE may claim distinction as Admiral of the Yellow.

The Bills of the Carlton.

WHEN TOM DUNCOMBE was told that MR. G. H. MONEY (our talented friend G. H. M., upon whose brow has fallen the nightcap of SOYER) had been thrown out for Rochester, he said:—"I am afraid the Carlton will find, after all their lavish expenditure of money, that they will have to write at the bottom of their bills, as they do at the Theatre, 'NO MONEY RETURNED.'"

DIFFERENT RIGS.

FOR rigging our vessels wire-rope obtains praise,
Till by tons to our ports MESSRS. NEWALL embark it;
But electric wire-rope, in these telegram days,
Is not less in favour, for rigging the market.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.—"Jobbing done here."

EXCELSIOR!

A Poem of the Panic.

THE price of Funds was falling fast,
As to the Court of Capel passed
A speculator for the rise:
Who, when the tidings reach him, cries
Excelsior!

His brow was sad his hat beneath,
He crushed a curse between his teeth:
Yet on his whitened lips there hung
The accents of the tempter's tongue,
Excelsior!

Of railway shares he held a lot,
And had in Banks "put on the pot,"
Deep into Mines, too, he had gone,
And dabbled in the Indian Loan.
Excelsior?

"Try not to hold!" Dame Prudence said,
"Dark lowers War's tempest overhead:"
He put such good advice aside,
And heedless of the news replied,
"Excelsior!"

"O sell!" his broker said, "And rest
Persuaded the safe side is best!"
Quoth he, "The War is all my eye,
My shares *must* rise, so more I'll buy—
Excelsior!"

"Beware of Austrian troops th' advance!
Beware lest we've bad news from France!"
This was the broker's last good night,
A cheerful voice replied, "All right!
Excelsior!"

Next noon upon his startled ear
There came the cry of newsvendere,
"The Rooshians with the French 'ave jined!
The Fun's 'ave three per cent. declined!"
Profundior!

To Capel Court he rushed, and found
It buried in a gloom profound:
The sudden Panic spread apace,
And ruin stared him in the face;
Profundior!

Since then the Court of Capel he
Hath changed for that of Bankruptcy.
Punch draws this moral from his fate,
'Tis dangerous to speculate
On brink of War!

THE NEW ECCALEOBION, OR DUCK-HATCHING MACHINE.

MESSRS. REUTER, HAVAS, AND COMPANY, respectfully invite the attention of the Press, and the Public—especially of all connected with speculative pursuits—to their gigantic *Eccaleobion*, or egg-hatching machine, which may be seen in daily operation in London, Paris, Vienna, and the other chief cities of England and the Continent.

This is not the machine so long exhibited in Leicester Square. MESSRS. R. H. & Co., have constructed their machine principally with a view to the hatching of *ducks*—particularly of the French breed, known as *canards*, and the best evidence of the efficiency of their method, which is worked entirely by electrical agency, is afforded by the enormous flocks of *canards* which have been produced by it, their extraordinary size, and their dissemination all over Europe. Large stocks of French, Russian, Austrian, and Italian *canards* always on hand, and to be seen in all stages, from the ovarian embryo to the full-fledged bird. Enormous reduction to persons taking a quantity.

The machine is earnestly recommended to persons desirous of counting their chickens before they are hatched.

Our Peace and War Budget.

WE are to observe an Armed Neutrality. This will cost some money. That expense might perhaps be provided for by a heavy tax on the export of coals, or any other articles of which supplies may be needed by the belligerents who are murdering one another.

THE FATHER OF THE OWL.

THEY say, "the owl was a baker's daughter." Why so, pretty *Ophelia?* This question has at length received a satisfactory solution, which will supersede the conjectures and explanations of learned commentators. The Master Bakers of Edinburgh and Leith have addressed to the Master Bakers of London a Memorial with a view to bring about "the alteration and restriction of the hours during which the practical business of baking has hitherto been, and still is, carried on by the workmen engaged in it." Injury of health, abridgment of existence, depravation of morals, disqualification from performance of the duties, and experience of the enjoyments, which a baker, like other men, owes to and should derive from, his family and society, are described in this document as the results of the system which at present regulates the hours of journeymen bakers' labour. These hours are long and irregular; they are passed in a heated and impure atmosphere—an atmosphere not only loaded with carbonic acid gas, but also with flour-dust; so that the conditions to the production of bread are also those of pulmonary consumption.

These are grave facts, but they may not seem to throw a very strong light on the statement that the owl was a baker's daughter. An additional circumstance must be mentioned in order to its elucidation. The work of working bakers begins at eleven o'clock at night. These nocturnal habits of industry afford a perfectly intelligible reason why people should call a baker an owl, and, therefore, why they should say that the owl was a baker's daughter.

The owl, however, although he seeks his living at night, roosts during the day. Herein the unfortunate baker differs from him, for whereas the work of that labourer commences an hour before midnight, it lasts until late in the afternoon of the day following.

Considering these things, the Master Bakers of Edinburgh proposed, some ten years ago, to commence work at five in the morning, and end at five in the afternoon. They say that the experiment has thoroughly succeeded, even in a commercial point of view. They assert that "in no single respect have the customers of the Edinburgh Bakers been put to any inconvenience by the alteration, nor have they been obliged to forego any of the advantages which they formerly enjoyed." How this is managed, anybody may ascertain who will take the trouble to inquire; on that point, therefore, they deem it unnecessary to enter into "minute professional details;" and certainly explanations of mysteries like kneading will be allowed to be needless when their practical result is known to be, as the Memorialists declare, that—

"The Rolls are prepared and ready for delivery by seven o'clock in the morning."

If Paterfamilias wishes to be, and to render his progeny, "healthy, wealthy, and wise," a system which enables him to breakfast at seven in the morning, will abundantly empower him to observe and enforce the celebrated prescription for acquiring health, wealth, and wisdom. If he is a resident in the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubbs, and summoned to attend on the Middlesex Grand Jury, such an arrangement will allow him to shave, and do justice to his morning's meal, and yet be in attendance at the Clerkenwell Sessions House in time to escape a fine of twenty pounds for neglecting to abandon his business in order to perform a function which is ridiculous and useless.

The above considerations may induce the London Master Bakers to adopt the system recommended to them by the successful example, as well as the advocacy, of their Edinburgh fellow-craftsmen. The public will naturally desire its adoption too; for we cannot quite fancy the bread which we know that people kill themselves in making. Customers who are conscious of devouring their bakers, must feel themselves on somewhat near a par with the subjects of his Majesty, King HOKEY-POKEY-WANKEY-FUM. It is therefore to be hoped that a deplorable reality will no longer be suggested to a British audience by the interesting maniac in the noble tragedy of SHAKSPEARE, from whose words they are justified in inferring that the baker is an owl.

"AN UGLY RUSH."—One to the Pit!—*Manager of Theatre.*

A CLERICAL HECATOMB.

OUR episcopal brother, S. OXON, has been addressed by One Hundred of the clergy of his diocess, who remonstrate against Romanising practices carried on in certain of the churches under his lordship's superintendence. Our brother has replied to them; but it will be seen, from BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S answer, that the hand of BISHOP PUNCH has largely aided S. OXON. The following is the document (extracted from the *Times*) in which his lordship sacrifices his hundred black cattle.

"MY REV. BRETHREN,

"I don't believe a word of what you say about there being much dissatisfaction about the practices you talk of. There may be a few grumblers, but there are very few, and *they* are idiots.

"A lot of people have told me quite the contrary, and the fact is that the handful of idiots in question are trying to kick up a shine for their own pleasure and satisfaction.

"You string together a list of charges, and begin about processions. I should just like to know where you have seen these. If you had told me, I could have put 'em down. But that's not your little game. I see through it, my reverends.

"As for the processions you hint at, they are nothing but orderly walking to church. But this is what the idiots in question dislike, and also the surplice. They are a pack of Dissenters, and descended from the Puritans who cut off the head of ARCHBISHOP LAUD; and they would like to cut off my head, but I flatter myself it's too good a one for their handling. This walking in procession is Walker, my beloved reverends.

"As for carrying a cross at Addington—well, if you'll talk of that you'll talk of anything. Why, the cross was a little bit of a thing, scarcely bigger than what a lady wears round her neck. It was on the end of a stick, and a curate took it by accident. He put it down again as soon as I saw it, and spoke to him. But to make a fuss about that—I *am* ashamed of you.

"Now about crosses in churches. Anybody who is not, as I have said, a good-for-nothing dissenting Puritan, who wants to cut off my head, looks at a cross in church as a mere symbol. I suppose when you christen children, you would have an ought instead of a cross made on their little foreheads. That's what the Puritans did, and you are of the same lot. I shall say no more on that subject, except that I don't remember what I said on the subject some time ago, but it was quite right, my reverend brethren and everlasting pumps.

"About altars. A new stone altar fastened to the wall is Pagan and Popish, but a wooden table with a stone top is quite correct. And if you come to that, look at Westminster Abbey, Maudlin (which you are) New College, and other places. You must be out of your senses, it's my belief. I never read such twaddle.

"In regard to decorations, when you look at the condition of hundreds of our churches, damp, and green, with worm-eaten pews, and old nails in the seats, that tear your inexpressibles, I am sure you ought not to prevent anybody from making churches look nice. Of course, if people go too far, and paint scenery, hang glittering globes, like that in the window of BUTTON, the pastrycook, Chancery Lane, stick up flags, or anything of that sort, I shall stop it.

"You talk about a ledge behind the altar. It seems to me an architectural convenience for the clergyman to put his pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, or anything, upon. The man who cannot say his prayers because a bit of stone sticks out at the other end of the church, must be in a queer state, I should say.

"Finally, my beloved brethren, you ought to be most heartily ashamed of yourselves, for getting up disturbances about nothing. You are much more likely to drive people over to Rome by such follies, than are the trumpery things you make pegs of to abuse me, your excellent Bishop, who know particularly well what I am about, and have not the slightest intention to be dictated to by you. Therefore, my beloved ones, hold your noise, and mind your several and respective businesses.

"Your affectionate Bishop,

"S. OXON."

British Chargers.

A WRITER in the *Post* justly observes, that "a militarily inspired system of charging shrapnel shells leaves much to be desired in that department of our laboratory apparatus." No doubt our gallant officers are much less at home in charging shells than in charging squadrons.

DERBY SWEEPS.

THERE was an unusual muster of Derby Sweeps on May Day. The electioneering agents assembled in great force to receive the pay of their dirty work. MR. HAIGH, the barrister, was there, and entertained the company by going through his wonderful gymnastics, giving examples of his peculiar trick of trying to upset a candidate.

DREADFUL FOR YOUNG OXFORD.

Lady. "ARE YOU AT ETON?"
Young Oxford. "AW, NO!—I'M AT OXFORD!"
Lady. "OXFORD! RATHER A NICE PLACE, IS IT NOT?"
Young Oxford. "HUM!—HAW! PRETTY WELL, BUT THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY!"
Young Lady. "DEAR! DEAR! PITY YOU DON'T GO TO A GIRLS' SCHOOL, THEN!"

THE ENFIELD RIFLE.

WHEN BONAPARTE THE FIRST prepared
For England's coast invasion,
Our fathers armed—by Mercy spared
For valour from occasion.
That swarm, about a foeman's ears,
Would then have proved no trifle,
Although those British volunteers
Had not the Enfield rifle.

Their arms they learned by dint of drill
Right cleverly to shoulder;
For native land to die, or kill,
No Spartans e'er were bolder—
But they to shoulder old Brown Bess
Had then to be contented.
The Rifle which we now possess
Not having been invented.

Now old Brown Bess was not a gun
For shooting to depend on.
Good work she did, but that was done
With bayonet fixed her end on.
And she'd have served the volunteer
Full well, it can't be doubted
To thrust invaders in the rear,
Their forces having routed.

From trusty bows of English yew,
With rare and little error,
Of old the cloth-yard arrow flew,
Its very name struck terror.
Let English Riflemen succeed
In place of English bowmen.
Old England to protect at need,
From all invading foemen.

We may, like bees, defend our hives
From all who come to harry:
Each in his pouch as many lives
As rifle bullets, carry.
From hedge, and bank, and wall behind,
(A thought which care may stifle)
A foreign foe his shot may find:
Good speed the Enfield Rifle!

AN EYE TO RUSSIA.

LET us hope that ALEXANDER will not turn out a chip of the old blockhead.

MANNING THE NAVY.

BY MR. PUNCH. A PROCLAMATION.

FOR ENCOURAGING SEAMEN AND LANDSMEN TO ENTER THEMSELVES ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR.

WHEREAS our Royal Sister and Friend, QUEEN VICTORIA, not being deluded, like certain distinguished Muffs, by the humbugging representations of certain Powers that they mean no harm to England, hath, with her usual gracious wisdom, resolved that her Fleet shall be made so strong that neither She, nor We, nor the country will care one blessed farthing what the aforesaid beggars mean or don't mean. And whereas our Royal Sister and Friend, QUEEN VICTORIA, has issued her Proclamation, offering £10 to able-bodied seamen, £5 to ordinary dittoes, and £2 to landsmen who may enter her service. We have thought fit, in order to promote the views of our Royal Sister and Friend, and to assist in strengthening her aforesaid Fleet, and without taking advice from anybody, to publish this our Royal Proclamation; and we do hereby promise and declare, that in addition to the Royal Bounty above specified, any gallant A. B. who shall signify through the Captain of his vessel (who must put on his best uniform and cocked-hat while he writes the letter) that he desires One Monthly Part of our Publication called "PUNCH," and remits postage-stamps for the same, shall have it forwarded either to himself at any given address, or to any Black-eyed Susan, Poll-of-the-Point, Molly-who-has-never-been-false-she-declares, or any other well-conducted female to whom he wishes it remitted for her comfort and instruction. And that any brave and ordinary Seaman, applying through his First Lieutenant, shall receive, in similar manner, the current Number of our Publication called "PUNCH." And that any adventurous Landsman, applying through his Bo'son, shall receive a back Number of our said publication. And for preventing any difficulty in regard to persons trying to obtain the same Publication twice over or oftener, we hereby declare and command, that upon the terms aforesaid our Sister and Friend's Sailors, and all and every other person whomsoever, may have as many copies of our said Publication as they like.

Given at our Court in Fleet Street, this 11th day of May, 1859, and in the 931st number of our reign.

Long live Mr. PUNCH!

Rothschild to the Rescue.

THE Society for the Conversion of the Jews held its annual meeting last week. The Report stated that the income of the Society for the past year had been £31,305 16*s.* 4*d.* It further stated that the number of Jews who have been christened during that period was 19 large ones and 1 little one: but we'll say twenty. This, according to long division, indicates, as the price of converting each Jew, the sum of £1565 5*s.* 9¾*d.* The process seems a little dear, but that's the Society's business. *Mr. Punch* would only hint to his friends the Hebrews, that if they wish to balance the account, there are heaps of Christians who are ready to become Jews at a very considerably lower figure than £1565 5*s.* 9¾*d.* per soul.

FOOLS.—We may like young fools, but it is impossible to express the contempt we feel for old ones!

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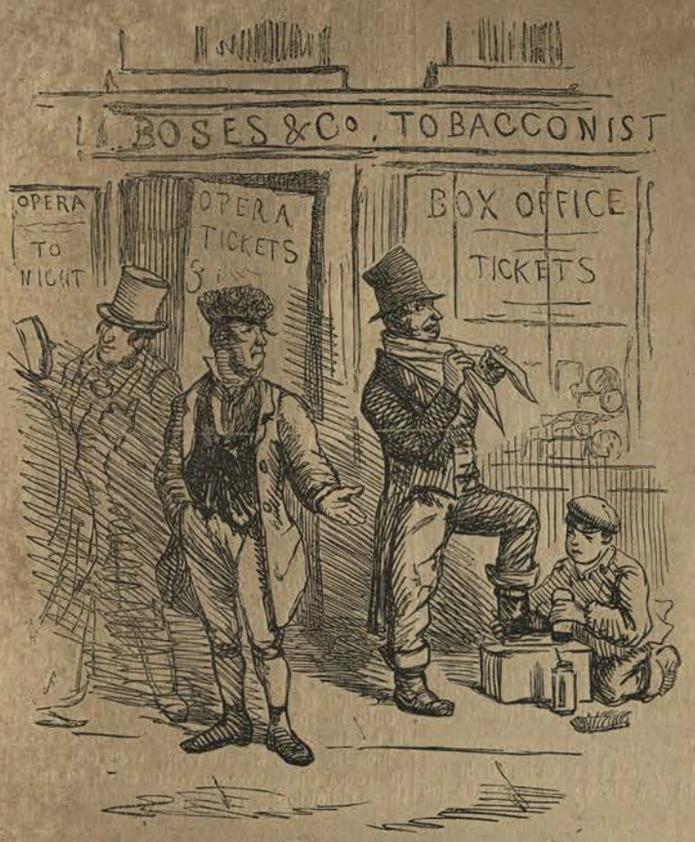

OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW, THEN 'ENERY, COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOVERTURE!"

Another ditto. "WHY, WOT A PRECIOUS 'URRY YOU 'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A COVE'S DRESSED?"

UP WITH THE BUTTS.

MR. PUNCH don't like playing at soldiers,
Pipeclaying and drumming and drilling:
Your goose-steps and pacings, your filings and facings,
Are for those who have ta'en the QUEEN'S shilling.
But there's one thing he knows, if it's coming to blows,
His dislike e'en of drill he will stifle,
And "*relictis jocis*," "*pro aris et focis*"
Is ready to shoulder the rifle—
Tol de rol!

And if hitting the butt be the thing
Proves a man knows his piece how to handle,
Who will venture with *Punch* to compare?
Who is worthy to hold him a candle?
Who long e'er JOHN BULL ever thought
On the rifle-clubs' practice to enter,
Has been firing at butts every week,
And hitting them slap in the centre.
Tol de rol.

Then up with the butts, boys, and on with the belts,
And hasten your Enfields to shoulder;
That his teeth are the Lion's most useful reliance
We may find, e'er we're many months older.
If it come to a fight, at the foe take a sight,
By a squint down a brown twisted barrel,
With our grey-coats in rank, we are safe as the Bank:
Let each keep his piece and who'll quarrel?
Tol de rol!

The Golden Mean.

WE have seen it stated by some of our Contemporaries, that by the plucky way in which they have managed the Elections, the Government have gained credit for having "shown their mettle." That there is some truth in this we will not venture to dispute; but the statement would have been more in accordance with the facts, if the spelling of the last word had been slightly altered. No one will deny that at Dover and elsewhere the Government have done their best to show their metal.

ONE OF THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUSSO-FRANCO ALLIANCE.—MR. DAVID URQUHART is sure to lecture upon it!

AN INEDITED DRAMA.

THE following drama has been enclosed to *Mr. Punch* by a correspondent who has neglected to explain his or her desires with reference to it, or indeed to do more than to poke it into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box in an envelope without direction. The brilliancy of the composition however renders any formality superfluous. From the mingled simplicity and rapidity of the action, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to think that the writer can hardly have had time to give many previous dramas to the world, and the extraordinary size of the handwriting confirms *Mr. Punch* in this idea. Of the merit of the play there cannot be two opinions, and if MR. KEAN would bring it out at the Princess's, with a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms with golden furniture, for the first act, an allegorical history of Boulogne for an *entr'acte*, and a view of that port, real water and ships, and a splendid *fête* for the second, we have a strong notion that it would draw London. Or perhaps MR. HARRIS, who may desire to keep up the traditions of the Princess's, would like to open with it. However, we will not longer detain our readers from

AN HOUR AT BOULOGNE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Drawing Room with Tables and Chairs. Curtain rises.*

Clara. O, CAPTAIN THEES, is it you? How are you?
Captain Thees. Quite well, thank you.
Clara. O do you know that there is a Fair to-day?
Captain. O, is there? Shall we go?
Clara. Yes, my dear.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Captain, your coach is waiting.
Captain. Very well. Come along, CLARA dear.
Clara. Very well.

Enter GILBERT.

Gilbert. You have wronged me, THEES. You robbed me.
Captain. I did not.
[*Runs and fetches a sword. They fight.* GILBERT *is knocked down.*
Captain. Come along, CLARA.
(*Change the Scene.*)

SCENE 2.—*A Fair. A Dance.*

Clara. Come along, EDWARD; come and have a dance.
Captain. Very well. I wonder if GILBERT will come here.

Enter GILBERT.

Gilbert. Well, monkey head.
Captain. Just like you.
Gilbert. O, is it?
Captain. Yes.
Gilbert. You are a silly ass. Why did you wound me?
Captain. Why? Because I did. [*They fight again.*
Clara. O don't fight, GILBERT. I like him.
[*They fight again.* CLARA *falls in love with* GILBERT. GILBERT *kills* CAPTAIN. CLARA *cries.* GILBERT *rejoices.* GILBERT'S *men cry,*—

"HOORAY!"

Curtain falls. The end.

Lex Talionis.

IT is seldom that *Mr. Punch* feels disposed to recommend homœopathic treatment; but, in such a case as that of a brute called WILSON, committed the other day for skinning a cat alive, he would suggest (on the principle, "*similia similibus curantur*,") that WILSON should be skinned alive by a cat—with nine tails.

THE CROWN CORMORANTS.

THERE was fine fun the other day in the Court of Chancery. This great British institution, the world knows, is called the Court of Equity—ironically, on account of the monstrous injustice for which it is famous. Well, some time ago, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, on the part of the Crown, laid an information against SIR JOHN HANMER, BART., questioning SIR JOHN'S right to the coals lying under a part of the shore of the estuary of the Dee. VICE-CHANCELLOR STUART and MR. BARON WATSON dismissed the information, with costs against the Crown. Now the Crown, by a recent Act, is liable to pay costs if it loses a law-suit against anybody. But this Act omitted to specify Equity-suits as cases in which the Crown should be liable. Those stupid legislators—always making some blunder or other—no doubt forgot that Equity, meaning Chancery, is used in an ironical sense, and took it for granted that the very name of Equity precluded the idea of the omission, to say nothing of the refusal by the Crown to pay the costs of a subject whom it had failed in the attempt to deprive of his property.

What a mistake! When the Crown lost the Chancery suit against SIR JOHN HANMER, what did its lawyers do? Pay the poor man his costs? Oho! Didn't he wish he might get them? Why, yes; and, more than that, believed he should get them; for he gave his counsel no instructions to secure him from being done out of them: he, naturally, as a gentleman, could never think that the Crown would attempt to do that. But that was what the Crown lawyers attempted, and did—did SIR JOHN HANMER! They appealed against the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S award. SIR JOHN HANMER was undefended. Judgment was of course given against him in the High Court of Comic Equity. LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE, in pronouncing it, thus compassionately chaffed the injured man:—

"LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE said he wished the Court could do that which the Vice-Chancellor had done, but he was afraid the precedents were too strong to enable it to do so. Still he must express his hope that the Crown would pay SIR JOHN HANMER'S costs, though the Court had no means of obtaining them for him."

Now, if this is not a bit of fun, what do you call fun? Do you call stealing and pocketing a goose, a leg of mutton, a fish, a string of sausages, and a hot apple-pie, fun? At least, you never saw any exploit of that nature, performed by a gentleman in motley, more ridiculous than the achievement accomplished—in Equity—at the expense of SIR JOHN HANMER, by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

What increases the fun, in connection with this case, is the fact that it is one of many equally funny. Immense activity appears to have lately been exhibited by the Crown lawyers, in attempting to wrest from individuals every bit, of every sort, of debateable property, —mined under the sea, or reclaimed from the bed of the sea, or from a river, or cast ashore; and many of these attempts have failed—which would be fun for the winners, if they had not, in all these cases, had to pay their own costs, which for them was no fun. *Who can it be that* instructs the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to institute these ridiculously rapacious proceedings?

THE TWO BREAKFASTS.

Being a couple of Domestic Interiors, exhibited by the great social Reformer, Mr. Punch, to show what different effects may be produced with the same materials, and that it is just as easy to take things pleasantly as not.

DEDICATED TO ALL MARRIED COUPLES.

"Look here upon this Breakfast, and on this."

THE BROWNS AT BREAKFAST.

Mr. Brown (*as* MRS. BROWN *enters the room*). At last, MARIA! (*Looks at watch*). Three-quarters of an hour have you been dressing. Am I ever to have any breakfast?

Mrs. Brown. That's right, begin to nag the first thing in the morning. [*Rings rather hastily.*

Mr. B. I don't know what you mean by nagging, but I know that I shall miss the train and not be in the City till eleven o'clock.

Mrs. B. All your own fault. If you kept a brougham, and drove into town, as everybody else about us does, you would be independent of the trains, instead of running out with your breakfast half done, like a two-penny clerk.

Mr. B. I don't choose to keep a brougham.

Mrs. B. And I don't choose to be hurried dressing.

Enter the Servant with various breakfast necessaries, which she deposits.

Mr. B. (*inspecting them.*) Bacon again. I'm tired of bacon. And here's an egg which I'll bet (*decapitates it*)—yes—of course, but half boiled. (*Savagely to Servant.*) How often am I to say that I like my eggs boiled hard?

Servant (*makes the usual answer*). Boiled the usual time, Sir.

Mr. B. Don't tell me. (*Exit Servant. To his Wife.*) MARIA, it's of no use asking you to attend to anything.

Mrs. B. (*calmly.*) The *cheap* kitchen clock doesn't go, I believe, so Cook can only judge by guess. If you would furnish the house properly I dare say you would have things different.

Mr. B. You're always making some pretext to get me to buy new things.

Mrs. B. Some husbands have too much pride to need more than being told a thing is wanted.

[MR. BROWN, *floored, takes mean shelter behind his Times, and proceeds with his breakfast;* MRS. BROWN *looks at the Supplement. After a pause.*

Mrs. B. Lor! Did you see that?

Mr. B. (*snappishly.*) See what?

Mrs. B. WALTER VANSITTART is married.

Mr. B. What do I care?

Mrs. B. To MARGARET, youngest daughter of EDWARD GATES, ESQ., of Winterpool, Dorset. I hope she's a nice girl. I do hope she's a nice girl. He deserves a nice wife, WALTER does. She will be very happy with him. He is so gentle and considerate with women, and then he is so handsome.

Mr. B. Bah! Face like a doll, and fawns like a cat.

Mrs. B. Sweet manners, and the most beautiful dark hair and violet eyes.

[MR. BROWN, *by no means answering this description, abstains from any other answer.*

Mrs. B. I am so pleased. MRS. WALTER VANSITTART, what a delightful name to have!

Mr. B. (*provoked as intended.*) Pity it isn't yours.

Mrs. B. Perhaps I think so too.

Mr. B. I wish you had thought so earlier.

Mrs. B. (*sighs.*) Ah! (*With a world of secret meaning.*) Never mind. What sweet verses WALTER used to write—there was one poem which he called "*Maria in Heaven*"—

Mr. B. I wish—never mind. Now then, there's no potted beef. What do you have empty pots brought up for?

Mrs. B. O, is it empty? Poor WILLY will be so glad, he begged that pot with the picture on it, for his paint-box.

Mr. B. Talking of that, if I find that he has been painting my Atlas any more, I shall give him something to remember.

Mrs. B. I don't believe the poor child has touched your book, but you delight to find fault with him.

Mr. B. Why, confound it, can't I see with my eyes. There's a great red smear all over France.

Mrs. B. I dare say you laid your cigar on it, or spilt your brandy and water over it, but of course it's WILLY. It was WILLY that took your letter the other day that when you had been scolding the child you found in your other coat where you put it when you were hardly in a state to know where you put anything.

Mr. B. The other day! That was last year, and you have mentioned it fifty times since.

Mrs. B. I shall mention it fifty times more, if I like.

[MR. BROWN *reverts to the Election Returns.*

Mr. B. O, BLOKE is in for Snigborough. I'm glad of that.

Mrs. B. What can it signify to you?

Mr. B. I know him a little, he is a clever fellow.

Mrs. B. The affectation of a City man pretending to take an interest in political business is amusing. I wish you would not talk about such things when we are out together, as I am certain that people laugh at you.

Mr. B. (*intensely wrath.*) Your profound ignorance upon that and every other subject which you ought to try to understand, makes it absurd to answer you.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, I should expect you to do it. But we won't dispute. What is at Covent Garden to-morrow? (*Takes Paper from him.*) O, the *Gazza Ladra*. Just what I want to hear. Get a box, and I'll take Mamma and MRS. ATHELING, and HESTER, and you can see us into it, and go into the pit until the Opera is over.

Mr. B. I am engaged.

Mrs. B. Where?

Mr. B. A business dinner, of importance.

Mrs. B. Of *course*. [MR. B. *having the pull, resumes the Paper.*

Mrs. B. (*with suppressed rage.*) I allow that I do not understand business.

Mr. B. (*impassively.*) I never accused you of understanding it, my dear, or endeavoured to make you.

Mrs. B. No. But I thought it was something requiring a calm clear head, and a thoughtful mind, and I notice that after business dinners you are always in a state in which I should be sorry if the children saw you.

Mr. B. It is untrue, MARIA, perfectly untrue.

Mrs. B. Such coarse language is quite in keeping with the company which you prefer to that of your wife and her friends. I was not in the habit of hearing it before my marriage. My Papa would sooner have bitten his tongue out than offered such an insult to Mamma.

Mr. B. (*starting up.*) I wish he had bitten it out before he offered marriage to your Mamma.

Mrs. B. (*courageously.*) No, *that* was not the mistaken marriage. But never mind, dear. Leave me a cheque before you go, and see about the box for to-morrow— [*Exit* MR. BROWN, *slamming the door.*

Mrs. B. (*after a pause.*) Ah! (*After another pause.*) Well. (*Pause.*) MRS. WALTER VANSITTART. Well, well.

[*Rings for baby, as she hears the street-door bang behind her husband.*

THE JONESES AT BREAKFAST.

Mr. Jones, as Mrs. Jones enters the room. At last, LOUISA! (*Looks at watch.*) Three-quarters of an hour have you been dressing. And I don't know that you 've managed to make yourself look so *very* pretty after all. [*Pretends to survey her critically.*

Mrs. Jones (*smiling*). How dare you say so, Sir? (*Kisses him.*) Now, don't I look pretty? Say yes, or no breakfast. Come.

Mr. J. O, if you put it on that ground, Yes. (*Is pinched.*) Ye-e-e-s. Now, breakfast, dear, come. I shall be late. [*Shows watch. She rings.*

Mrs. J. You are too fast, dear, a great deal. The clock on the stairs is a quarter of an hour behind your watch.

Mr. J. I thought that clock did not go well.

Mrs. J. But I have had it cleaned and repaired, and it goes beautifully. You should see baby's ecstacy when it strikes. To tell you the truth, she kept me, for she wouldn't have her shoes on.

Mr. J. La Belle Sauvage. I've been thinking, Loo, that after all I must buy a carriage of some kind. I could go to town in it, and then you——

Mrs. J. Now, dear PHILIP, you shall do nothing of the kind. The walk to the station does you good, the children and I are better for exercise, and the money is saved for your holiday in the autumn.

Mr. J. Well, you 'll go with me this time, so I 'll say nothing, but——

Enter the Servant with various necessaries, which she deposits.

Mr. J. (*inspecting them*). Bacon again, Loo, eh?

Mrs. J. My dear, I really don't know *what* to get for your breakfast. I wish you 'd only think of something.

Mr. J. What a Barmecide feast! Only think of something, and fancy I 'm eating it. But bacon's very good, I hope I may never have anything worse. Eggs—are they boiled hard? [*to Servant. Servant* (*makes the usual answer*). Boiled the usual time, Sir.

Mr. J. Then boil them a little more, JANE, please. [*Exit Servant.*

Mrs. J. Don't beat me, I forgot to tell her. I think she 'll suit us; she seems willing.

Mr. J. Rather pretty, too. Something like ELIZABETH WALTON.

Mrs. J. How quick you are at finding a likeness, PHILIP.

Mr. J. I never found one like you, my dear.

Mrs. J. Of course not. By the way, there are a few articles wanted in the kitchen, and a new servant should have no excuse for not doing things properly.

Mr. J. My dear girl, order what you need—you never order anything else. But let me finish my paper—here, don't you want to read the births? [*Gives her the Supplement, and Breakfast proceeds.*

Mrs. J. PHILIP!

Mr. J. LOUISA, his wife?

Mrs. J. FANNY EVERTON has got a little boy.

Mr. J. (*slowly*). FANNY—EVER—TON. I don't remember—

Mrs. J. La! FANNY STUBBS, the girl with the long dark ringlets that we met at Broadstairs, and you used to go on about——

Mr. J. Oh! Ah! No, I never went on about her, but I thought her well enough. Perhaps I did her injustice, as I had no eyes then for anybody with dark hair, because of certain golden tresses now becoming grey——

Mrs. J. You great big story-teller, not a grey hair there, I know. Look, Sir.

(*Re-enter the Eggs with Servant.*)

Mr. J. That 's right. Remember in future, JANE. (*Exit Servant.*) These eggs are capital, and you might write to MRS. EVERTON. She used to sing very sweetly, I think.

Mrs. J. A delicious voice, a *contralto*. I never heard anything so sweet, off the stage.

Mr. J. Your own, which is *mezzo soprano*, is much sweeter, so don't talk nonsense.

Mrs. J. O, PHILIP! I 'm sure it is not.

Mr. J. I tell you it is, woman, and how dare you contradict your master? Here 's half the paper for you, there are some good police-cases.

Mrs. J. Nothing horrid, I hope?

Mr. J. Nothing worse than a few instances of marital castigation with pokers and the like by husbands who know how to manage wives.

(*They read.*)

Mrs. J. PHILIP! (*He lays down Paper.*) I don't want to interrupt you, but what 's (*reads*) what 's Auscultation?

Mr. J. Derived from the Latin *auscultо*, I listen. It is the method of distinguishing the states of health and disease by the study of the sounds produced by the organs in performing their functions. An instrument called the Stethescope, from a couple of Greek words, meaning to explore the chest, is held against you, and the doctor listens at one end of it.

Mrs. J. I think you know everything. How wonderful it seems to me that you, being a City man, with so much to occupy your mind, should find time to learn so much.

Mr. J. There 's an awful deal I don't know, my dear Loo.

Mrs. J. I don't believe it. I know that I never hear anybody talk so well as you do, and I am so proud of you when we are out together, you can't think.

Mr. J. (*saucily*). Is that why you are always wanting us to go out, Miss?

Mrs. J. I am sure I 'm not, dear. At least—

Mr. J. I was only in fun. As you know. Indeed you have not been out enough lately. What are they playing at any of the places? Let 's go to-morrow night and see *Henry V.*

Mrs. J. No, dear. You are engaged. You said you would go down to Henley with FREDERICK, and row.

Mr. J. So I did. But never mind that. I can row at any time, and FREDERICK may go by himself. Write, will you, and tell him I can't come, and I will send up for two stalls.

Mrs. J. No, have your holiday. You don't go out half enough. I shall have Mamma here, so I shall not be dull.

Mr. J. (*mumbling.*) She isn't a very lively old bird.

Mrs. J. But very kind, and you know you are very fond of her.

Mr. J. So I am, and I have reason for being so, and here it is. (*Lays his hand on* MRS. J.'s *shoulder.*) I say, LOO, had I had too much wine last night?

Mrs. J. (*indignantly.*) Certainly not. What makes you think so? Certainly not. Nothing of the kind. You were very cheerful and merry, nothing more.

Mr. J. Hm. Didn't I do something out of the way when I came in? Didn't I kiss somebody?

Mrs. J. Only ELLEN JOHNSON, who considered it a great honour.

Mr. J. Ah! Oh! All right. We had a good deal of wine at the Club, though.

Mrs. J. If you enjoy yourself, and it never does you more harm than last night, you 'll never hear me complain, dear. Have you made a good breakfast?

Mr. J. Capital. And I must go.

Mrs. J. Stay, there 's one thing more—

Mr. J. O, yes, I have it for you. [*Takes out cheque.*

Mrs. J. I didn't mean that. You *must* see baby in her new red shoes.

[*Flies away to fetch the article in question, re-enters with it, and after all sorts of noises, the drama ends with* MRS. JONES *and the baby saluting their departing husband and father through the window, as he walks to the train.*

F. M. PUNCH SYMPATHISES WITH THE POOR (!) ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

F. M. P. "THERE MY MAN, IT'S A PITY A GREAT HULKING FELLOW LIKE YOU SHOULD TURN A HANDLE TO MAKE SUCH A NASTY NOISE! HERE'S AN INSTRUMENT FOR YOU, GO AND PLAY UPON IT IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY!"

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

(*After* WALTON.)

VENATOR . *Lord D.* PISCATOR . *Mr. B. Dis.* PUNCH.

P. Give you good day, Gentlemen. From your trim and your tackling, I perceive you have but now returned from the country, whither, when last we met, you were, in a great hurry as I remember, going an angling. Welcome back to town! I pray you tell me how you have sped amongst the ponds and rivers, with your hooks and your plummets, your floats, your lines, and your angle-rods? What have you caught?

Pisc. Truly, Sir, a few gudgeon. They are, indeed, but a small fry; whereas we had hoped to bring home a good dish of trout, and peradventure, also, of perch and pike; but they were too wary, and would neither rise at our gold fly nor run at our minnow of the same metal.

P. I pray you, what bait did you use to catch those same gudgeon withal?

Pisc. One of the like substance with our fly and minnow; marry, a sort of golden cadis: for your gudgeon is a groundling, and you must fish for him at the bottom, with a worm or grub. But, Sir, I will confess to you,—only, mark you, this is between ourselves, and must go no further,—we did take some of them with a drag-net, whereinto we did scare and terrify them. For, indeed, to make free with the saying of the poet HORACE, my maxim is, "Fish, by fair angling if I can hook them; if not, by whatsoever means, fish."

P. Sir, I perceive you are a moraliser. But how comes it you caught only gudgeon, sith, from what you stick not to own to me, I suppose all to be fish that cometh into your net?

Ven. Nay, Sir; PISCATOR spake of gudgeon, as it were, in the gross; but our fish are mostly of that breed, and the rest are like unto them, as chub, and dace, and roach, and such-like fry. But now, here I will show you a rare fish, whereof we have caught two or three; which had not been done before by our party for some while. He is a crafty fellow, and bites warily; you fish for him in troubled waters: he is called a Pope.

P. In good sooth, la! Methought that fish came never nigh an angler wearing your colours. With what bait, may I ask you, did you tempt your pope?

Ven. Troth, Sir; keep it to yourself: with a bit of the end of the Protestant pig's snout, and the tip of his tail.

P. I marvel, then, the pig hath not squeaked. As touching him, I trow you will no longer pretend to go the whole hog; and, I fear me, that, for your bait, you will shortly kill the Protestant pig.

Pisc. Sir, I pray you, not a word about the pig: let us to some other discourse.

P. Well, Sir, at what places had you the best sport?

Ven. Marry, Sir, at Ashburton, Bedford, Berwick; also at Chester, Colchester, Devizes; likewise at Dover.

P. Pardon me, Sir; but I pray you resolve me this riddle:—Why are the men of Dover like unto *Ancient Pistol?*

Pisc. Good Sir, truly I am DIZZY, and not ŒDIPUS; and, albeit I love not resignation, I will give it up.

P. So; and the next time, Sir, you are asked this question, you may say, an it like you, Because they were made to swallow a LEEKE.

Ven. Truly Sir, a merry saying. Then, Sir, we did get some luck at Newport in the Isle of Wight; at Newry in Ireland; at Pontefract, Truro, Tynemouth, Wareham, Weymouth, Windsor, where we did tickle some small Thames trout; at Carnarvon and Yarmouth, where there are no fish so good as your bloater; at Plymouth, Helston, and in a few other snug nooks, holes, and corners, where a man may have good sport for his money.

P. After that, Sir, I shall essay to sing you a little song of my own composing:—

THE CANDIDATE'S SONG.

Come vote for me, and be my knave,
And we a cask of beer will stave,
That you may drink till homeward wheeled,
As soon as you to sleep shall yield.

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

And in the Customs, or the Docks,
I'll put you in a little box,
To our vote-givers good luck falls,
None to those odious Radicals.

Hark, how these yellow sovereigns ring
For thee, if thou wilt do this thing;
If thou wilt only conscience waive,
And vote for me and be my knave.

Pisc. A choice song, Sir, quotha! Commend me to the nightingale; but methought that in your ditty I heard somewhat of the note of the mocking bird.

P. Yea, Sir, sayest thou so? Truly thou hast a nice ear.

Pisc. Seest thou, good Sir, aught of green in this mine eye?

P. How, gentlemen, may you be off for soap?

Pisc. and Ven. Doth your mother know you are out?

P. Nay; but her son doth know that you very soon will be.

Pisc. and Ven. Sir, I salute you!

P. Sweet Sirs, the same to you!

THE CARLTON CLUB TO ITS ROSE.

Our trust in the song of the Rose so deceiving,
Poor credulous *bulbuls*, too late we deplore;
In counties and boroughs, our losses retrieving,
He promised us sixty—and gives us a score.

Yes—a poor, paltry score is the sum of our winnings,
Or rather two scores (so the scoffers will say,
As we take up the bat for our short second innings),
The *score* we have gained, and the *score* we've to pay!

Golden Rules of Life.

Never contradict a woman when she is abusing her husband—Never read your letters just before going to bed, as they may damage your sleep—Never ask a favour of a man until he has dined, unless you wish to get refused—Never inquire how a French dish is made, as the solution of the mystery may have the effect of spoiling your appetite.

The £10 Bounty Men.

What if Eagle with Bear, Bear with Eagle consorts?
Be their plots what they may, we'll be ready to burke 'em,
With the sixty-eight pounders that frown from our ports,
And enough of our gallant ten-pounders to work 'em.

Punch denies the Major.

Everybody is eager to go a soldiering for the good of his country. It is said that the military contagion has actually reached Lord Derby, and that he has been ardently striving to obtain a Majority by Purchase.

THE LAMENT OF ALNASCHAR-BEN-ISRAEL.

When we went to the country, a victory clear
By the cash of the Carlton we hoped to have snatched,
But now the Elections are over, 'tis clear,
That "We counted our chickens before they were hatched.

We've bribed and we've bullied: we've put on the screw;
With all party colours our banner have patched;
But in vain; neither dross, dirt, nor dodging will do—
To give us the chickens we *ought* to have hatched.

Had I known what I know, 'gainst Pam, Russell, and Bright,
Disraeli and Derby had never been matched:
We'd have dropped to 'scape punishment—thrown up the fight,
But "We counted our chickens before they were hatched."

O'er the grave where we lie, by this act of our own,
Like Japanese Courtiers, "happy dispatched,"
Let this be the Epitaph carved on the stone,
"They counted their chickens before they were hatched."

THE BATTLE OF PAVIA.

This Battle is being fought every day in Regent Street, in consequence of the disputes that are going on between the Vestry and the inhabitants as to the proper paving of the thoroughfare. At the hour of our going to press, the entire street was up, and a proper settlement of the question, that has completely changed the surface of the neighbourhood, is not expected for a long time. Mr. Donald Nicoll repeats the words of Francis the First, and goes about saying that "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" If Regent Street has not lost its honour, there is a hope that it will learn in time how properly to mend its ways. Now that the ex-member for Frome is no longer in Parliament, he intends trying whether he cannot make matters a little smoother in his own parish, and is determined to leave no stone unturned with the view of filling up the horrible chasms that discord and litigation have left at the door of almost every peaceful parishioner. We only hope that he may succeed in making the ground, that of late has been so terribly torn by the pickaxe of dissension, somewhat firmer than it was when last we had the jolting misfortune of rolling over it in our carriage, the springs of whose body were nearly as much dislocated as the limbs of our own. For months and months, Regent Street has been the *terra-infirma* of the metropolis.

Imperial Chess-Players.

Leading Article writers delight in alluding to Italy as the "political chess-board." We suppose then that it may be said with perfect fairness of the Emperor of Austria, when he pledged his crown jewels, that he played his first pawn?

How to Win.

You win a woman by appealing to her impulses—you win a man by appealing to his interests. It is all the difference between a compliment and a bribe.

The Fly's Death-Song.

(*After sipping an infusion of the "Papier Moure."*)

"*Mourir* pour la patrie!"

"I Know a Bank."

In connection with the Ragged Schools, farthing banks have been established. We are credibly informed that the Marquis of Westminster keeps a deposit account at one of them.

Beat-Her.

A Young Lady "just beginning" Greek, asks us, "Why a Margate horse must live for ever." We are ashamed to reply, "Because it is a-Thanet-*oss*."

Bernal Osborne's Best.

What is the height of the Bishop of Oxford? Why Sam, I should say, was five feet six—with his S. Oxon. (*socks on*).

A Queer Fish.—The Talking Fish is certainly a curiosity in its way; for it is a Seal that has neither crest, nor arms, and one that does not make the smallest impression.

"Now, then, Old Feller, tuck in yer Tuppenny—Do you think I'm a Aggrobat?"

ELECTION RHYMES.

To be Sung by all good little Politicians who have len a helping hand to support LORD DERBY'S *Government.*

I.

TRICKERY, trickery, dock!
We've bribed like one o'clock!
But it strikes one
LORD DERBY'S done.
Trickery, trickery, dock!

II.

Sing a song of bribery,
A pocketful of gold;
Free and independents
Voting as they're told;
When the Session's opened,
Th' inquiries will begin,
And who can say how many may
The wrong box be found in!

III.

The Members have been canvassing
With speeches sweet as honey,
The "safe men" from the Carlton Club
Have counted out the money;
By the aid of the Committees
The Press will soon disclose
What laurels have by Government
Been gained beneath the rose!

ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.—We should be sorry if Italy gained its independence through the means of a French settlement.

FOR SALE—A CHRISTIAN-LIKE PARROT.

ANY advertisers in the *Times* appear to word their advertisements expressly with the view to gain admission into *Punch*. Here, for instance, is one which amused us at breakfast on the 20th ult.:—

GREY PARROT for SALE, the property of a lady. She talks like a Christian, and is in first-rate condition. Price, including cage, £15. Apply, &c. &c.

As the sex of this grey parrot is not specifically stated, one's first impression is, that the second sentence in the paragraph bears reference to the noun substantive which immediately precedes it. But although a lady might announce herself as "talking like a Christian," our gallantry forbids that we should fancy one could advertise that she would be found to be "in first-rate condition." We are driven to assume, then, that the parrot is a female, and that it is to her that the perplexing "she" refers. Under this assumption, we should like to be informed wherein the quality of "talking like a Christian" consists. Christians speak like languages with Infidels and Jews, and it would puzzle us to say in what peculiar respect their pronunciation differs from their fellow-creatures.

An Artistic Bouquet.

PUBLISHERS, printers, painters, purchasers, and the literary and artistic public in general, will be delighted, we are sure, to hear that the Pre-Raphaelites are busy in preparing a new edition of the *Book of Beauty*. It is expected to surpass everything of the kind that has ever yet been seen, in this, or any other country. The Ladies will, of course, go into ecstacies over the very great treat that is in store for them.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COX OF FINSBURY.

THE admirers of MR. COX—and he has many—have decided to present that gentleman with a testimonial as a congratulatory offering on his non-election to a seat in the House of Commons. The following is a list of some of the articles to be submitted to the Committee for selection:—

A WELLINGTON boot supposed to have been worn by NEBUCHADNEZZAR.
A fourpenny piece of the Aztecs.
Petrified potatoe.
Gunboat of RAMESIS THE FIRST.
Penny loaf of the Egyptians.
Eye-glass used by NERO at the burning of Rome.
A Roman brick.
A Vauxhall ditto.
A Chip of the old block.
A Bad halfpenny.
A Plated dessert-fork, much worn and bent.
Bread-knife found on the field of Marathon.
The ashes of a cigar smoked by THEMISTOCLES.
Cabman's ticket and Soup ditto, date uncertain.
Hussar's jacket, found at Thermopylæ.
Admission to the slips of the Theatre Royal, Carthage.
Bill of groceries found at Pompeii.
Telegram on papyrus found at Herculaneum.
A pickaxe, iron heel, and wooden tap.
Roman armour and an old saucepan, imperfect.
Preserves found in a railway clerk's desk at Babylon.
Letter from TELEMACHUS to IONE, autograph.
A Bank (of Elegance) £5 note.
Set of studs worn by CLEOMENES.
WAT TYLER'S memorandum book.

Rather Fishy.

"DEAR CHARLES always gives me a new dress, or takes me to the Opera, when I ask him," said a smiling wife, "and on my part I make no objection to his having a latch-key." "Humph," growled her cynical uncle, HORACE, "Throwing out a Chub to catch a salmon."

AUSTRIA IN THE MUD.—It is clear that though the Austrian Generals (witness HAYNAU & Co.) may be considered good "whips," they somehow can't manage the "rains" in Piedmont.

THE ARMSTRONG INSECTICIDE.

HERE lived once—and may still live—in the New Road, a professional gentleman, who wrote himself up, "Bug-Destroyer to HER MAJESTY." SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG reminds us of this gentleman, and in so saying we mean highly to compliment SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. The resemblance, which at first sight may not be seen, will appear striking on the consideration of a few particulars mentioned by the inventor of the Armstrong Gun, at a banquet lately given to him at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In replying to the toast of his health, he took occasion to describe, inas far as he thought proper, the construction and capabilities of the piece of ordnance called by his name, on the principle of which he stated that a 32-pounder had already been made; and expressed the pleasing expectation that 70-pounders, and 100-pounders as well, would soon be made also, with a view to pounding any enemies who may trouble us to subject them to that process by assailing us. After explaining the mechanism which rendered the cannon manageable, he proceeded to give some account of the beautiful projectile of cast-iron coated with lead, which will be propelled against aggressors from its rifled interior. The ensuing extract from his speech conveys a pretty idea of this interesting missile:—

"The projectile for field service, admits of being used as solid shot, shell, or common case. It is composed of separate pieces, so compactly bound together, that it has been fired through a mass of oak timber nine feet in thickness without sustaining fracture. When used as a shell it divides into 49 regular pieces, and about 100 irregular pieces. It combines the principle of the shrapnell and percussion shell, i. e., it may be made to explode either as it approaches the object or strikes it. Amongst friends it is so safe that it may be thrown off the top of a house without exploding, but amongst enemies it is so sensitive and mischievous that it bursts with a touch. The reason is, that the shock it receives in the gun puts the percussion arrangement, as it were, from half cock to full cock, and it then becomes so delicate that it will burst by striking a bag of shavings, as has been proved at Shoeburyness. Moreover it may be made to explode at the instant of leaving the gun, in which case the pieces spread out like a fan, and produce the usual effect of grape or canister. In short, it may be made to explode either at very long or very short distances, and either by impact or by the action of the time-fuse, and wherever it bursts it operates like grape-shot."

Already it will be apparent that this excellent invention is admirably calculated for the destruction of those foreign vermin of which a cloud, with their present means of locomotion, might attempt to make a descent on our coasts. A few other facts related in connection with it by the inventor may be cited, to render this point the plainer. For example:—

"Two targets, each of nine feet square, were placed at a distance of 1500 yards from the gun, and seven shells were fired at them. Now the effect of these seven shells was that the two targets were struck in 596 places. Similar effects were on other occasions produced at distances extending to 3000 yards; so I leave you to judge what would be the effect of these shells in making an enemy keep his distance."

Then, with a view to more wholesale extermination:—

"For breaching purposes, or for blowing up buildings, or for ripping a hole in the side of a ship, a different construction of shell is adopted. . . . . The shell is caused to explode at the instant of passing through the timber, and the smaller the hole made by penetration the more confined will be the explosion, and the greater the shattering effect produced."

The certainty of the destroyer is such that:—

"At a distance of 600 yards, an object no larger than the muzzle of an enemy's gun may be struck at almost every shot. At 3000 yards a target of nine feet square, which at that distance looks like a mere speck, has on a calm day been struck five times in ten shots. A ship would afford a target large enough to be hit at much longer distances, and shells may be thrown into a town or fortress at a range of more than five miles."

At a moderate range, the Armstrong Gun, with its projectile, would probably hit a common flea, if the gunner could see the insect, and it were desirable to smash so small a nuisance with such a mass of material, which would be too much like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. But a good shot, anyhow, could make sure of the larger creature which may be called the Glory-bug, and destroy it, in the event of its approach to these shores, either singly or in swarms,—singly, in case of the appearance of any Big-bug, or vermin-leader, on the poop, for instance, of a vessel; in swarms, by sending the Armstrong Insecticide among the troops of Glory-bugs aloft, on deck, or between decks, especially in the latter situation. Two cannot play at this game on equal terms, if one side consists of aggressive Bugs of Glory, and the other of superior beings whom those vermin seek to infest. The Bugs must come in swarms, and expose themselves to wholesale destruction by a few hands. And if ever we descend to the level of such insects, and attempt, for the sake of glory, or prey, to attack our fellow-creatures, we shall deserve to fight them upon an equality, and be smashed. In the mean time, let us wish success to SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG in a general way, and particularly in those experimental researches which he is pursuing with a view of rendering his Queen and country the greatest possible amount of service in the office of, as we take the liberty to say, Bug-Destroyer to HER MAJESTY and HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

THE FINGER-POST FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—what a game
'Tis at thy hand to play!
If to achieve eternal fame,
And gain an everlasting name,
Blest for all ages, be thine aim,
Before thee lies the way.

Thou wilt but have to keep the word
Of honour thou hast spoke,
And seek no further with the sword
Which thou hast drawn, than to afford
The aid by Italy implored,
And rid her from her yoke.

That done, thy sword if thou wilt sheathe,
And fight not on for spoil,
The world thy victor's crown will wreathe
Of flowers that ever sweet will breathe:
A noble name thou wilt bequeath,
Redeemed from every soil.

But if thou take that meaner line
Tradition would suggest
To low ambition—not divine—
Of common conquest with design;
Then, surely, will an end be thine
Contemptible at best.

More land, more slaves thy highest prize
To win—against what odds?
A race whose every man will rise,
And fight against thee till he dies,
Or his last farthing sacrifice,
To guard his household gods.

Then, shouldst thou lose—enough to know
The world will not again
An age of anguish undergo
For nothing; to the vanquished woe!
The penalty of overthrow
'Twere odious to explain.

No more of that. Too wise thou art
To miss so bright a chance:
And thou wilt to the high goal start,
LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
And glory, from each honest heart,
Win for thyself and France.

THE HUM OF DRONES.

M. ABOUT, in the capacity of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Commissioner in the Papal States, asked a Roman ecclesiastic how it was that the country was so badly cultivated. To this question the holy man thus answered:—

"The country is not uncultivated, or if it is uncultivated, the fault lies not with the POPE or the Cardinals, or their Government, but with the people. The people are a lazy set of fellows, and sluggish by nature, although twenty-one thousand four hundred and fifteen monks are perpetually preaching to them the virtues of industry and labour."

If too many cooks spoil the broth, we may conceive that the preaching of industry to the population of the Roman States by upwards of 21,000 monks may be rather overdone. The virtues of industry and labour might perhaps be effectually inculcated by a few working clergymen; but the example may have more weight than the precept of an enormous multitude of idle friars.

Scene at a Horse-Eating Restaurant.

Customer. You say you have got no filly and asparagus? Why I see it entered here.

Sporting Waiter. It 's a mistake, Sir. It 's true the filly was entered, Sir; but it was scratched this morning.

Florence. "—— AND HOW OLD IS YOUR PONY, FRED?"
Fred. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY—BUT ROBERT THINKS HE IS ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS!"
Florence. "OH!—THEN I SUPPOSE HE WILL VERY SOON BE A HORSE!"

A SERIOUS HOAX.

To the Editor of the Record.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE following information, derived from the Great Babylon by Submarine and British Telegraph, needs, and is, I fear, unlikely to receive, confirmation:—

"Ancona has been declared in a state of siege.
"The light in the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour has been extinguished.
"The POPE has protested."

May we, can we, believe the flattering intelligence which declares the Roman Pontiff to have protested against the extinction of light? Can we entertain the fond idea that the POPE has become a Protestant? Alas! I am afraid not. I apprehend that the triple-crowned apostate is too deeply enamoured of the darkness of error to object to the extinction of any light but that of one of the wax-candles of his own idolatry. Would, indeed, that we could welcome to our bosoms, as a dove the report which we are constrained to reject in the too palpable form of a *canard*, or duck! Would that we were enabled to hail with the shout of gladness the news which we are compelled to dismiss with the cry of WALKER!

Affectionately yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Happily, it is not true that the PRINCE OF WALES dined wholly on salmon last Friday.

The Latest Fashion in Moustaches.

SCENE:—*Somewhere in the Burlington Arcade.*

Young Pall Mall (*from underneath a long towel*). My moustache is getting too loud a red. I say, my man, I think I will have it dyed.

Young Truefitt (*deeply hurt, and starting back with horror*). Dyed, Sir! Impossible! You must not think of such a thing. I can assure you, my dear Sir, on my honour, that in the way of moustaches, there are nothing but reds and browns worn just now!

REASONS FOR SUPPORTING LORD DERBY'S GOVERNMENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GLORIES IN THE FACT OF HAVING DONE SO.

IF I knew a man who for DERBY would vote,
D'ye think I would ask him to turn his coat?
O no! My friend, I would simply say,
Do you know whom you are supporting, pray?

You're supporting a man, who in 'Thirty-Two
Lent a hand to help the Reform Bill through;
Then ratted, ashamed of his one wise act,
And thenceforth on Reformers has turned his back.

You're supporting a man, who in 'Fifty-Two
Was the chief of the Anti-Free-Trade crew,
Who appealed to the country, but all in vain,
The Poor Man's loaf to make dear again.

You're supporting a man, who in 'Fifty-Nine
Says, "Reform is in future no child of mine:"
And protests that the franchise never can
Be given to the honest Working Man.

You're supporting a man, who has prophesied
That altho' by no treaty our hands are tied,
And with despots' disputes have nought to do,
Yet a war we must shortly be driven to.

To LORD DERBY, then, while you give support,
You are doing precisely the thing you ought:
For England expects that every man
Will keep in the Government—if he can!

A DROP FOR THE POPE.—Between two seats of war, PIO NONO may fall to the ground.

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LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A WIFE to make you happy?
Soft young man,
Dismiss that hope with all
the speed you can.
The greatest happiness of
married life
Is trying, not in vain, to
please a wife.

Most men, content to try
and not succeed,
The will must render happy
for the deed;
The lady's sighs, not smiles,
requite her lord,
And Love, like Virtue, is
its own reward.

A LATE SUMMER.—With such a very wet and cold May, how can any one be surprised at the backwardness of July (GYULAI)?

THE POLITE NOVELIST.

OUR excellent old friend, the *Standard*, whose youth is renewed like a beadle's, shares, with the rest of the Penny Press, the provincial fault of admitting quantities of correspondence of the most anile and twaddling kind. Like children, our Penny friends are proud of receiving a letter, no matter what is in it; and the correspondents of the Cheap Press are, generally speaking, awful Pumps. But there are occasional exceptions, and in the *Standard*, the other day, there appeared a letter, signed J. C. HODGSON, 13, Durham Street, Scarborough, which seems to us to demand the most respectful attention.

It is headed, "A Hint to our Novel Writers," and is an amiable protest against the practice pursued by certain writers of fiction, in making the uneducated personages of their stories talk as uneducated personages do, instead of elevating their diction into purity and elegance. Our friend (for *Mr. Punch*, who is always improving everybody, is the *ex officio* friend of all philanthropists) must be permitted to speak in his own delicate way:—

"Sir,—Allow me in your judiciously Conservative and valuable paper, to call the attention of those novel writers who wish to improve the public taste, and inculcate a pure and undefiled mode of speaking in conversation, to the mistaken views they entertain as to the way of accomplishing this. Let me in all respect tell those gentlemen, that representing the language as it is commonly spoken among the poorer and uneducated classes is not the most happy way. It may show considerable ingenuity on the part of the author, but it also shows bad taste, and can only assist to keep the illiterate and inelegant talker illiterate and inelegant still, by administering no corrective, flattering his foibles of speech, and leaving him in the mire of his ignorance and lingual imperfection, instead of transmuting the vile elements that debase his tongue into good matter, that may minister unto edification and wisdom, by presenting to his lips the pure and invigorating waters of a refined and graceful diction."

Surely nothing can be more truly elegant than this passage, and its logic must carry conviction to every right-minded writer. Why—but we despair to improve upon the censor:—

"Why not, unlike the author of *Adam Bede* and many beside him, put such language as ought to be spoken into the mouths of characters, whose conversation is naturally barbarous and defective, instead of depicting it in all its hideousness and deformity to the detriment of every reader, whether educated or not—the former it imperceptibly leavens, the latter it saturates? Better Grandisonian elegance than 'pre-Raphaelite' barbarity! Better a work of pure ideality than a 'faithful portrait' of the times, a corrupt photographic reality, with all its tattered and many habiliments hanging about it—a scarecrow to humanity!"

After a little additional touching expostulation to the same effect, our friend HODGSON bestows a kick upon *Sam Slick* and *Sam Weller*, and remarks that their style is calculated "to propagate and perpetuate a lingual and moral darkness that may be felt." By a darkness that may be "felt," he does not mean a black hat, but an Egyptian obscurity. And he adds, that even if the editor of the *Standard* "demurs to the severity" of this criticism, HODGSON trusts that "insertion will not be refused." Insertion, we are happy to say, was not refused.

Mr. Punch,—who is the soul of euphuism and elegance, and who has never from the first day of his birth to the present hour ever set one of his diamonds of thoughts except in the purest gold of words,—can have no kind of objection to the doctrine propounded by his friend HODGSON. Why should we not all be polite and graceful? Why should we smear our pages with the talk of the streets any more than with its mud? He himself is so convinced that HODGSON is right, that, by way of supporting that gentleman's arguments by example, *Mr. Punch* will somewhat prematurely give to the world an extract from a novel with which he has been retained, at the sum of £1,000 per week, to entrance the world, through the columns of a penny journal of fiction. For the purposes of the story, it has been necessary to describe the home of one of the drivers of those vehicles which inhabitants of the metropolis may engage at a limited stipend, calculated on the lapse of time or the conquest of distance; and this conversation, framed on the Hodgsonian principle, takes place:—

"Depositing upon the couch, with some irritation of manner, the well-worn instrument wherewith he was accustomed to stimulate to rapidity the energies of his reluctant quadruped, WILLIAM the Omnivorous (coarsely called among his equals Gluttony Bill) demanded the mid-day repast.

"Exacerbation might have been detected in the tone in which the feminine partner of his life and cares apprised him that his demand was premature.

"'You are not more deficient than myself, WILLIAM,' she said, 'in the power of ascertaining, by a glance at the dial, how far the day has advanced; and that consultation will show you that fifteen minutes have yet to elapse before the sun is at its meridian, the appointed hour of banquet.'

"'What I now require, SARAH,' responded the omnivorous one, 'is, not a statement from your lips, but viands to pass between my own.'

"'And may I ask,' returned the undaunted Sarah, 'whether it be your desire to receive what you wish for at the present moment, or to delay until the same be placed before you?'

"'I would not have you unmindful,' said her stern lord, 'that unguarded language on your part has, at no more distant date than the recently passed evening, eventuated in manual remonstrance on mine, and that what has once occurred is capable of repetition.'

"'There is no need to apprise me,' replied MRS. WILLIAM, 'that the vice which the ancient Spartans deemed more disgraceful than any other (need I name cowardice) is not without its antetype under this roof; but I may add that, upon the present occasion, the ironmonger's art has furnished me with a means of defence, with which your phrenological developments will, upon provocation, become unfavourably connected.'

"The stern man smiled.

"'Courage,' he said, 'commands my regard; and I should state that which is irreconcileable with truth, did I deny that you, SARAH, are, fundamentally, a favourable specimen of the genus woman.'

"In the cot, as in the palace, woman's heart ever vibrates to the words of kindness, even as the Æolian harp whispers sweetness to the kiss of the wandering wind of heaven. In a moment she was sobbing on his manly bosom.

"But their happiness was as brief as the life of a dew-drop on the spangled spray, for the next instant an outcry as of pain was heard, and the faithful Tilburina, the feline guardian of the household, (playfully christened 'Tib' by the abbreviating fondness of its infantine members) sprung with a bound from her resting-place, hissing and spitting as vehemently as the contents of the domestic utensil left by the affectionate wife to its fate, while she sought her rest on the heart of her husband.

"'May my place in a future state of existence be other than Paradisaical,' said he, with a smile, 'if those condemned Hibernian roots are not escaping from ebullition.'"

And so on. *Mr. Punch* has strong thoughts of dedicating his novel to MR. HODGSON, of Scarborough.

ENTERTAINMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE Right Honourable SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, M.P., and the Right Honourable GENERAL PEEL, M.P., have recently entertained the Right Honourable SIR JAMES GRAHAME, M.P., at dinner.

The Bill of Fare was strictly to the taste of the eloquent and ingenuous Member, and consisted:—

First Course—Of a Pretty Kettle of Fish of the Honourable Baronet's own catching, in the Eamont, near Carlisle.

Removed by *Humble Pie*, and followed by *entrées* of the Right Honourable Baronet's *own words*, which were eaten with that hearty appetite which the Honourable Baronet never fails to bring to this, his favourite, dish.

"That's the Way the Money Goes!"

"WULL! I'll wote fur the Karnel, fur he's a man o' mettle!" exclaimed a free and independent elector of East Suffolk. "Ah, yes!" said his canvasser, "The Colonel, as you say, is no doubt a man of mettle; but there," slapping his breeches pocket, "here is 'metal more attractive!'"

Jones (singing his favourite Scena). "*Addio Leon . . or . a, ad . . dio—*" ['Bus suddenly stops.
Cad (with asperity). "*What now!*"
Driver. "*Why, you hollered.*"
Cad. "*Go along with you. It warn't me a-hollerin'.*" [Jones *tacet* for the rest of the journey.

PROMISE FEEDING.

MR. DISRAELI displays his usual ability in feeding the hop-planters of Kent, and other distressed districts, with a liberal prodigality of promises. They always are to be blest, but somehow never are. Next year the duty shall be repealed, or at least some of it: but next year, like to-morrow, never comes. Their case is always to be "taken into consideration," and we all know the meaning of such a Government phrase. Things to be taken, in a public office, into consideration, invariably remain "under consideration." That is the only consideration ever paid to them. The poor hop-planters believe in this flowery sustenance, and come up to Downing Street regularly once a year to be fed. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER feeds them with a tender and bountiful hand, and knows exactly how to fill their hearts, if not their stomachs, or their pockets. It is a species of spoon-meat, for which the hungry agriculturists evince a hearty appetite; they relish the food,—thinner than any workhouse gruel,—and, like young *Oliver*, are always "asking for more." MR. DISRAELI, in his art, is a most cunning nurse,—a perfect witch in his way; for he understands, in the *Macbeth* sense, how to keep, with each deputation, "the promise to the ear" of these gaping gentlemen, and how, as unfailingly, to "break it to the *hop*."

Many a True Word Spoken in Jest.

Child. Papa, why does Parliament generally meet in the evening?

Papa. Because, my child, most of their Acts won't bear the daylight.

IS COAL A CONTRABAND OF WAR?

WE hardly know how to answer the above question. What says *Coke upon Littleton?* The point in dispute had better be referred to a committee of *Carbonari*, who, we recommend, had better sit upon it. For ourselves, we cannot help thinking, if a country is in flames, that coal ought to be looked upon as a decided contraband of war, only tending to increase the fire of discord raging there—and more especially in a country like Italy, where there are so many Italian irons to stir up the fire. Perhaps it may all depend upon whether the coals are hot or cold. We fancy, if we were pelted with hot coals, that they would warm us to that degree that it would be philosophically impossible for us to keep cool, and that war would very probably ensue. In lodging-houses, where there is but one coal-cellar, we have known several fierce wars to smoulder out of the coals, until the landlady has been obliged, in self-defence, to treat them as though they were contraband, and has made a practice of regularly confiscating as much as she could out of every chaldron that came into her house. Again: we have witnessed several painful *émeutes* of a most fiery nature arise out of the fact of a husband amusing himself all the evening in poking the fire when there was not the slightest necessity for it. The poor wife has borne this as long as she could, and with a degree of patience such as wives only can exhibit, until, her tongue breaking out at last into an explosive flame, she has carried off the poker, and hidden it somewhere in the hall. Declarations of war have likewise been recorded when a gentleman has taken the liberty of poking the fire before he has known the family the requisite period of seven years.

In all these cases it would have been better to have treated coal as a contraband of war; for it is clear, if the coal had never been introduced into the establishment, the disturbance never would have taken place, and the war never would have broken out. Moreover, when we know that coal cannot enter a gentleman's establishment without going through the noisy process of shooting, and never rests quiet until it has left all over the house undoubted marks of the sack it has introduced into it,—practices of shooting and sacking in which it is only equalled by an infuriated soldiery,—we should be inclined to look at coal several times before we declared that it did not contain within it several of the elements of war,—such as fire, smoke, and ashes. If not war itself, it is certainly the fuel of war, and in that light should be considered a contraband that every one is justified in excluding from his house during the dog days, or any other period that the place is quite hot enough without it.

THE FRIENDS TO BACK.

RISE, rise, freemen and Englishmen,
Why the deuce won't you support law and order?
Rise, rise, yeoman and citizen;
All the small Germans on frenzy close border.
Austria's banner 's spread
O'er many a loggerhead,
Many a thief with his fingers all gory:
Rise, and get ready then,
Lovers and country men,
Fight for the KAISER and POPE's might and glory.

Arm, arm, Britons, for tyranny,
Freedom of conscience and thought that denies man;
Help, help, priestcraft and popery;
Austria's patron is CARDINAL WISEMAN.
Austria's party, note,
Got every papist's vote,
Which way the cat will jump know by that omen,
Then, if you 've lost your wits,
Fight for the Jesuits;
Fight for the Empire that 's called Holy Roman.

Vote, vote, soldiers and subsidy,
Mind to enslave and maintain superstition,
Winking Madonnas, Concordats, and monkery,
Pay PETER's Pence to prop Rome's Inquisition.
Austria's whip to crack
Still upon woman's back,
Englishmen, aid; and the POPE's domination,
Protestant fools, sustain,
Bleeding from every vein,
All at the cost of unbounded taxation!

THE RULE OF THREE.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT has nearly ready for the press a book with the title of *Trois Rois; Trois Peuples; Trois Siècles.* As the division of the subject would of itself imply, the work is dedicated to that great historian of Troy (in partnership with one HOMER), the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

AT ALDERSHOT—A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE.

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LED BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT, AND HAVE LUNCH.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF (DIS)-HONOUR."

IN reference to the course pursued by them at the elections, it has been said by a contemporary, that "Government have made their money flow like water." Now, albeit this is a popular expression, we cannot quite agree that it in this case is a fitting one. That a golden current flowed from the Carlton we don't doubt, but there was little of the aqueous in this metallic currency. Water is not suitable to be compared to money; for water is a purifier, and money, when it flows at election-time, is not. One may wash one's hands, and cleanse oneself in water: but the Pactolus stream which flowed from the coffers of the Carlton must have dirtied all the hands which were allowed to dip in it. To coin a spurious quotation, *Nihil tetigit quod non dishonoravit*. The fountain of dishonour has dishonoured all who touched it. The remark that such a current "flowed like water" is untrue, and we therefore think it proper to prevent its further currency. It would be more correct to say, that Government have lately let their money flow like beer, for it was more in that shape it has generally been swallowed. As for likening to water—to purifying water—the money which is used for a corrupting influence, the only water which such filthy lucre can be likened to is the water of the Thames—and even that is hardly black enough.

"Home without Boots, and in Foul Weather too!"

THE Austrian soldiers have suffered so much in shoe-leather, owing to the muddy state of their Piedmontese field of operations, that it is no wonder their inroad should have proved perfectly bootless. But if the troops have lost the greater part of their boots, they have carried off no end of booty to make up for it.

A MINISTERIAL QUESTION.—If "there is a skeleton in every House," we should like to know how many there are in every Cabinet?

THESE THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY.

WE read the following in a North country paper:—

"CURIOUS STORY OF A CAT.—In the village of Tottington, near Bury, at the house of MR. ADAM BROOKS, sexton, may be witnessed a curious instance of feline attachment. A cat, which has a kitten three weeks old, about a week ago caught a mouse, but instead of devouring the little creature, according to the old-established custom, she brought it to the kitten, and they are all living together on the most affectionate terms. Puss evinces an extraordinary affection for it, and appears disconsolate should the mouse be out of her sight. It is delightful to witness the fearlessness with which the mouse trusts itself in the hands of its natural enemy, nestling itself for hours in its breast, running up and down its body, and evincing the most unbounded confidence in its new friend; whilst the cat, if possible, lavishes greater attention on it than on its own offspring. Hundreds go daily to witness this curious exhibition, and go away surprised and delighted."

Surely the Editor in palming off an allegory upon us under the guise of an anecdote. What can be plainer?

The Cat is LOUIS NAPOLEON. The Kitten is VICTOR EMMANUEL. The Mouse is Italy.

Nothing can exceed the attachment of Cat and Kitten to Mousey—so far—

But wait till Puss is hungry.

Rather Fishy!

LORD PUNCH has his own authority for stating, there is no truth in the rumour which has recently been current, that in the next batch of peers created by LORD DERBY will be found no less a personage than the Talking Fish; who (it has been whispered) will be soon raised to the Peerage, under the fit title of LORD SAY AND SEAL!

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

AMONG the supplies laid in for his Italian Campaign by LOUIS NAPOLEON may be enumerated Naples soap, Roman Punch (on the head) and Sardines in pickle—all in great quantities.

SOMETHING LIKE EDUCATION.

THEY have in Germany what are called *real-schulen*. *Mr. Punch* is a Teutonic scholar, but for the moment he insists on translating this "real schools"—a thing we have not had much of in this country, as yet. It is with immense satisfaction that we learn from the *Literary Gazette* that, at last, a *real*-school for girls has been opened in London.

It is not to teach fine-work nor plain-work—neither crochet nor Berlin wool—still less reading, writing, or arithmetic; nor accomplishments, nor geography, nor the use of the globes. Of all these things we have enough. But this "*real-school*," *par excellence*, is about to teach something which every poor girl ought to have at her finger-ends, and which not one poor girl in a hundred—or rich girl either, for the matter of that—knows anything more about than an Ojibbeway or a Hottentot. This school is to teach *cookery*—that master-art of every-day life, which comprises all the rest, and enters into domestic existence by more doors than any other acquired knowledge a woman can possess:

"Among those who have taken it up" (the *Literary Gazette* informs us) "are the COUNTESS OF RIPON, LADY COLBROOKE, MRS. ARCHIBALD TAIT, (the wife of the excellent BISHOP OF LONDON,) LADY LAURA PALMER, LADY BRIDGES, and MRS. C. M. LUSHINGTON. The object of this school is to teach correct principles of cookery and household economy. Girls are received as boarders at a fixed charge and instruction is given to daily pupils. Ladies becoming subscribers may send their cooks for lessons. Cookery for the sick is especially attended to. We ought to have schools like this (which is situated at No. 90, Albany Street, Regent's Park) in every district of the Metropolis, more especially in the poorer and less cultivated portions."

Amen, we say to our contemporary. We cannot conceive any more thoroughly episcopalian employment for a Bishop's wife than presiding over a school of cookery. Bishops have been accused of too great a fondness for the flesh-pots; but this is the last thing to be quarrelled with, so long as the flesh-pots of their affection are those which boil on the poor man's fire, and which are now, for lack of common cooking knowledge, costly when they ought to be cheap, wasteful when they should be thrifty, and untempting and innutritious when they might so easily be savoury and satisfying.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before be a public benefactor, what is the woman who, day after day, makes the poor man's one shilling go as far as two, and one pound of beef do the work of twice the quantity? Not that the work of this school should stop short with the poor man's wife. Of a surety, the need extends much higher: witness the abominable plain cookery, waste, and wearisome monotony, if not slatternliness, of nine out of every ten middle-class dinner-tables; the impossibility of meeting with a well-boiled potato; the pressure of that "domestic institution," cold mutton; the more ambitious misery of the second-class dinner-party, with its costly yet hollow impostures of pastrycook's made-dishes and attendant greengrocers.

These ladies are indeed public benefactresses. We would say to all our male philanthropists,—who are just now so eagerly setting up fountains to supply the public with a glass of cold water, and nothing to it,—"Go ye, and do likewise." Set up a school of cookery by the side of every fountain, and you will strengthen one great mainstay of domestic comfort, while you contribute the pellucid but unexhilarating tipple of the Temperance Society.

If "the Battle of the Constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts," the battle of home comfort must very often be fought in the kitchen. Too frequently the young wife succumbs in the unequal contest with the cook, if she be rich,—with the victuals, if she be poor. A well-known proverb informs us of the channel through which we have hitherto been furnished with cooks. Let us hail, in the establishment of the Albany Street Cooking School, the opening of a pleasanter source of supply of these great agents of domestic amelioration.

Mr. Punch may claim some share of the credit of this movement, as of most movements to anything good. He has long urged the importance of founding such schools as this; and one of his loudest "Groans from the social treadmill," some time since, was at the lack of means for teaching and training women of all classes in sound principles of cookery.

May the new school flourish, and its cooks (however numerous) never spoil the broth!

PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

THE persons named in the following list write to *Mr. Punch* clamouring about the non-insertion of their names by the Court Newsman in his report of the last Levee. *Mr. Punch* really cannot be always supplying the omissions of the *Court Circular*, but as it appears to him that most of the persons about to be mentioned have as much claim to get their names paraded before the public as a good many of those who have been immortalised, he will for once make a sacrifice of invaluable space.

Mr. Jones, on having had his corns cut, by Professor Bunyan.

Mr. Robinson, on being divorced, by Sir C. Cresswell.

Mr. Brown, on moving from Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, to Essex Street, Strand, by Mr. Smith.

Mr. Wobbleton, on his little boy being breeched, by Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Phaggs, on getting a rise of £5 in his salary at the Bank, by Mr. Abraham Newland.

Mrs. Lilliwigg, on having been churched, by the Hon. Mrs. Trotter.

Miss Amelia Lilliwigg, on having been jilted by Cornet Blackboy, by her mother.

Mr. De Hopkins, on going through the Insolvent Court, by Captain Whitewash.

Mr. Pipples, on the death of his mother-in-law, by Major Bruin.

Mr. Gamm Boodge, on having his picture rejected at the Academy, by Mr. Indigo Jones.

Mr. Scattercash, on his being plucked, by the Rev. Dr. Gammer.

Miss Louisa Wiggle, on having her ears pierced, by her mother.

Mrs. Naggs, on obtaining a separate maintenance, by her mother, Mrs. Jorr.

Mr. Clyfaker, on receiving his ticket-of-leave, by Mr. Duffer.

Mr. Snipp, on conforming to the Hebrew faith, by the Rev. Rabbi Adler.

Mr. Flounderby, on being picked out of the Serpentine, by Lieut. Prodd, R.H.S.

Miss Rose Walker, on being engaged, by her aunt, Mrs. Junction.

Mrs. B. Whicht, on her husband's going to South Australia, by Mrs. Bolter.

Mrs. Stuckupper, on setting up a brougham, by the Hon. Mrs. Slapp.

Mr. Hatchment, on the purchase of a family vault, by the Rev. Grimm Shudderby.

Mr. Charles Splashboard, on outrunning the constable, by Mr. Dunne.

Miss Mary Coddlington, on leaving school, by her mother.

Mr. Mopps, on having had his hair cut, by M. Isidore Dandriffe.

Mr. McIndenture, on being articled to an attorney, by Mr. Feoffment.

Mr. James Twitcher, on drawing his first patient's wrong tooth, by Mr. Karious.

Mrs. Krape, on being left a widow, by Mrs. Howler Grigg.

Mr. Twaddle, on being elected to the Dawdle Club, by Mr. Maunders.

Mrs. Screwington, on letting her house at Ball's Pond, by Mrs. Crimply.

Mrs. Glarer, on having been photographed, by Mrs. Iodine Smells.

Mrs. Careless, on having had her pocket picked in an omnibus, by Lady Flabby.

Mr. Squintum, on being couched for cataract, by Dr. Niagara Film, U.S.

Mr. Cox, on losing his seat for Finsbury, by Sir S. M. Peto.

Mr. Pouter-Pigeon, on being married, by his father, Mr. Fantail Pigeon.

Mrs. Pouter-Pigeon, on being married, by her mother, Mrs. Carrier Dove.

Mr. Stumbler, on breaking his leg, by Mr. Splint.

Mr. Decimalls, on publishing a new edition of the *Ready Reckoner*, by Mr. V. Phractions.

Mrs. Rhododendron, on having some coloured glass put into her conservatory at Peckham Rye, by Mrs. Chinaster.

Mr. Pesterbody on receiving his Commission (on two premiums paid to the *Ineligible* Life Office) by Mr. Touter.

Mr. Glump, on having made his will, by Mr. Probate.

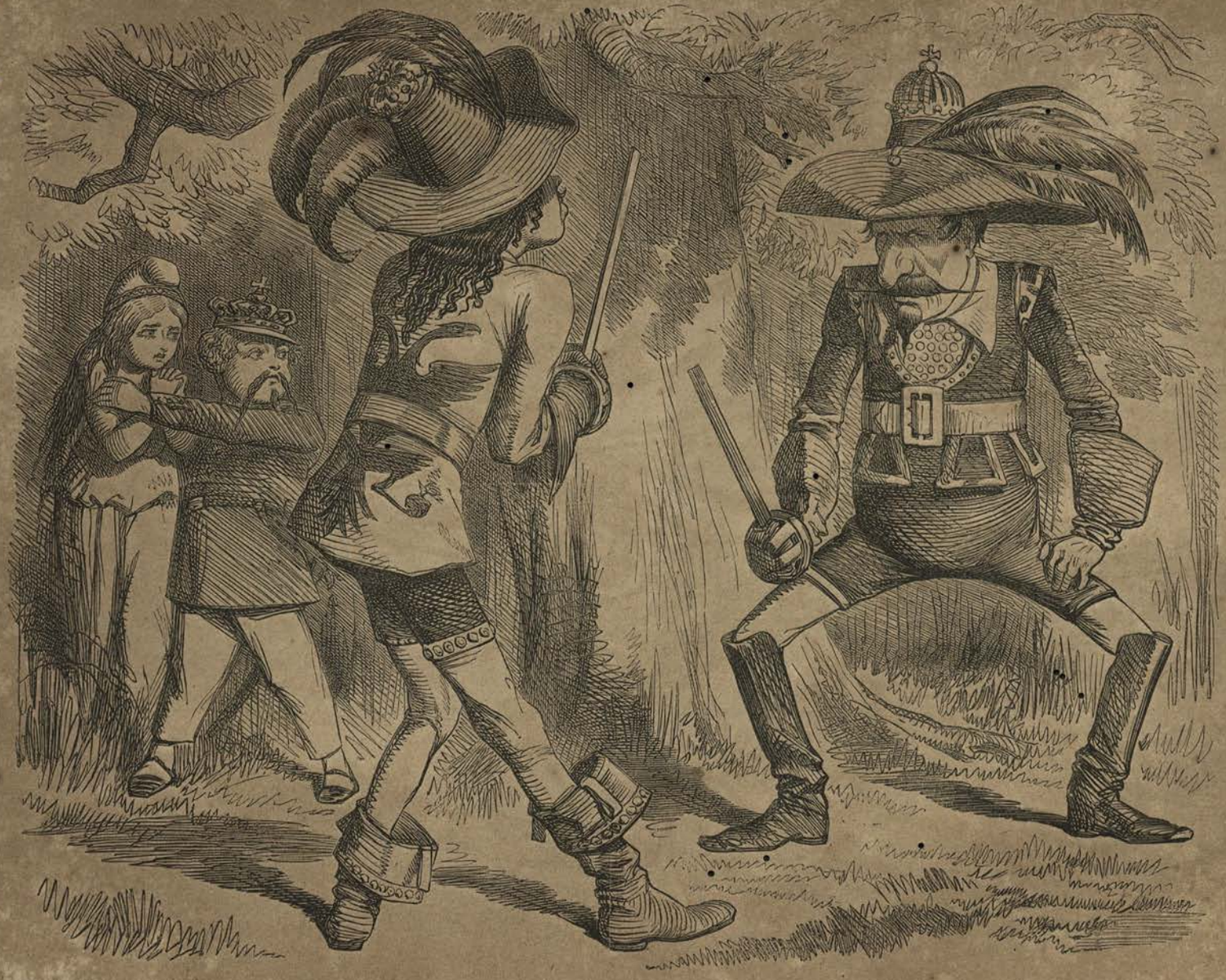
Mrs. Albert Bustlington on having had the carpets taken up, the paint scrubbed, and the house thoroughly cleansed, by Mrs. Scrimmage.

Mrs. Spayre Rodde, on Master Pickle Rodde being expelled from school, by Mrs. Spoyle Chylde.

Mr. Peter Snout, on his nose bleeding, by Mr. Colde Key.

A HINT TO THE "ENGAGED ONES" OF ENGLAND.

ALICE (TO RODOLPH, OR RATHER WE SHOULD SAY, JONES). "NOW MIND, SIR! YOU ARE A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN, AND IT ENTIRELY DEPENDS UPON YOUR ATTENTION TO DRILL, WHETHER I GIVE YOU THAT LOCK OF HAIR, OR NOT!"



BABES IN THE WOOD.

A MIRACLE ON THE CARDS AT NAPLES.

THE good KING BOMBA, by the time that these words are printed, may have bid the world good night, and gone finally to bed. But BOMBA, the other day, was reported better again, inasmuch as to have been able to sit up in a chair for twenty minutes. A few days before, we had been told that the head of BOMBA was all of him that remained alive—body all senseless, motionless—an inert trunk. It may, indeed, be said of BOMBA:—

"Affliction sore long time he bore,"

if BOMBA has really been suffering under that complication of disorders which he is said to have been afflicted with. It appears, also, that his state was at one time so desperate as to be considered beyond medical aid; wherefore, in the belief that

"Physicians were in vain,"

the royal sufferer had the blood of ST. JANUARIUS placed in his room, that its liquefaction might perhaps effectually supersede the doctors. Already, *Punch* has expressed the suspicion that BOMBA has been shamming. If he has, mark what will follow. BOMBA will come out some fine morning as well as ever, and as fresh as a daisy, declaring that, after having been given over, he had been restored to health by means of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS. Then there will be a festival to commemorate his marvellous recovery: BOMBA will go in procession through the streets of Naples, and the priests will institute a flare-up. Now then, stupid; if these things should come to pass, please to remember how many contradictory statements—therefore, how many falsehoods—have been circulated as to BOMBA's ailments; and consider whether the story of his supernatural cure ought not to be concluded to be only one lie more.

A VERY POPULAR PRINCE.

ON the close of the Prussian Diet, the PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA concluded a speech, which, if somewhat hastily minacious, was, unlike the utterances of most Continental potentates, not altogether bombastic, with the following request to his audience of legislators:—

"Join me in the shout 'Long Live the King!'"

Fancy the LORD CHANCELLOR, in proroguing Parliament on behalf of HER MAJESTY, calling upon the Lords and Commons to *shout* "Long Live the QUEEN." It was all very well for the counsel of MR. SICKLES to tell the mob to "Go it!" but it does seem a little below that dignity which we associate with the function of Sovereignty for a Prince Regent to address a similar invitation to his Chambers.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* calls on the German ladies to give up purchasing any French articles of millinery:—

"We must not," it says, "let German money pass from our pockets into those of the French, and enable them to make war on us."

Don't the *Augsburg Gazette* wish it may get it? The same absurd German organ wishes to extend the Anti-Gallican crusade to Crinoline. The womanhood of Germany defy him from behind their entrenchments of flounce and furbelow. So long as French steel is confined to petticoat-hoops, it will still be welcomed by every true German Frau and Fräulein. The more of it used in that manufacture, the less will be left for swords and bayonets.

HORATIAN MAXIM FOR A GRUMBLER.—*Carpe diem*—he carps every day.

JUMPING JEMMY.

MY name it is Jumping JEMMY—
The original JEM surnamed CROW—
Famed for leaping and turning about,
And for going right round—just so! (*Pirouettes.*)
But don't call me fickle, good people,
Any charge of the kind I deny:
The weathercock up on your steeple,
To its pole sticks not faster than I.
Chorus.
With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

You don't call your weathercock fickle
For telling each change of the wind—
Then why try get me in a pickle,
'Cause I'm given to changing my mind?
A weathe cock, all know, is useful,
All the more, the more lightly it veers;
Of a pilot who'd e'er be abuseful,
For heeding the wind as he steers?
Chorus.
With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

And how's man alone to stand steady,
When all around man's on the change?
In Life's whirl, all to whirl must be ready;
Mine's only a very long range,
And I've still been consistent all through,
To make inconsistency pay;
Just as nimble my acts to undo,
As I'm nimble my words to unsay.
Chorus.
With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I'll stick to my place!

'Tis but to save strain in my motions,
For an easier leap to prepare,
That I'm always extreme in my notions,
Since extremes often meet, you're aware.
'Twixt two stools some men boggle and bother,
And between them come, bang, to the ground,
I leap clean from one stool to the other—
And safe in my seat still am found!
Chorus.
With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

THE RIGHT PERSON IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON wants some one in the House who has a knowledge of nautical matters, and who can talk for him. Why doesn't he get the TALKING FISH to stand for some place? The creature knows the sea thoroughly, can tell a ship when he sees one, and is not likely to commit himself by any act of indiscretion, since he is not acquainted at present with more than two words, but then you can hear each of them most distinctly. What Lord of the Admiralty can say as much? Can you give us the name of any one Lord, who can speak two words intelligibly? Therefore, we recommend SIR JOHN to get the TALKING FISH into Parliament without any provoking delay. His presence may somewhat compensate us, only on a less brilliant scale, for the absence of that other odd fish, BERNAL OSBORNE.

Ad Arabellam.

A FACT, long known to him, kind *Punch* may be
Allowed to gratulate his *rara avis* on:
Joy to the Lady of the Keys! From G.
The music of her life's transposed to D,
And ARABELLA GODDARD'S MRS. DAVISON.

The Parchment Interest.

THE *Law Times* gives a list of Attorneys in the House of Commons, and adds the observation, that the solicitors can boast of a large accession of strength by this election. This being the case warrants the confident expectation of the speedy enactment of the Registration of Titles to Landed Estates Bill, contemplated in order to the simplification of the forms and reduction of the expenses of conveyancing. The constituents of the parliamentary solicitors will be enabled to judge of them by their deeds.

POP GOES THE RIFLE!

(A New Song to an Old Tune, volunteered by Mr. Punch.)

WITH news of War the papers teem,
The Funds are downward going:
Athirst for blood the Eagles scream,
Ill winds abroad are blowing;
England would fain from strife refrain,
Nor join the battle-storm in:
And 'tis that she at peace may be,
Our rifle clubs we're forming!
Chorus.
Up and down the Funds may go,
Our peace-cry none shall stifle:
Be ready aye to meet the foe!
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

Englishmen in days of old
Were world-renowned as bowmen,
Cressy and Poictiers have told
How they fought their foemen;
By practice they their prowess gained,
By practice so may we too;
And till that prowess be attained,
Our rifle sights we'll see to!
Chorus. Up, then! Down the gauntlet throw!
Let none with England trifle:
Here, where once twang went the bow,
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

Some may say they can't afford
To spare their precious leisure:
Some may fear they may be bored,
That practice won't be pleasure:
Willing hands there are enow,
Brave hearts—who can doubt them?
Form then, and the skulkers show
We can do without them!
Chorus. Up in arms the country throw,
The cost is but a trifle:
Be ready aye to fight the foe—
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

We are no alarmists, scared
By fear of French invasion;
Yet 'tis well to be prepared
'Gainst War's dread occasion.
Touch us not, we'll touch not you;
We own no wish for fighting;
But lest a War you drive us to,
Our practice-butts we're sighting.
Chorus. Up! then, Up! Ye Rifle Greens!
Let none your ardour stifle:
Tangere me noli means
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

DIVERS' PERFORMANCES.

AT the Pearl Fishery at Aripo, we read that, "BATES, the chief of the European divers, was under water for three hours." On many occasions of danger, it is as difficult to keep your head above water as under it. For instance, there is that clever diver, LORD DERBY, who has been down to the lowest depths in the hope of picking up a stray vote or two. Low as he and his confederates have sunk,—and they could not have sunk lower,—they have not fished up more than twenty or twenty-five of the precious "pearls of Parliament" that they were diving for. Now, when LORD DERBY again presents himself before the nation on the troubled sea of politics, we should like to know for what period he is likely to keep his head above water? Will you give him three days, or three hours, or even three minutes? and, once under, we are afraid that his Lordship will never come up again.

THE VISCOUNT'S RETURN.

THE following announcement in the *Morning Post* is very likely to be misunderstood on the other side of the Channel:—

"VISCOUNT VILLIERS has derived considerable benefit from his sojourn at Pau; in fact, his health is quite recruited. The noble Viscount and Viscountess, in consequence, intend to return home sooner than was expected."

Our gallant what-shall-we-call-'ems, if not allies, in perusing the above notification with that intense interest with which they regard the British aristocracy, will of course confound the distinguished nobleman, whose recovery of health, and approaching restoration to his native land, they will rejoice to learn, with the hon. Member for Lambeth. As sure as fate, the report current in the *salons* of Paris, and published in the Parisian newspapers, will, with that slight variation of English nomenclature and spelling inevitable in such a case, declare the happy recovery and homeward destination of that great lord of the House of Parliament, WISCOUNT VILLIAMS.

A SENSIBLE SPREAD.

IN Celebration of the Anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S birth-day on the 19th instant, SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, according to a fashionable announcement, invited the Colonial Governors now in England, and other gentlemen connected with his department, to a banquet at the Clarendon Hotel, described as a full dress dinner. That is the sort of dinner! Raw rump-steaks are all very well to train BILL SAYERS upon; but for any set of civilised beings, how much better is a dinner that is fully dressed than one where everything is underdone!

"No Followers Allowed."

THOUGH LOUIS NAPOLEON and FRANCIS JOSEPH are at open war, yet they are friendly and unanimous at least upon one point. There is one little bit of neutral ground upon which they meet and join hands, and are ready to join arms too, if necessary, to keep it clear of all villanous intruders. This glorious unanimity of two, is to the effect that no newspaper correspondent shall be allowed to follow the French or Austrian army. However, it scarcely needed this warlike demonstration to prove to us what enemies both Emperors were, and always have been, to a Free Press. Much as they dread each other, they know they have reason to dread the Press a great deal more.

AN ADDITIONAL DUTY ON PAPER.—Russia, Austria, and Sardinia have suspended cash payments.

SCENE—A BLOCK ON THE BRIDGE.

Costermonger. "NOW, CABBY, SPARE MY WARNISH!"

SANCTIFIED GAMMON.

SUBJOINED is a good dodge:—

"NEW CENTRAL DEPOT, or Evangelical and other Spiritual Publications,
"Paternoster Row (Corner of Ivy Lane).

"J. B. WALKER presents his Christian love to Brethren in Christ, and informs them that he has taken—he trusts in faithfulness to the Lord—the commodious shop, as above, last occupied by the Pope's Publisher, and purposes opening it for the publication and sale of all religious books which he believes are pleasing to the Lord.

"Books 'for necessary uses' in this life, especially for purposes of education, will also be produced.

"Estimates for Printing and Binding, and Terms for Publishing, sent on application."

This notification has appeared in the *Bible Reader's Journal*, and several other periodicals. WALKER is not the name that figures in the original advertisement; the whole of which, however, may be included under that denomination. The object of the advertiser is obvious. Of course, he expects a large influx of custom from fast young men, who will come to inquire for *Boxiana*, and other works of a still less moral and religious character, which, when asked for, will promptly "be produced."

MR. WALKER may keep the biography of the *Dairyman's Daughter* for the spooney and simple class of customers, but he will probably have plenty of other lives and adventures in store for readers of the other description.

If we do WALKER injustice by this surmise, it is his own fault, for puffing his shop in the above example of profane cant, of which anybody who is capable may be well supposed to be capable of anything.

A Bark from Our Dog Tear'em.

"PRAY, Sir," asked a Sheffield blade, talking about the Sardinian war, "what is your opinion of Italian Independence?"

"French Impudence," was ROEBUCK'S reply.

MATERIALS FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON'S BIOGRAPHY.

A NEW office is to be established in France, under the title of the *Bureau Historique*. Its principal duty, of course, will be to record, in suitable grandiose language, the future victories of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The principal minister is not yet appointed, but we know of no one better adapted for the post than ALEXANDRE DUMAS. If asked for his qualifications, he could say, pointing with pride to his 5000 volumes (more or less) of romances, "*Les voilà!*" The central office is to be fixed in Paris. At first, it was arranged that the principal *chefs* of the *Bureau* were to follow the movements of the army in Italy; but this plan was afterwards overruled by the EMPEROR himself, with the very sensible objection that, in matters of history, everything was best left to the imagination. The writers are to be allowed *carte blanche* to say what they please, so long as it is all in favour of the EMPEROR, and redounds to *La Gloire* and honour of France. We advise THIERS to look to his laurels.

Who was the Genius?

THE *Liverpool Albion* has a paragraph which thus commences:—

"A SHIP ON FIRE.—A fire broke out yesterday on board the *Thames*, CAPTAIN CALLENDER, lying in Brunswick Dock."

The account then goes on to describe the progress of the flames, which, we are happy to say was brief, they having been speedily extinguished. Having expressed our satisfaction at that fortunate issue, we may perhaps be pardoned for remarking that the Thames has at length been set on fire.

"THE THEATRE OF WAR."—They are doing such a tremendous stroke of business at this Theatre, that for the present all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the PUBLIC PRESS IS SUSPENDED.

PUNCH ON PARTY COLOURS.

EVERYBODY knows that M. CHEVREUL has been writing a most interesting treatise, which his translator calls "*The Laws of Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts.*" But everybody has not yet been favoured with the knowledge that *Mr. Punch* has some idea, when he has nothing else to do, of sitting down and getting up another branch of the same subject, with a view to his compiling a companion treatise, to be entitled "*On the Contrast of Party Colours, and their Application to Electioneering Arts.*" It is of course a superfluity to give a proof of *Mr. Punch's* never-disputable fitness for this or any other literary work, on which he condescends to suffer his vast intellect to work. But as the subject is just now of more than ordinary interest, *Mr. Punch* will spare an inch or two to show how M. CHEVREUL'S laws may be adapted to the contrast of colours in a purely party sense.

To begin at the beginning, *Mr. Punch* must quote the statement that:—

"M. CHEVREUL'S attention was first directed to this subject in consequence of some complaints made as to the quality of certain colours prepared in the dyeing laboratory of the Gobelins; when, after some reflection on the matter, he became convinced that, although the complaints concerning the instability of the light blues, greys, and browns, might be possibly well founded, there were others, particularly as to the want of vigour of the greys employed in the shadow of blue and violet draperies, which were not so, and that this apparent want of vigour was owing to the colours contiguous to them, and that the matter was involved in the phenomena of the contrast of colours."

Parliamentarily phrasing it, *Mr. Punch* is "free to own" that complaints concerning the political "instability of the Greys" have been over and over again preferred to *Mr. Punch*, and he is not quite unconvinced that they may not have been "well founded." As to the alleged "want of vigour of the Greys" when they are "employed in the shadow," that is of course to say, have had the shine taken out of them, *Mr. Punch* can see no reason to dispute this allegation. As *employés* under Government, the Greys, it is well known, have long been in the shade, and no doubt this has been owing to their proved "want of vigour."

With this glance at the Greys, *Mr. Punch* has now to notice the effect of party colours, as influencing each other when they come in coalition. "Not to make the matter too abstruse," says M. CHEVREUL—

"Let us remind the reader that there are but three primaries, *viz.*, red, blue, and yellow, out of which, in various combinations, all other imaginable colours are composed. The secondary colours (not to go further) are three, severally composed of two of the three primaries, *viz.*, green, composed of blue and yellow; orange, composed of red and yellow; and violet, composed of red and blue. Taking the whole three primary colours to complete the cycle of colour, the doctrine of complementary colours commences: which may be briefly explained by stating that every primary colour has for its complementary colour the secondary colour, which is composed of the other two primaries, and, *vice versâ*, that every secondary colour has for its complementary the primary colour, which does not enter into its own composition. Thus red is complementary to green, blue to orange, and yellow to violet; and *vice versâ*."

Adapting this politically, Tory, Whig, and Radical correspond to the "three primaries;" and out of these the various shades of party colours are composed. For instance, Liberal-Conservative is that which corresponds to violet, being made of Tory (red) in combination with Whig (blue): a union which, in such a case as MR. GLADSTONE'S, makes a not unpleasing sort of Oxford mixture. The Derbyite, again, is that which answers to the orange, blending the Tory (red) with the Radical, or Chartist, yellow; a combination which produces the strangest of effects, and in most eyes is regarded with a colourable suspicion. The doctrine of complementaries accords in politics precisely with that which has been stated. The primaries—or premiers—need assistance from the secondaries, and it is by being complimentary to them that they get it. For instance, red, or Tory, premiers are complimentary to green, that is, to the united Radicals and Whigs: and the compliment is returned by green becoming complementary, *i. e.* filling up the ranks, on a division, of the red.

Coming now to the pith of M. CHEVREUL'S observations, *Mr. Punch* learns that *his* "principle" consists in "simply this:"—

"That the eye after looking for any period, more or less in duration, upon any one colour, immediately acquires an aptitude to see the complementary of that colour, which will influence its appreciation of all objects upon which it may simultaneously or immediately rest. For instance, during or immediately after looking at red, white will present a greenish hue, and objects of all other colours will be more or less qualified by the latter hue. Thus—red, the complementary of green, placed by the side of green, increases its intensity; and so of blue in juxtaposition with orange, and greenish-yellow with violet. And when the complementary colour to any colour acting upon another colour in juxtaposition is partly composed of the last named colour, or when the colour in juxtaposition is partly composed of the said complementary, the colour common to both becomes intensified in the colour in juxtaposition. For instance, orange being placed beside red, the orange will acquire a yellowish tint from the green complementary to red, and the red a purple tint from the blue complementary to orange. Again, as equal portions of the three primary colours mixed produce black, green beside black makes it look reddish, blue beside black makes it look less brilliant or somewhat rusty, while orange beside black makes it look more brilliant."

M. CHEVREUL'S "simply this" is rather a tough bit for the digestion of his readers, but *Mr. Punch's* adaptation will facilitate their swallowing it. *Mr. Punch's* "principle" is (much more) "simply this:"—that he who looks on party colours with the eye of an observer "acquires an aptitude" for seeing of what shades they are composed, and may moreover see that any party politician is likely to be "influenced in his appreciation of all objects" by the colour of the party by which they are pursued. Thus, if he has green in his eye, the politician sees red objects from a biassed point of view, and their blackness will of course in his sight be intensified. Without much fear of contradiction, *Mr. Punch* may also state, that men of any colour often wear black looks, and get "somewhat rusty," when men of a contrasting colour have a place beside them. That the "objects" of all party colours are more or less "qualified by a greenish hue," *Mr. Punch* can see no colourable pretext to dispute. *Mr. Punch* may likewise add, that the only party colour which finds favour in his eyes is the colour of the money of the wise "party" who subscribes to his inimitable print.

"GOING IT LIKE VINCKE-ING."

MONSIEUR DE VINCKE tells us that he "places great reliance on the ghost of CHATHAM, as a means of rousing the spirit of England." How one's spirit should be roused by the appearance of a ghost, *Mr. Punch* has not the ghost of an idea. The general impression is, that if one saw a ghost one would feel less elevation than depression of one's spirit: but though JOHN BULL is not the man to be frightened at a ghost, the sight of one would rather raise his wonder than his dander. JOHN BULL has settled down to smoke the pipe of peace, and he has no wish to be "roused" from that enviable attitude. Anyhow, it must be a substantial cause to rouse him; a ghost would be by far too shadowy to do so. Besides, however much "reliance" M. DE VINCKE may place on it, there is a doubt if CHATHAM'S ghost would rise up if he conjured it; in fact, to speak more plainly, there's not the shade of an excuse to think the Shade would do so. DE VINCKE'S reliance, therefore, on it as a means to rouse JOHN BULL seems to *Mr. Punch* a little premature. "First catch your ghost," is an obvious necessity; and in calculating that JOHN BULL would let the ghost of CHATHAM rouse him, M. DE VINCKE is clearly reckoning without his g-host.

Brag is a Good Roman Dog.

WHAT a noise the Roman Catholics do make, whenever they have converted anybody. They cackle as though Popery, like another Capitol, was to be saved by the noise they made. Now, we wish they would try to convert SPOONER and NEWDEGATE; and, when they have succeeded, we will give them full liberty to brag about the conversion as loudly as they please, nor will we quarrel with them about the noise they make over it. In fact, we are not sure whether we should not join in their cheers, and be the first to congratulate them on their two-fold victory.

FASHION BOOKS FOR BABIES.

HERE, my *dear Mr. Punch*, I have *such* a treat for you. Now, *do* guess what it is! But no, I'm sure you can't, and so I mean to tell you. Am I not *kind*, Sir? Now, only just read this:—

"The genial rays of spring sunshine have called forth a variety of elegant novelties. Out-door dress, whether for the promenade or the carriage, begins to assume the hues which Nature loves to wear at the present season. Accordingly the most fashionable colours are the various shades of green and lilac, mauve and violet. Among the most favourite materials for out-door costume may be mentioned taffety moiré, figured with small sprigs or spots. Striped silks are also much in favour, but this year Fashion decrees that the stripes shall run longitudinally and not horizontally."

"There now, *isn't* that delightful! Only think of the spring sunshine calling forth the 'elegant novelties' of dress, just as it calls forth the lovely butterflies and buttercups, and all the other charming novelties of Nature. And how nice it is to find that what is *natural* is *fashionable*, and that one may wear 'the hues which Nature loves to wear'—that is to say, of *course*, if they suit one's *complexion*. And O! I *am* so glad that striped silks are 'in favour,' for I bought O! such a love of a striped silk dress last autumn when we were in Brussels, and what *ever* we are to do for gloves this year I *can't* think, for of course no one can *dream* of going abroad with all this fighting, and it 's quite horrible to think of, *Mr. Punch*, now isn't it? But of course it won't be *half* so inconvenient to you *men*, for you buy your gloves *anywhere*, and indeed *numbers* of you now never seem to me to wear them, excepting upon Sundays and at Flower Shows, and places where the presence of us ladies *obliges* you to do so—But what was I speaking of? O, I recollect, it was about my striped silk dress. I am so *glad* that it 's in fashion, for I 've only worn it twice, because you know we 've been in mourning, and it will do *so* nicely if I can but get it altered so as to make the stripes run up and down instead of round and round it. I wish to *goodness* Fashion wouldn't be so changeable. It is so horribly expensive always altering one's dresses, and you know with all one's cutting and contriving one can never make an old dress look as though it were a new one. But after all it 's no good grumbling. Of course, whatever Empress Fashion may decree one *must* submit to. One could never *dream* of wearing horizontal stripes, when Fashion has decreed that we must wear them longitudinally!

"But, dear me, *Mr. Punch*, how I *have* been running on. I 'm sure when I sat down I had not the least *idea* of telling you about my *dress*. Of course so *great* a PERSONAGE ought not to be *troubled* about things so *insignificant*. What I wished to tell you, and I 'm quite sure that it will be a *great treat* to you to hear it, is that in the paper where I spied out the above sweetly interesting passage, and it *does* surprise me I must say, *Mr. Punch*, that you who do so much for the *instruction* of the public, do not do a little more to try and *edify* the *ladies*, and make your young men *weekly* write about the *Fashions* and such *instructive* topics, instead of all those horrid *politics*, which we are all so tired of, and none of us a *bit* the wiser or the better for. It seems to me such a pity that your *valuable space* should be wasted on such *trifles* as Reform Bills and things, when there are such *important* matters as new bonnets to be thought of, and subjects of such *interest* as wide skirts to be discussed. But all this while I 'm keeping you, poor man! from the treat I have in store for you. You will find it at the end of the article I 've quoted. After describing some such *ducks* of dresses worn in Paris, O! how it makes one's eyes water to think of them! the dear delightful writer explains the illustrations, which have been added by some clever artist to the article. And this is the description which is given of—

"Fig. 2. (*Baby.*) Long robe of nansouk, with tablier front, formed of rich needlework and lace insertion. The latter is disposed so as to leave intermediate lozenge-formed spaces, which are embroidered in satin stitch. The cap is formed of insertion and needlework, and has a full double border of Valenciennes lace. On one side there is a bow of blue ribbon. A broad blue sash is fixed on one shoulder, and after passing across the front of the corsage is drawn under the arm and fastened at the back of the waist in a bow with long flowing ends."

"There now, isn't *that* a treat for you! Is it not *delightful* to think of even *babies* being dressed *à la mode*, and having their small toilettes made according to the fashion! How nice it seems to think that the *tiddy ickle sings* should have their 'robes of nansouk' and their 'satin stitch embroidery,' and should be costumed for the cradle as when more mature they will be for the carriage or the concert! Besides, who can tell how this may not affect their disposition? As the boy, *Mr. Punch*, is the father to the man, I suppose so is the girl the mother to the woman: and by nurturing an early love of finery and fashion, we may secure its ripe development in after years. You of *course* know, *Mr. Punch*, that to many of us ladies the employment of *dressing* is the chief business of our lives. As gourmands live to eat, fine ladies live to dress; and if we wish to bring our girls up to this business, I think we can't do better than begin with them as babies. To train up a child in the way in which the milliners and *beau monde* would have her go, let us have by all means a *Fashion Book for Babies*, and let their first spelling lesson be taken from its leaves.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your *true* friend and well-wisher (only *please* now don't make fun of me),

"AUGUSTA GUSHINGTON,
"(*née* JONES)."

"P.S. I suppose that as the *father* of a *family* you will say Valenciennes is too *expensive* for your nursery. But you ought to recollect, Sir, the dear little ducksy-wucksys are your own flesh and blood, and have as much right to their *little luxuries* as you have. Give up your *Greenwich dinners*, do, you greedy man, and then you 'll *easily* afford to let your wife buy nice laced baby-linen.

"P.S. Do you notice that your poppet must wear a *broad blue sash*, which, mind, must be 'passed across the front of the *corsage*,' and be 'fastened at the *waist* in a bow with flowing ends.' I suppose that to give a proper shape to the corsage, it will be *essential* that one's babies should wear *stays*. The little feet of the Chinese ladies are formed when in the cradle, and while our *small waists* are in fashion the process of *compression* might likewise begin in babyhood."

FINANCIERS AND FLEABITES.

THE fact cannot be too widely known, and *Punch* may therefore publish it, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, when addressing his Constituents, spoke of the National Debt as being "a mere fleabite."

Now, knowing as he does the resources of the country, *Punch* is not disposed to make the National Debt a bugbear; but still less is he inclined to view it as a fleabite. If we call things by right names, we cannot talk of debts of some few hundred millions as being merely fleabites. *Punch* has very little doubt that were it necessary to raise the needful for the debt, our national resources would enable us to do so. But there is no use in denying that the process would pinch us more than a "mere fleabite;" and *Punch* therefore enters a protest to the phrase, as being in accordance with neither truth nor taste. If MR. DISRAELI thinks by speaking of our national expenses as "mere fleabites" to reconcile the country to paying a War Income-tax, when the country has no liking nor occasion for a War, and has said and done its best to keep its rulers out of one, *Punch* thinks, should this be so, that when MR. DISRAELI next "goes to the country" he will return to town with rather a large fleabite in his ear, by a flea bred from that by which the country has been bitten.

Advice to Those who wish to Pick up Something on the Turf.

YOUNG man, be moderate in your bets. Look at the Goose with the Golden Eggs, and reflect upon his ruin, and ask yourself whether it was not accelerated entirely by what he was in the habit of laying? Take warning from his melancholy fate, and bear in mind that the less you lay, the less chance there is of your being ultimately cut up.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

Lamentable Ignorance.

SOME fools, who evidently know nothing of human nature, have been trying to bribe the Swiss in Rome. What a senseless waste of money! The blockheads deserve to have lost it, as they did, for not having offered enough. "PARLEZ AU SUISSE" if you like, but do not insult the poor faithful fellow by offering him a miserable sum that his conscience, knowing the full value of what an incorruptible nature like his is worth, will not allow him to accept. Shame!

NON-INTERVENTION.—So strong is KOSSUTH in favour of non-intervention, that he intends disposing of the 40,000 muskets which were presented to him by subscription in America, and forwarding the proceeds to the Peace Society.

DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party. "A NEVER THINK A FL'ER'S HAD T' MUSH WINE S'LONG AS A WINDSUP-ISH WASH!" [*Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.*

THE CALL OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT dost thou sing, melodious Nightingale?
What and to whom? Unto thy nestling mate,
Perchance thou dost outpour thy tender tale,
Begun so early and sustained so late.

To her if thou dost warble loving vows
Of constancy all night as well as day,
Would I could understand thee like thy spouse!
What is the meaning of thy tuneful lay?

'Tis the same story o'er and o'er again,
An old, old story—that at least we know—
Love thrills with rapture in thy gushing strain;
'Tis fond affection in incessant flow.

But hark!—thou speakest from thy leafy nook,
In voice articulate among the twigs.
What do I hear? Thou callest "Chook, chook, chook!"
Oh, Nightingale!—so thou dost call the pigs!

Louis Napoleon's Right Hand.

MONSIEUR DE LA GUERRONIÈRE has recently been appointed the guardian angel of the morals of the French press. That spotless gentleman is the bosom friend of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and the principal *collaborateur* in all his great pamphleteering successes. He had two or three fingers in the concoction of *Napoléon Trois et l'Italie*, and other similar inspired productions. A Bonapartist was recently repeating the Bordeaux manifesto, which has since been so beautifully verified, of *L'Empire c'est la Paix*. "*Bêtise, Monsieur,*" sharply exclaimed the PRINCESS MATHILDE, "say rather that *L'Empire c'est La* GUERRONIÈRE."

Sticking to his Colours.

"NOA! I'se allus been true Blew, I'll never wote for Yaller!" exclaimed a "free and independent" somewhere down in "Silly Suffolk." But the voter after all, although he plumped for "Blew," *did* give his vote for "Yaller:" for yellow was the colour of the money which was handed to him.

SERIOUS STABLE-TALK.

To the Editor of the Record.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SIR,

AMONG our worldly contemporaries' "Sporting Intelligence" is a list of "quotations," which, I should explain to you, means a report of the odds, or proportional wagers laid on the horses that are to run against one another at the approaching Races at Epsom, on a certain Wednesday, when a race of peculiar interest to members of the Turf—yea, and even to the greater portion of the public—annually takes place; and under the head of

"DERBY,"

which, you must know, is the name of the grand horse-race in question, you will find this announcement:—

"2 to 1 against Mr. W. Day's The Promised Land, taken."

Two to one may mean two pounds to one, or two hundred pounds to one hundred, or two thousand pounds to one thousand, or even greater sums in the same ratio, which they who are given to horse-racing sometimes bet upon a horse that is celebrated for exceeding great swiftness. Such persons have hitherto been, with too much reason, accounted a profane kind of men; and hence the pastime to which their lives are devoted has acquired an unsanctified character. They have been regular only in the observance of the Derby and similar days; and their conversation and language have been at best unscriptural. I feel great pleasure, therefore, in calling your attention to the name of MR. DAY'S horse above mentioned; because it consists of a familiar phrase in the language of professors, and its adoption warrants the hope of a happy change of heart on the part of that animal's owner. Peradventure, MR. W. DAY is related to MR. JOHN DAY of Stockbridge, and to other gentlemen of the same name and place, long celebrated in the annals of the sporting world. If so, may we not indulge the pleasing expectation that his example may be followed by the conversion of his relatives, and that all the other DAYS will likewise embrace serious views? Let us trust that we may be privileged to witness the realisation of this blessed prospect; and that the brightness of DAY, in connection with the "Promised Land," will henceforth shine not more often in the *Sporting Magazine* than in the *Evangelical*. Oh! believe me, my dearly beloved contemporary,

Your affectionate Fellow Labourer,

PUNCH.

P.S. May not some of the itinerant preachers who frequent race-courses have been the instruments of that work which has resulted in inducing an ossy man to give his race-horse a serious appellation? By the way, could you not devote a leader to the enumeration of names which awakened jockeys and owners of studs might henceforth confer upon their quadrupeds, instead of designations borrowed from the heathen mythology, and other more or less sinful quarters?

Fellowship amongst Cups.

LORD EBURY was remarking that there was no sincerity, no fraternisation, no real friendship amongst drunkards. "Excuse me, my Lord," interposed a rising briefless barrister, "but how do you account then for the French proverb, which distinctly tells us that '*Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire*'—which, for the benefit of your Lordship, I may as well translate thus 'A *sot* always finds a greater *sot* to admire him.'" LORD EBURY suddenly recollected that he had a most pressing appointment.

The School for Butchers.

A COMPANY of Butchers has left Paris to join the French army. Is Italy to be made a greater slaughter-house than it already is? or have these butchers simply gone to improve themselves in their business by taking a few lessons of the Austrians? In this instance, we are afraid the professional butchers will be completely eclipsed by the amateurs.

A HORSE-LAUGH.

Ostler. "*Ax pardon, Sir; but you ain't the Owner of 'Promised Land?'*"

THE DERBY RACE.

MR. PUNCH has no wish to debar his readers from acquiring information on the subject of the Derby Race. On the contrary, indeed, if he can do so without quackery, he will assist them to obtain the best and most reliable intelligence. Without in any way pretending that he has the gift of prophecy, *Mr. Punch* conceives himself at liberty to mention that any persons wishing to be "put up to a thing or two," and generally become "knowing ones" in the matter of the Derby Race, will find all the latest information in *Burke's Peerage*, or the *Red Book*. Every particular is there given of the Derby house and family. They will learn there to a certainty whom the present Earl succeeded in the family, —though his succeeding in the House remains at present doubtful. Politically considered, the Derby Race is thought to be pretty well nigh run; and as there is a proverb that the race is to the swift, one won't feel much astonishment if one should hear in a few weeks that the slow coach-horse, *Conservative*, has irretrievably been distanced.

Self-Preservation.

WE are told that "self-preservation is the first law of Nature." Does this law hold good with the inhabitants of Sardinia? We shall see in the coming struggle whether the Sardines do know how to preserve themselves in every case.

H.R.H.—A MYSTERY!

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE are a good many perplexing pictures shown this year at the Academy, but to my mind the most puzzling is No. 81. Of this painting the *Times* tells us that 'loyalty should silence criticism.' But though criticism be dumb, curiosity will speak. The doings of Royalty are dear to every Briton, and I want to know what Royalty is doing in this picture. Not less wonderful, H.R.H. is not attired in martial dress, in which he generally indulges when sitting for his portrait: he is simply arrayed in the costume of a gentleman, in the black coat, vest, and—so on—of the present period.

"But it is not so much his person as position that perplexes me. H.R.H. is represented standing on a rock, and behind him is a light-house and a surging stormy sea, on which he has most prudently and wisely turned his back. His right hand is clenched upon his manly breast, and in his left he holds the scroll which is so dear to portrait painters. His features are as fixed as is the rock whereon he stands, and there gleams on them a glimpse of happy inspiration, such as they might have worn in the proud moment of invention of his far-famed Hat!

"Now, I ask in all humility, what is H.R.H. about? Whence cometh this expression of '*Eureka!*' on his face? Can it be that H.R.H. is on the point of embarcation, and thinks he has discovered a specific against sea-sickness? Or is there a deeper meaning in the picture? Is the storm in the background to be accepted as a symbol of the war-storm which is raging, and is H.R.H. portrayed as having turned his back on it, to indicate the course which the Court means to pursue? The Catalogue informs me that H.R.H. is simply pictured 'as Master of the Trinity House,' and that his portrait has been 'painted for the Corporation.' But this does not account for his peculiar position, nor for the inspired expression of his face. Neither does it explain the not a whit less curious fact that, albeit winds and waves are raging furiously around him, his hair (what there is of it) is neat and crisply curled, and his whiskers and moustache are both unruffled and unwet. There is a mist of spray about him, and it is to me a myst-ery how H.R.H. keeps dry in it.

"Why he is so painted, and why being so painted he is hung up so conspicuously, are also mysteries to me which only you, *Mr. Punch*, who know all things, can unravel; and as a constant reader, and, what is more, a constant purchaser, I venture to prefer my claim to hope you will.

"I remain, with utmost reverence both for you and H.R.H. (the Man, but not the Mystery),

"GIORGIONE JONES."

"P.S. Talking of mysteries, do you know why sculptors send their works to the Academy? It can't be for Exhibition, for nobody can see them."

Roman Letters.

SO anxious is PIO NONO to get out of Rome, if he can, that the PRINCE OF WALES said that "the true meaning of Papacy, if carried out to the letter, would at the present moment be found to be P.P.C.—*Pour Prendre Congé.*"

THE ITALIAN QUADRILLE.

AS DANCED BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN ARMIES.

Cavalier seul by GENERAL GYULAI.
General *Ronde d'hilarité*.

OUR Own Correspondent informs us that the following have been the movements of the two armies for the last ten days. As they are now perfect in their steps, it is supposed they will shortly begin to take a few fresh ones:—

The Austrians advance.
The French retire.
The French advance.
The Austrians retire.
They change sides, and repeat the same figure several times.
They fire down the middle.
They join arms, cross bayonets, seize each other in the best way they can, and *chassez croisée* for some considerable time.
Both *balancez* to take breath.
Opposite sides advance, meet half-way, salute one another, and then retire to their original places.
Cavalier seul by LOUIS NAPOLEON.
Cavalier seul by VICTOR EMMANUEL.
Grand galop round the country.

As soon as this Quadrille is over, they begin again.

A NO-WAR SONG.

To Her Majesty's Ministers.

BENEATH Protection's flag arrayed,
But not once more against Free Trade,
Advance, you gentlemen in power,
Or change your places for the Tower.

Protection of you we require,
Against invading sword and fire;
By sea and land attack to bide,—
We want all that, and more beside.

Protection from those German tricks
(Confound all foreign politics!)
By which endeavours will be made,
Through your means, to obtain our aid.

Know, we will fight on no pretence,
Except alone for self-defence;
From either side aloof we'll stand,
We care but for our native land.

Then, oh! if you are wise, beware,
Good Sirs, of Pope and Kaiser's snare;
For them request us wars to wage?
Pause ere you tempt a nation's rage.

You, WISEMAN's new allies, take heed!
For Rome shall we be taxed and bleed?
For Austria draw both sword and purse?
Say yes!—and take the nation's curse.

May we have cause to say no more,
Or you shall hear the people roar:
Meanwhile, mark England's gentle cry;
It is—"No war; no Popery!"

The Heat in Paris.

A LADY writes from Paris to say that the heat during the last week has been so intense that it is impossible to keep a secret for longer than half-an-hour.

THE PRESS AND THE BAR.

A LATE police report, of no interest to anybody but the prisoner's friends, and the prosecutors, informs us that:—

"The prosecution was conducted by MR. BLANK, and the prisoner was defended by MR. STARS, the barrister."

Will the gentlemen who report police-cases explain why it is that, whenever they have occasion to name a forensic gentleman as concerned on either side, they invariably prefix the definite article to the word barrister? "The prisoner was defended by MR. STARS, *the* barrister." Why *the* barrister? Is "*the* barrister" equivalent to "the celebrated barrister?" Is MR. STARS pre-eminent above other barristers? He may come to be; we hope he will; he may be a rising counsel now: he will perhaps be Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice, or Lord Chancellor by-and-by; may we all live to see him on the woolsack! But he has not yet attained to the top of his profession. Nothing is generally known of MR. STARS the barrister, to distinguish him from MR. SMITH the barrister. In fact, if there is a barrister named SMITH, he also will figure in the police reports as MR. SMITH *the* barrister. The same rule will be observed with respect to MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, barristers. Not so with MR. SMITH and the other, or any other legal gentlemen, if attorneys. MR. SMITH will simply be called MR. SMITH, solicitor, and the rest likewise: solicitors without articles, definite or indefinite. What is meant by the peculiar distinction assigned to the barrister? Pre-eminence of some kind. But, as has been shown, that pre-eminence is not pre-eminence by comparison with other barristers. By comparison with whom then? By comparison, we presume, with the other parties principally concerned in police-court business. "The barrister" is a man of rank in relation to people of an inferior grade. The indefinite article denotes estimation, as the definite does the reverse. The gentlemen who write "*the* barrister" would write "*a* sweep."

The honour of the indefinite article conferred on an advocate, whose humble function is perhaps the defence of a pickpocket, appears to evince a sense of the superiority of that learned gentleman to everybody else in the court, except perhaps the magistrate, in respectability of social position.

MR. PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

THAT He, and a good many thousand other extremely respectable persons, will have on Thursday morning a perfect recollection of the way they went down, and a very imperfect one of the way they came up.

That He, and the others above mentioned, will try to propitiate the partners of their bosoms, by presenting them with handsful of those abominable little long-legged dolls for the children, and will be eminently unsuccessful. Possibly they may succeed better, towards the end of the week, with the long-promised dinner at the Trafalgar, and the opera-box for the next night, or something else which may mitigate the well-merited wrath of the British Matron.

That about three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the telegraph will have proclaimed, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the name of the victor in the great race.

Mr. Punch has, in the above observations, named the winner; so make your bets. Tooey-tooey-tooey-too!

An Admirable War Footing.

COUSIN ALFRED was reading out to JULIA (his arm was round her waist, for he found that that attitude helped him over the Italian words wonderfully) the account of the Austrian Campaign. JULIA listened with a rapt attention that the subject scarcely deserved. "The late MARSHAL MARMONT used to say" (pursued ALFRED in his deep-toned voice), "that Austria could stamp armies out of the earth." "Good gracious me, dear ALFRED," laughingly exclaimed the peach-tinted JULIA, half blushing to interrupt a narrative so intensely interesting, "if Austria can stamp in that way, what famous military heels she must have."

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

AN Imaginary Conversation between a Dumb-Bell and a Dumb-Waiter.—TUPPER's doing it!

"NOT A RAP TO CHOOSE BETWEEN 'EM."

WELL! CHIPPENHAM—as we learn from KEENE'S *Bath Journal*—has at length done something to distinguish itself. That respectable market-town should henceforth stand recorded in the *Gazetteer*, as the "Toss-up Borough." To its ancient and once Tory precincts, railways have, it seems among other innovations, brought the pestilent doctrines of Liberalism in their train. Young Chippenham has determined to have henceforth at least one Liberal Member. But young Chippenham, though mighty, is merciful. It will be content for the present with half the representation. One Tory shall be taken and the other left. Old Chippenham recognises its fix, and, on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread," consents to make a JONAH of one of its Tory Members, in order to save the other. But which shall be the JONAH? Neither COLONEL BOLDERO nor MR. LONG has any disposition to play *Curtius*, and leap into the gulf which the Earthquake of Liberalism has opened in the Forum of Chippenham. Since neither will go to the wall, one must be pushed. Which one shall it be? How are the respective Committees to decide?

By merits?

BOLDERO is as bad as LONG: LONG no better than BOLDERO.

By services?

BOLDERO has done nothing for the Borough: LONG has helped BOLDERO.

By opinions?

BOLDERO says ditto to LORD DERBY: and LONG says ditto to BOLDERO.

The scales won't do—that's clear. Shall we try the sword? No. LONG and BOLDERO are brothers. If Toryism be a failing cause in Chippenham, let it at least die decently, and not go out in a row. Let it sink before the blows of its enemy, not fall by internecine strife.

And so, the Tory Committees—as jurors in a perplexity have done ere this—agreed to settle the great Chippenham cause of BOLDERO *v.* LONG by a toss. The Romans asked the will of the gods by the entrails of a heifer, or the pecking of a chicken; the augurs of Chippenham will ascertain the will of the great Tory god, Terminus—by skying a copper. All agree there isn't a rap to choose between the two men: then let a rap decide the choice.

So said, so done. The eventful halfpenny was produced—big with the fate of BOLDERO—laden with the lot of LONG. Whose genius perched on which side of the coin we are not informed—whether the gallant BOLDERO—as "None but the brave deserve the fair"—took the side of lovely "Woman," while LONG—in his capacity of Major of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry—stood firm by "Man," and still more, in his character of gentleman farmer, by GEORGE THE THIRD, whose head probably adorned the copper.

On all these points the Muse of contemporary History is silent. She but records the fact—so imposing in its naked simplicity—that on the spinning of a mean coin of the realm, of the denomination of one halfpenny, was staked the Tory representation of Chippenham, and that LONG won the toss!

The mode of decision seems at first blush undignified; but to *Mr. Punch*, deeply reflecting upon it, there is much that is admirable in the device of Old Chippenham. How many candidates are there worth a contest? How few, of whom we must not, in fairness, admit that it is only a toss-up between 'em? Why not in all these cases settle it as Chippenham has done, by a toss-up? Since brass has so often decided elections, why shrink from a selection determined by copper? Only, it should be insisted upon that the coin used in these cases should be carefully chosen, and its devices consistently appropriated, each to its party. Let the one side present the narrow, retreating brow, rabbit mouth, and receding chin of obstinate old GEORGE THE THIRD, and let his "head" be the consecrated symbol of Old Toryism; while Britannia,—no longer "La Belle Stuart,"—shall stand for the watchful and awakened genius of the country—Young England—calm on her wave-girt rock; the wisdom of a thousand years in her eyes; in her hands the sceptre of the sea; by her side the couchant Lion.

LORD DERBY'S HORACE.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, "*St. James's Square, Sunday.*

"YOU were civil enough to speak well of my translation of *Donec tibi*, in RAVENSWORTH'S Horace. But here's another version of it, more in your line. I knocked it off while I was shaving, this morning, and cut my nose at 'obleege,' laughing. Stick it in. You left out that bit I sent you about ROTHSCHILD and the boy MORTARA, which was a shame.

"Ever, my dear Boy, yours faithfully,

"*The Lord Punch, &c. &c.*" "DERBY."

RECONCILIATION.

"Donec tibi gratus eram."—Hor. iii. 9.

PAM.

When you liked me, dear JOHN, and we fought side by side,
And nobly those bigoted Tories defied,
My fiery ambition your praises were fanning,
By Jove, there were times when I thought myself CANNING.

JOHN.

Ah! those were the days when my PAM was a Brick,
Nor over the traces had ventured to kick,
But submitted, in duty, his views and his letters
To revision by statesmen, his patrons and betters.

PAM.

But CLARENDON now is my *fidus* ACHATES,
My Mentor, my prompter, my prophet, my Vates,
He smokes all the games of King, Despot, or Czar,
As quick as he smokes his eternal cigar.

JOHN.

My views have advanced since the year Thirty-Two,
JOHN BRIGHT has informed me the right thing to do.
With him to the boroughs I mean to lay siege,
In fact at his wish I'd do aught to obleege.

PAM.

But if griefs were patched up, and we worked the same way,
As we did in the times of BROUGHAM, DURHAM, and GREY,
And I snubbed smoky C., and I joined, heart and *vox*,
With our only great statesman since SOMERS and FOX?

JOHN.

Though BRIGHT is in earnest his objects to gain,
And you are as frothy as CLICQUOT'S champagne,
I'll drop the plebeian (for Lords should consort),
If you join me, and flummox LORD D. and the Court.

FASHIONABLE VULGARISM.

THE following is an example of a style of fashionable announcement lately grown customary:—

"LADY PAKINGTON 'received' last evening at the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Observe that "receive" is printed between inverted commas. Why? The question may be answered by a quotation from the poetry of the lower orders:—

"JOSEPH BUGGINS 'guv' a party."

The inverted commas in the foregoing line serve to mark the word "guv" as the vulgar preterite tense of the verb "to give." In the same way, perhaps, those which enclose the term "received" are meant to stigmatise it as a verb active, which ought to govern an accusative case expressed, but which only does govern an accusative case understood; that accusative case to be conjectured from its obviousness, in a spirit of candour. We know that LADY PAKINGTON received company. There are ladies who receive stolen goods—for example. These considerations should prevent a refined journalist from putting the word "received" in inverted commas after the name of a lady.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF NEUTRALITY.—"I never says nuffen to nobody, and when I says a thing I always does it."—*Anon.*

THE SONG OF THE DIALS.—"*We are Seven.*"

INVASION, INDEED! WHY, HERE IS A CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF*—WHAT WITH THE GLANCES AND THE ARROWS THEY WOULD SHOOT, AN ENEMY WOULD BE WORRIED TO DEATH IN NO TIME!

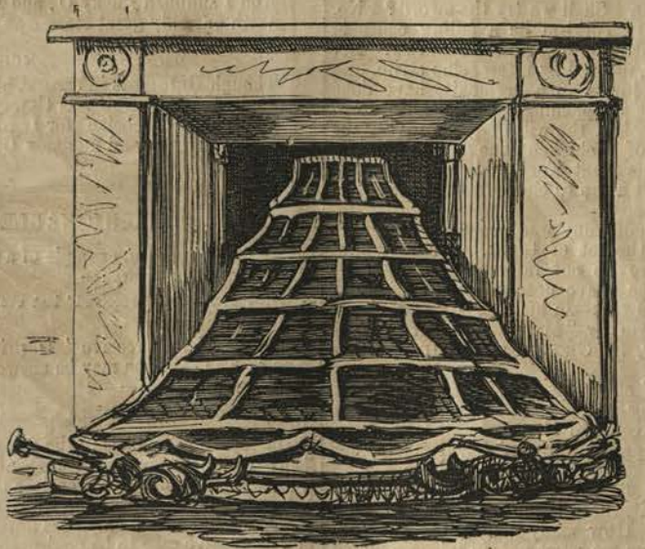
* The Royal Knickerbocker Archers.

TRIBULATION AND SPANISH BONDS.

TOUCHING the claims of the Spanish bondholders, defrauded by a nation of rogues, an opinion given by DR. ROBERT PHILLIMORE has lately been published. One would think there could be only one opinion on the subject, and DR. PHILLIMORE'S coincides with it; but we particularly agree with the following portion of that delivered by the learned Doctor:—

"In the unhappy event of such an attempt to procure justice proving ineffectual, it will remain for the Government of the injured subjects to take such measures in their behalf as it may deem expedient."

Certainly; and as any wise Government will deem no measures that it could possibly take on behalf of those aggrieved parties expedient, no wise Government will take any. It is hard for the dupes of Spanish rascality to lose their money, but they had no business to lend it to foreigners. Let their example be a warning to all other unpatriotic fools who supply the sinews of war to brutes who are, or may be, the enemies of England. We hope that all those who shall henceforth be guilty of such base stupidity will be ruined, and go to the workhouse. To encourage them to commit a blunder so gross and a crime so atrocious, by extorting redress for the Spanish bondholders from the debtors by whom they have been deservedly swindled, would be the act of a Government—if not of blockheads—of traitors whose heads would merit the block.



AN ORNAMENT FOR THE FIRE STOVE—CRINOLINE USEFUL AT LAST.

RUNNING AND BOLTING.—First the Derby then the Luncheon. In the former, the race is to the Swift; in the second, to the Swallow.

"A BAD SECOND."—A Quaker in a Duel.

How the Feelings of Princes do run away with Them!

"I BELIEVE that PRINCE NAPOLEON commands the right wing of the French army?" said one old veteran to another. "More likely, the one that's left," was the reply of one who had known the Prince in the Crimea.

A Little Lesson for the Pope.

YOU must do at Rome precisely as Rome does, and as Rome cannot move, you must not think of moving. You must both stop where you are.—*Advice, pointed by the bayonet, by the French on one side, and the Austrians on the other.*

THE DERBY—THE RETURN.

JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, SHOW YOUR TICKET! THREE HUNDRED AND TWO! YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH WITH THAT!"

SLANG AND SANSCRIT.

SLANG is the fashion at the present moment, and there seems a fair prospect that the language in which ADDISON and GIBBON wrote, and in which LORD MACAULAY and MR. BUCKLE still continue to write, which was spoken by BURKE and SHERIDAN, and in which MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT are still able to express their sentiments, will soon be overwhelmed by a torrent of extraneous expressions, coming we know not whence, and hurrying us we know not whither.

Every day the Genius of Slang embraces a wider area beneath its extending wings.

Its influence is no longer confined to the male youth of the nation, the class in whom we may expect to find the Athenian element developed, ever searching after novelty, or receiving it with open arms.

Long since it penetrated into the Forum, and now we meet it in the Senate, and even the pulpit itself is no longer free from its intrusion.

It greets us from the lips of beauty. The fair sex have even dropped the faint pretence of apology, which at first they were wont to add to a highly flavoured sentence: "as HENRY or ADOLPHUS would say," unfairly endeavouring to transfer the guilt of their phraseology to an unfortunate brother or cousin. Probably some young ladies who were unable to resist the fascinations of the new dialect were not blessed with male relations, so even this faint admission of impropriety has gradually become extinct. These ladies have much to answer for, for their utterance gives a fair stamp to the base metal, which must necessarily increase its circulation, and as far as they are individually concerned, the habit is dangerous. There have been many courtships which have ultimately ended happily, in whose course the suitor has met with occasional rebuffs; but we can scarcely imagine the lover whose courage would be sufficient to enable him to return to the charge, when his first advances had been checked by a simple suggestion to "Shut up!" But the blame does not rest with the younger ladies alone, even the British matron on whose fair brow sit dignity and grace enthroned, does not always escape contagion, for she has been known to observe with regret that the youthful hope of the family looked "seedy" at the morning breakfast-table.

The allegory which pervades the conversation of all Eastern nations is the foundation of Western slang; and the increased number of students of the Oriental languages, especially since Sanscrit and Arabic have been made subjects for the Indian Civil Service Examinations, may have contributed to supply the English language with a large portion of its new dialect. While, however, the spirit of allegory comes from the East, there is so great a difference between the brevity of Western expression, and the cumbrous diction of the Oriental, that the origin of a phrase becomes difficult to trace. Thus, for instance, whilst the Turkish merchant might address his friend somewhat as follows:—"That which seems good to my father is to his servant as the perfumed breath of the west wind in the calm night of the Arabian summer;" the Western negotiator observes more briefly, "All serene!"

The compliment which one friend is understood to pay another when he states emphatically that he is "a bean," is evidently of Oriental origin; since, to give it the weight which it actually possesses, we must consider the bean (or some similar pulse for which the word bean has been substituted) as forming a much more important article of food than either broad beans or scarlet runners do in this country. The expression has not the authority of *Gulliver*, though we can understand the importance it would possess as an appellation if it had been current among the Houhynhms.*

"Brick" must be allowed to be an exception, its Greek derivation being universally admitted, corresponding so exactly as it does in its rectangular form and compactness to the perfection of manhood, according to the views of PLATO and SIMONIDES;† but any deviation from the simple expression in which locality is indicated,—as, for instance, "a genuine Bath,"—decidedly breathes the Oriental spirit.

There is nothing at first sight in the idea of being "up a tree" which conveys anything particularly unpleasant to the imagination. In a warm summer day it would be rather a pleasant place than otherwise; and, as a general rule, if the climbing experiences of our youth are recalled, it is much easier to come down than to get up. But if to our condition "on the tree top" we introduce the element of a tiger walking round and round and waiting for us at the bottom, the case becomes quite altered; and certainly some supposition of this kind is necessary to give the expression the mournful signification it usually bears.

Whilst the allegory of slang is Oriental, it must be admitted that the form of words it takes is occasionally decidedly European. For instance, "getting a pull," an expression redolent of advantage to English ears, if construed literally, would be the last thing in the world that, under any circumstances, a Turk would wish to have.

On the other hand, there are some Turkish words which have been engrafted bodily on the English language. There is one, whose innate force and beauty the slangographer is reluctantly compelled to admit. It is the only word which seems a proper appellation for a great deal which we are obliged to hear and to read every day of our life. It will be scarcely necessary to mention that that word is "Bosh."

An eminent historian* has recently advanced a theory, that the inhabitants of climates subject to violent convulsions of nature become more imaginative than those who dwell in lands where there is little alteration in the ordinary course of things. If this theory is adopted, it may be fairly concluded that the violent epithets which slang applies to everything and everybody are exotics; and they would be only excusable in those whose life is passed amidst the roar of cataracts, the roll of thunders, the rumbling of volcanos, and the crash of earthquakes. But the single thunderstorm of an English summer is not a sufficient excuse for calling a pair of peculiarly-tinted trousers "howling-bags;" or denominating a graceful girl, with blue eyes and fair hair "a crusher;" or even for stating that she is "awfully" pretty.

It has been suggested that there is no novelty in the existence of "slang;" that in all countries and in all times there has been an unwritten language, as well as an unwritten law; but it cannot be denied that the English language, during the last few years, has been planted too assiduously with these flowers of speech. It will be found, too, that many of the older slang expressions were used euphemistically; as, for example, the variety of forms in which allusion was made to inebriety,—"half seas over," "three sheets in the wind," or a suggestion that the individual had been "in the sun," or was a little "cut,"—for all these there was an excuse, as they avoided the painful simplicity of the word "drunk;" or, as our German neighbours might put it, the memory-of-the-Police-Court-recalling-epithet, intoxicated. A similar amnesty might perhaps be extended to modern variations used for the same purpose, whether they partake of the brief and business-like or the Johnsonian phraseology; whether the votary of Bacchus is described as the "screwed" or the "materially altered."

Let these pass. When deformity is hidden, if only by a mask of words, a momentary advantage may be gained. But who can defend the clothing beauty with the garb of ugliness? What can be said in favour of a dialect from whose repertory the beautiful woman, the eloquent statesman, the brave soldier, the stirring preacher, and the successful prize-fighter, may be all comprehended under the denomination "stunner?"†

Can the slangographer venture to suggest a remedy? If a knowledge of Arabic and Sanscrit is necessary to the future administration of the British Empire in India, patriotism would forbid the suggestion that those studies should be curtailed.

From wheresoever the Slang plant draws its sap,—from the East or from the West, or from suckers indigenous to the British soil,—it is a rank weed, and the sooner it is rooted up the better.

* A similar argument will apply to the expression "the cheese" when used to denote perfection. It may be fairly surmised that this mode of compliment has come to us from the Arabs; as it forms an important part of the hospitality they display towards strangers.

† Plato, Protagoras, cap. 29.

* MR. BUCKLE.

† The phrases that have been examined are but a few out of hundreds. We have landed on the islands and out-lying territories, and endeavoured to gauge their soil, but the great continent of Slang lies still unexplored before us.

LATEST BETTING ON THE POLITICAL COURSE.

THE DERBY EVENT.

2 to 1	against	Lord Derby's Majority (taken).
3 to 2	,,	John Russell's Succession ("wanted").
10 to 1	,,	Mr. Disraeli's War Income-tax and Fleabite, coupled.
16 to 1	,,	Lord Malmesbury's Sagacity.
20 to 1	,,	Lord Chelmsford's Nepotism.
25 to 5	,,	John Bright's Reform Bill (offered).
30 to 1	,,	Cardinal Wiseman's Irish Boy (if ridden by Priestcraft).
40 to 1	,,	Sir Jamie Graham's Blarney.
50 to 1	,,	Mr. Whiteside's Bluster.
100 to 1	,,	Lord John and the Bottleholder being coupled.
1000 to 1	,,	The Dizzy Lot and Office, coupled.

THE COUNTRY STAKES.

Rifleman the favourite at 999 to 1.
Austrian Eagle and Court Influence continue without backers.
Long odds against Neutrality, if Government remains in the Tory stables.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Ragged Capitalist to Ditto. "THE WAR CAN'T LAST, SIR; FRANCE AND AUSTRIA HAVEN'T THE MEANS; THEY MUST COME TO US FOR MONEY BEFORE LONG."

PARTICULARS OF THE RUSSELLO-PALMERSTONIAN ALLIANCE.

(*From the Morning Advertiser.*)

WE are happy to be able to give, exclusively, the particulars of the last interview between the noble leaders of the Opposition party—we mean, of course, LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL; and we are equally delighted to be permitted to add, that the discord supposed to exist between those two noble lords will not longer interfere with their acting in concert for the benefit of the country. The great difficulty was, to get the two noblemen to meet in any place where discussion was possible. It would not have been hard for them to have met accidentally at the same dinner-party or *soirée;* but our readers, though not accustomed, like ourselves, to the highest society, may take it from us, that it is not usual for statesmen to begin debating political topics from the two ends of a dinner-table, or in the labyrinthine mazes of the *Lancers* (a species of quadrille dance, in which LORD PALMERSTON is a proficient, but which LORD J. RUSSELL sadly bungles); and therefore the object could not thus be accomplished. It was then thought that the two distinguished individuals might meet at the Exhibition, and that in the gloomy and solitary cell in which the statuary is placed the necessary interview might have occurred. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been at the private view, and from economical motives, which do him the highest honour and promise well for our finances, declined to lay out a shilling in procuring admission; while, we need hardly say, the high spirit of the true British nobleman forbad any one's venturing to advance the money for him. To a meeting at the Zoological Gardens, on Sunday last, LORD PALMERSTON raised the objection, that it was well known that he never countenanced, far less bore part in, any political business transacted on the Sabbath. At the last moment, when the destinies of England seemed trembling in the balance of Fortune, feminine wit, as usual, interposed and solved the problem. LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S residence is in the delightful park of Richmond (not the Richmond in Yorkshire, but the enchanting place in Surrey, which POPE perhaps had in his eye when he wrote—

> "Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
> Invite my lays;"

for there is a forest in Richmond Park; it was formerly the site of the palace of one of our kings; and many of the pleasing verses which have from time to time been written for this Journal were composed in some of the excellent hostelries at Richmond—but this is a digression, which may be pardoned). To invite LORD PALMERSTON to come to LORD JOHN'S house, which is called Pembroke Lodge, on account of the number of Pembroke tables in it, would have been impossible. But, as we have said, a lady's wit made all serene, to adopt the popular phrase. We believe that to LADY JOHN RUSSELL may be attributed the merit of the suggestion, made on coming out of the Opera, that the scenery from the balcony of the Star and Garter (a happy name for the hotel—Hail, Star of Brunswick! and so on) was now very charming in the viridity of spring; and that the pleasant thing was to order dinner, stroll in the park while it was preparing, and then return to the repast and the view. With the exquisite *finesse* of highly-cultivated womanhood, the LADY PALMERSTON apprehended the meaning of the hint, and asked which day was the best, when there were fewest of the London club-men and the rest of the lower orders hanging about and staring. LADY JOHN thought Wednesday a good day, being one of the London dining-out days; and the distinguished ladies entered their respective carriages.

By a curious coincidence, about ten minutes past six on Wednesday evening last, LORD and LADY PALMERSTON were seen traversing the green sod of Richmond Park, when they suddenly came upon LORD and LADY JOHN RUSSELL, and mutual well-bred surprise was manifested, which we may inform our readers is called *embonpong*, or good taste. The distinguished party strolled along, and fortunately came towards the spot where our reporter, to whom a hint had been given, lay hidden in one of the iron tubular drains which intersect the Park. From the carelessly colloquial tone of the two statesmen, and from the difficulty which our reporter had in keeping some frogs and toads, whose residence he had invaded, from hopping into his ears, he could but imperfectly gather what was said. But he distinctly heard LORD JOHN RUSSELL suggest to his noble friend to take a peerage, to which proposal the late Premier responded with an allusion to a party who had taken a name from his habit of constant perambulation. Some laughter followed, and then some talk in a lower key, of which our reporter could only catch, "Lead of the House; they won't stand your chaffing!" Some kind of arrangement was come to, and LORD PALMERSTON said, "Jot down the sort of motion, and send it to me; and GIBSON shall see BRIGHT." The conversation seemed to flag, when one of the ladies—they appeared to have withdrawn a little distance—playfully exclaimed, "Well, are HER MAJESTY'S Ministers ready for their dinner?" A general laugh followed, and LORD JOHN was heard to say, "Talk of that on Tuesday sen'night." The whole party then retired, and our reporter, extricating himself from the pipe-drain, hastened to the Star and Garter, but was refused all information, except that he had better be off. We have, however, stated enough to show that the good and true men of England will not long be left without patriotic leadership; and we would conclude by hoping that the Richmond statesmen will ere long seize the reins of power, for, in the inspired language of the Bard of Avon,

> "Richmond is on the seize, my Lord."

An Army that takes Everything.

IF the marauding exploits that are reported of the Austrians in Lombardy be true—paying for nothing, and helping themselves to everything—we should say that Austria could boast of the largest Rifle Corps in the world. So perfect is every Austrian apparently as a Rifleman that he is sure to take off everything he aims at, and when his great aim seems to be plunder, we need not say what an unerring hand he is generally at it.

"CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR."

"C'est le premier Pa qui coûte?"—
Gammon! "C'est le premier Fils."

[*Young Paterfamilias—apropos of a first experience of the bills on account of "dear baby."*

The Horse for our Money.

MR. PUNCH, to show LORD DERBY its good points, trots out "Neutrality," the country's favourite.

Mr. Punch log. There, my Lord! that's the horse for you to stand upon! He's safe to pull you through, if you will but stick to him!

CÆSAR THE SECOND.—PRINCE NAPOLEON is to be sent to the blockade of Venice, so as to give him an opportunity of writing home, "*Venice, vidi, vici.*"

THE ADVANTAGE OF TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH A COURT.

(A Picture dedicated by Mr. Punch, with his best wishes for success, to the "Playground and General Recreation Society.")

POOR PLAYGROUNDS.

THERE is, just now, a very laudable desire for rifle practice, and grounds are being everywhere adapted for the purpose. Clubs are being formed with a rapidity which shows our hearts are in the matter; and the ladies would, if need were, change their diamonds for spades, as the wherewithal to throw the earth up for our butts. Subscriptions have poured in with an incredible profusion—incredible, that is, to those who have no purse-onal acquaintance with JOHN BULL, and do not know what interest he takes in a good cause, and how willing he is always to invest in it his capital.

But there are other grounds than rifle-grounds just now to be subscribed for; and though they are for little people, they are not of small importance. While remembering our riflemen, we must not forget our popgunners, nor omit to furnish them with fit places for exercise. It is with this view a Society has been set on foot, called "The Playground and General Recreation Society;" and it is with the view of getting JOHN BULL to subscribe to it, that *Mr. Punch*, who is all charity, is tempted once again to notice its existence. As no good work in England proceeds without his influence, *Mr. Punch*, a year ago, proclaimed himself a Patron of the Playground Society, and was pleased to print a column of his reasons for supporting it.* As everyone remembers every word which *Mr. Punch* delights the world by writing, it is needless to repeat the arguments adduced; and as *Mr. Punch* exhausts every topic that he touches, it is not easy to bring forward now fresh reasons for his favour. The establishment of rifle-grounds is, however, a new point of mental view to look from; and it is with an eye to them that *Mr. Punch* sees cause for the formation of popgunneries, or, as they have otherwise been called by him, "Poor Playgrounds."

A proverb is the essence of a century's experience; and a proverb has declared, in too familiar words to quote, that an immature intellect is dulled by constant work, and that intervals of play are requisite to brighten it. In extension of this truth, it may be laid down, likewise, that the absence of amusement has a not less bad corporeal, than it has mental influence, and not only blunts young minds, but is apt to stunt young bodies. It is for this reason especially that, speaking as a rifleman, *Mr. Punch* would speak up for our having more Poor Playgrounds.

It is not absolutely needful that a man should be sharp-witted, in order that by practice he may perfect himself in sharpshooting; but the skill of a sharpshooter depends upon his nerve, and a stunted frame has less of this than has a well-grown one. The children who would use poor playgrounds (if they had them) become the chief material from which we make our troops, and the stronger they grow up, the stronger is the force in battle of our forces. Besides, as play expands the intellect, we perhaps may teach the ragged young idea to shoot, by providing it with proper playgrounds for the purpose. As the child is proverbially paternal to the man, a good shot with a pop-gun, or with a bow and arrow, may become, as he grows up, a good shot with a rifle. At any rate, his limbs, by active service in the playground, will be made more capable of active service in the field; and as the sinews of poor children become in many instances the sinews of war, the more power we give to their young elbows the better.

Punch views, then, a poor playground as being, in fact, one of our National Defences; and on this ground alone it has found favour in his eyes, and should find favour also in the vision of the public. Other pleas for it are not less obvious to sight, as any one who walks abroad in any narrow street can testify. Let the carriage-going Crœsus, who has any doubt of this, procure a new sensation by con-descending, just for once, to take a short cut through a court; and, with a tipcat in his eye and a pegtop on his toes, he will both see and feel the need there is now of poor playgrounds.

Not having public play-places, poor children make playgrounds of the public pavements; and if the public considers this a nuisance, the road to its removal lies through the public's pocket. Let the public subscribe liberally to the Playground Society (as many "potent, grave, and reverend" gent- and nob-lemen have done), and the Society will remove the tip-cat from the eye and the hoop and pegtop from the corns of the public.

* *Vide* "Ragged Playgrounds," *Punch*, May 1, 1858.

COMIC OBSEQUIES.

WE read in the *Court Journal* an account of the funeral of PRINCE ROSPIGLIOSI, at Rome; a story which looks very much like a hoax. According to this narrative the Prince was buried in the family vault of the ROSPIGLIOSI, at the Church of San Francesco a Rippa—conveyed thither in a coach "gaily decked and newly painted for the occasion"—like the LORD MAYOR'S, we suppose. The ceremony concluded with the following absurdity:—

"The head cook in his costume of *cinque cento*, advanced respectfully to the foot of the bier, and, bowing to the ground, asked the usual morning question, 'Your Excellency has orders for me?' The inquiry was made with an expressive smile and a distinctness of utterance which almost shook the nerves of the bystanders. The dead man, however, not betraying by word or gesture any comprehension of the question, the great functionary of the ROSPIGLIOSI household, after waiting patiently for a few moments, withdrew, walking backwards to the door of the church, and, standing in the porch, called out with a stentorian voice to the drivers of the ROSPIGLIOSI carriages, gathered in vast numbers in the piazza, 'Drive home! His Excellency has no further orders to give you, and will require your services no more.'"

The *Court Journal* remarks that the ceremony above partly described will, as belonging to another century and a bygone order of things, doubtless be the last of its kind; an observation which implies a belief that it really did take place in the present century, and the other day. It is difficult to conceive that such a piece of melancholy buffoonery could have been perpetrated anywhere off the stage or out of a lunatic asylum; nevertheless, when we consider that foolery yet more solemn is often performed at Rome with the POPE for first Merry-Andrew, we see it to be possible that this burlesque burial may also have been enacted in the Eternal City. One fool makes many—especially a fool whose cap is three-crowned, and whose bauble consists of the keys of heaven and the other place; and after his Holiness's benediction of cinders, ROSPIGLIOSI'S cook may perhaps have thought that he was not making much of a profane ass of himself by playing *Leporello*, as it were, to his dead master for *Commendatore* in his coffin and in a Church.

There are, however, fools in other places than Rome, and so long as when we look at home, we see that dismal zanies are customarily hired on mournful occasions to attend black vehicles pranked out with feathers, and masquerade in the guise of *Lord Lovel*, we must not say very much about the above Italian tomfool, who rendered himself more ridiculous than a British mute only by speaking.

Mother Wit.

THE following bit of playfulness was overheard in the crush-room of Covent-Garden Opera. The intellectual gladiators were SIR ROBERT PEEL and his great chum SPOONER:—

"I say, what division of Natural History does the Talking Fish belong to?"

"Why, my dear DICK, from the very facile way in which it says 'MA-MA,' I should say it was the *Mammalia*."

Retaliation.

THE Munich ladies have entered into a solemn compact not to wear any French dresses. The Parisian ladies are about to take fearful revenge. A female league will shortly be formed, every member of which is to take an oath that under no circumstances whatever, medical recommendation only excepted, will she drink a drop of Bavarian beer! It is expected that it will be the turn of the sausages next. Cut off the sausages and the beer, and you abolish all the exports that Germany sends to France.

The Crossing Sweeper's Best Friend.

City Swell (splashed by a watering-cart). The Deuce take you, you've spoilt my best peg-tops.

Crossing-Sweeper (appealingly). Don't swear at 'em, Sir—please, Sir, don't. They're the wery best friends we've got. We should starve, Sir, in this 'ere dry weather, if it warn't for them blessed watering-carts. They're bread and meat and drink and washing to *us*, Sir. They do make such a jolly mess!

THE PUPIL TO HIS PARENTS.

"*Euphemia House Academy*, 28/5/59.

"MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"AT the request of my Preceptor, I take an opportunity of writing you a few lines of my own composition, and consisting of remarks on a subject of interest which has presented itself to me in the course of my studies.

"LAURENCE JUNIOR'S parents, the other day, sent him a cake—that surest token of paternal and maternal affection. It was wrapped up in a newspaper called the *Morning Post*, in which I read a singular account of a horse-race at a place named Newmarket, signed with the name of 'ARGUS.'

"Argus was the son of Arestor, whence he was sometimes called Arestorides, on the same principle, my beloved parents, I believe, as that on which is formed the well known name of JOHNSON, which originally signified JOHN'S son, or the son of JOHN; being what the learned denominate a patronymic. Argus married Ismene the daughter of Asopus, son of the heathen deity Neptune, and the tutelar divinity of a river in Thessaly. The poets represented Argus with a hundred eyes, thus elegantly adorning with the garb of fiction the fact that he was always uncommonly wide awake. I am at a loss to explain how this peculiarity occasioned the adoption of his name by a writer whose observations relate principally to the subject of horses.

"Among those observations I encountered the following extraordinary passage:—

"MR. MERRY, who was not present, stood a monkey on his mare, whose condition was quite as good as her opportunity."

"I have devoted several moments of leisure to the consideration of this passage, which contains an expression of extremely doubtful propriety. Let us, my dear parents, endeavour to analyse this very remarkable phrase. What may we imagine to be the meaning of the statement that MR. MERRY 'stood a monkey on his mare.'

"The lower orders, with whose idioms, I have thought it my duty to acquaint myself, only, believe me, in order that I may carefully avoid them, are accustomed to talk of standing an object in a position—for example, standing the poker in the corner, or standing the pewter vessel on the mantel-piece. This is incorrect. Instead of saying I stood the poker in the corner, we should say I placed the instrument so called in that situation—should we not?

"May we therefore conjecture that, when ARGUS stated that MR. MERRY stood a monkey on his mare, he intended to describe the gentleman in question as having, with a view to create diversion, placed an animal of that mischievous disposition and ridiculous appearance on the mare's back? If this supposition is correct, the sport of horse-racing must surely be regarded as consisting, in part at least, of very puerile absurdity, and we shall be inclined to suspect that the name of MR. MERRY is an abbreviation of that of MR. MERRIMAN.

"The above conjecture is, however, irreconcileable with the general correctness of ARGUS in point of grammar; which is the more striking from the consideration, that persons who are conversant with the stable are exceedingly apt to contract the style of conversation which characterises those who are employed in it. This contagion, however, he has not, I fear, entirely escaped. There is too much reason to apprehend, that in the passage under consideration, he uses the word 'stand,' not, indeed, ungrammatically, but as a cant expression. I have ascertained that, in the language of the populace, to stand a measure of porter, for instance, means to undertake the responsibility of paying for it; to stand, as it were, sponsor for that quantity of liquor.

"I imagine, therefore, the meaning of ARGUS to be, that MR. MERRY rendered himself responsible for something called a monkey, which, I fear, is another popular synonym, and signifies a sum of money. My Preceptor informs me that the vocabulary of persons who frequent horse-races, and are in the habit of laying wagers, abounds with similar expressions, which are also commonly employed by all those classes that devote themselves to the acquisition of wealth by other means than those of industry.

"I trust, my dearest parents, that a scrupulous purity of language will always accompany and correspond to that refined morality to practise which will ever be the undeviating aim of your affectionate and obedient Child,

"JOSEPH PUNCH."

"P.S. Enclosed is a little sketch, which I trust will attest the progress I have made in my drawing. It is the portrait of my venerable Preceptor. Perhaps I need not observe that old WINDUS has not perused this concluding portion of my epistle; to which I will only add that I am hard up, having been regularly cleaned out at 'Heads and Tails,' and I hope, Governor, you'll fork out; and please, Mother, send us some grub.

"JOE."

ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.—MR. DAVID URQUHART lecturing upon it.

SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa. "THERE, THERE! MY LITTLE POPPET. DON'T CRY! DON'T CRY!—IF YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES, YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE.—THERE, THERE!"

Blanche (sobbing violently). "I—I—I—I'M NOT CRYING, PAPA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES; BUT BECAUSE I—I—I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RIDE MARY'S PONY ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ILL, AND NOW I SHAN'T!"

CANZONET FOR THE CABINET.

BY AN UN-CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

AIR—"*Come where my love is dreaming!*"

FIRST VOICE.

COME where my DIZ. sits dreaming!
Dreaming the happy hours away;
While Fancy's eye is beaming
With Hope's delusive ray:
Dreaming that in power he'll stay—
Alas! prophetic *Punch* says, "Nay!"
Chorus. Come where, &c.

SECOND VOICE.

Soft is his head, yes, soft must it be,
To dream that much longer he'll sack his salary:
The Whigs soon will meet, and then out will go he,
Sacked not his pay, but himself, we shall see.

Chorus.

Come where our DIZ. sits dreaming!
Hope o'er his brain holds sway;
His mental eye is gleaming
With its delusive ray:
He dreams that still in power he'll stay.
Punch simply answers, "Wish you may!"

PREVENTIBLE DISEASES.

SURELY, amongst the number of preventible diseases ought to be included the many fatal cases which are continually resulting from the practice that ladies will suicidally cling to, of wearing tight stays and thin shoes? We think, if the number of deaths that annually occur from obstinately persisting in such injurious habits were regularly published, the female mind might at last be brought to see that the Family Doctor has not two better friends in the world than the lady's Shoemaker and Corset-maker. It is sad to think that ladies, good housewives as they generally are, should allow life's sacred flame to be so often sacrificed to such an offensive folly as a taper waist.

A Sum in Proportion.

IF 1 policeman is able to make 12 honest orangewomen move on in Cornhill, how many policemen will be sufficient to clear Bride Lane, Fleet Street, of an obstruction consisting of 200 rascals engaged in betting and gambling?

ALDERMAN HUMPHERY'S MARIA.

HONOUR to ALDERMAN HUMPHERY for the munificence with which he has provided for poor old MARIA WOOD, so that she shall be taken care of for the remainder of her days! The worthy Alderman has bought MARIA for £410; she was knocked down to him for that sum. No, JONATHAN; we do not buy and sell humans. MARIA WOOD was not a Divine image carved in ebony; she was not a female nigger. No, Monsieur; MARIA WOOD was not sold by her husband SIR WOOD, late First Lord of the Admiralty, in Smithfield. MARIA WOOD was nobody's weaker vessel, though a vessel she was; but not a vessel of HER MAJESTY'S Navy, nor yet of the Mercantile Marine, exactly. She was, in short, the old City Barge, the State Barge of the LORD MAYOR, in the days when the LORD MAYOR ruled the waves of London's river with undivided authority. When the brightest jewel of the Civic crown, the conservancy of the Thames, was stripped from that ensign of sovereignty, MARIA WOOD and the City Monarch parted company. She became the joint property of the Corporation at large; that worshipful body commanded her to be sold. Accordingly, on Tuesday last week MARIA WOOD was put up for sale at the Auction Mart of MESSRS. PULLEN & SON. The cost of MARIA'S construction had been £8,000. It ought to have amounted to some money: she is 140 feet long by 19 broad, and draws 2 feet 6 inches of water. Her grand saloon, 56 feet in length, will hold and dine 140 persons, many of whom are Aldermen and other individuals who occupy considerable space. Her saloon and cabin windows are all of plate glass; and MARIA WOOD is, as to the whole of her outside planking, mahogany wood. She has a powerful cooking-apparatus on board; a fact, of which the mention will dispel any erroneous idea that the banquets which used to take place on board of her, during Civic royal progresses on the Thames, consisted merely of cold capon and other meats of the same low temperature. From £100 the biddings rose to the sum at which, as above stated, MARIA was knocked down to ALDERMAN HUMPHERY. The object of the generous Alderman in purchasing MARIA WOOD was, we are told, "to save her from the fate of becoming merely a tradition of civic grandeur, and to enable the corporation and civic companies to avail themselves gratuitously of her many conveniences for pleasure-parties as long as she lasts." And last she will, let us hope, for many and many a day. Bless her old timbers! As her only bones are those timbers, we cannot say that there is still flesh on them; but we may express the belief that there will be meat in her yet—meat which will often include plenty of venison.

MR. ALDERMAN HUMPHERY is one of the Conservators of the Thames, a member of that body of governors amongst whom the aforesaid jewel of its conservancy was, having been broken, divided. Long may he wear that fragment of the civic Koh-i-Noor; long may he be requited for the rescue of MARIA WOOD from degradation or demolition, by her faithful and efficient services; and, in the meanwhile, may he often have occasion for them, always enjoy them, and never feel the worse after having employed them.

To Persons fond of Prodigies.

IN the way of Prodigies, we beg to introduce to the reader the *Pet Polka* and the *Daisy Waltz*, both of which are composed by a MASTER COWEN, who, we are informed, on the authority of the title-page—and title-pages speak the truth just as much as tombstones—is "only seven years of age." This young gentleman must be a prodigy far in advance of his time, and must put old COCKER'S nose completely out of joint; for he notably proves, in spite of all the numbers which that elderly gentleman can bring forward to outvote the fact, that seven can make a score!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, *May* 31, 1859. *Mr. Punch* went down to the House of Commons, and desired that MR. DENISON might be sent to him in the Smoking Room. DENISON of course came running in at the summons, and *Mr. Punch*, affably, but firmly, expressed his general satisfaction with the late SPEAKER'S conduct in the chair, but his idea that DENISON ought to be a little more wide awake, and evince a little more decision. DENISON, in a very becoming manner, thanked *Mr. Punch* for his advice, and begged that it might always be accorded to him in any emergency. *Mr. Punch* then said, that he should certainly cause MR. DENISON to be re-elected; and, taking him into the House, intimated the imperial wish to COLONEL WILSON PULLEN and SIR FRANCIS BARING. They, "pleased their master's mandates to perform," immediately proposed and seconded MR. DENISON, who was of course elected, and thereupon complimented by MR. DISRALEI and LORD PALMERSTON. COLONEL FRENCH then desired that the House might not meet on the next day—the Derby; but MR. DISRAELI said it was necessary to meet, but FRENCH might go to the Derby if he liked. Next day the CHANCELLOR intimated to MR. DENISON that the QUEEN approved her friend *Mr. Punch's* selection of a Speaker. The rest of the Parliamentary week was devoted to swearing.

NEUTRALITY AND WAR.

AIR—"*Il mio tesoro.*"

YES, dear JOHN BRIGHT, I grant you,
I don't want to go to war.
You very well can see why—can't you?
I've nought worth fighting for.

But if either side, my hearty,
Shall conquer too much sea-shore,
I am down upon that same party,
And soon you will hear my guns roar!

New Imperial Titles.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the fact of his having made preparations for the present War long before any one suspected that gunpowder was brooding in the atmosphere, has been called *l'Homme à précaution*. Certainly, PRINCE NAPOLEON is entitled to a similar honourable title, in all matters where personal safety is concerned. In fact, precaution is his great military virtue, and he has been known, whenever the danger appeared great, to carry it to an absurd length. On one occasion, it took him all the way from the Crimea to Paris.

THE RIFLE SERVICE.

THE Irish Brigade are about to form themselves into a Rifle corps for the ensuing Parliamentary campaign. Their services are to be restricted to the field of politics. MR. LEVER, of the Galway Mail Steam Packet Company, is to be at the head of the Riflemen.

Character of the War.

MILITARY gentlemen, "who sit at home at ease," are crying out against the slothfulness of the War. The Austrians, they complain, are dreadfully backward in coming forward. If the French accounts be true, it must be confessed that the EMPEROR JOSEPH'S army has distinguished itself as yet not so much for its action, as its exaction.

LA LOGIQUE.

L'EMPIRE c'est la paix; la guerre est arrivée:
Voilà de l'Empereur l'Empire terminé.

DERBY-DAY STATISTICS.

Picked up on the Course by our Ubiquitous Reporter.

FIVE hundred and fifty Clerks in City houses were so "suddenly indisposed" (for work) upon the Derby Day, that they were "unavoidably compelled to absent themselves from business," and to prescribe themselves a dose of Epsom "malt" as a restorative.

More than a thousand Husbands of high commercial credit told their Wives that they (the H's) had been summoned on a jury, and that they (the W's) had therefore better not sit up for them.

Out of sixty million shies which were taken at "Old Aunt Sally," an average of only one and a half per cent. proved hits.

No fewer than twenty thousand bets were made (and lost) in consequence of the receipt of "private information," or from the insanity of trusting to a "tip."

Exactly half a million "c'rect cards" were sold, and upwards of nine hundred "funny men" inquired whether, for a change, they could buy an *in*correct one.

Two thousand and twenty "pretty gentlemen" submitted, for the lark of the thing, they said, to have their fortunes told them. Nine hundred and ninety-nine were cautioned to beware of trusting a dark lady, and no fewer than five hundred were informed, to their great comfort, that a "fair face would smile on them" before the month was out, and that if they crossed the hand of the prophetess with silver, they might rely on being "married to a money bag" ere Christmas.

In six hundred and six hampers (all of which had been home-packed) the knives and forks and salt were all "conspicuous for their absence." In seven thousand others the corkscrew was forgotten, so the phrase of "cracking a bottle" had to be carried out in literalness.

Of three hundred and three thousand tongues which shouted "Now they're off!" more than 99 per cent. cried out so when they were not.

No fewer than two hundred prudent *Patres-familiæ* put their wives and daughters in the five-shilling stands, on the plea that they "disliked the crush" upon the Grand one.

Out of twenty thousand men who "put the pot on" the wrong horse, nineteen thousand nineteen hundred and ninety-nine declared, that if they'd trusted their own judgment, they would have won a hatful.

An average of nine and eight-ninths postboys in ten got so screwed after lunch that their employers all drew lots as to who should turn postilion. But when the time for starting came, the defunct gave signs of life, and being lifted to their saddles, by some miraculous adhesion they managed to stick on them.

Precisely fifty thousand and five pairs of gloves were bet, and, of the forty-nine thousand and nine ladies who lost, only two have had the honesty (as yet) to pay their bets.

Of the thirty thousand gents who "tooled down" by the road, twenty-nine thousand and ninety had to walk up all the hills, eleven hundred and eleven stopped for beer at Sutton Cock, seven thousand and fifteen sported pasteboard noses when they left the course, and twelve thousand came home with naked dolls stuck in their hats.

Of the thousand flats who lost their half-crowns to the cardsharpers, all but six have since declared that they just threw down their money that they might learn the trick.

There were exactly twenty millions and two throws at the sticks; by these, in all, eight thousand pincushions were bagged, five thousand five hundred and seventy-six rattles, four hundred and four cocoa-nuts (of which only three had any vestige of milk left in them), three thousand six hundred and nineteen snuff boxes, one thousand six hundred and twenty wooden lemons, two hundred pen or pencil-cases (we may call them which we please, as they are really neither), and eleven thousand and ninety-nine lanky-legged Dutch dolls, of which ten thousand one hundred and sixty had either an arm or a leg knocked off, nine hundred had both, and only thirty-nine were not in some way maimed for life before their owners could get hold of them.

Ten thousand cigars were lit on the road home, and of these only fifty were smoked above half out.

Upwards of five hundred prudent gentlemen in chambers, for safety took their keys out of their pockets when they started, and having (of course) forgotten to take their latch-key off the bunch, were forced to make a night of it, and come in the next morning with the laundress and the milk.

Of the thirty thousand headaches which were suffered the day after, eighteen thousand were allegedly occasioned by the heat, nine hundred and nineteen by the banjoists and bagpipers, and as many as one thousand and eleven by the dust!

Lavater at Fault.

THE first days of Parliament were occupied in swearing in the Members. WISCOUNT VILLIAMS says that he studiously watched the countenances of LORD JOHN RUSSELL and LORD PALMERSTON, whilst they were taking the oaths, and for the life of him, he could not tell whether they were sworn friends or sworn enemies!

PUNCH RIGHT AGAIN FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME! HOORAY!!

MR. PUNCH, IN HIS PROPHECY OF LAST WEEK,

WAS

THE ONLY ONE OF THE PROPHETS WHO ANNOUNCED THE TRUTH.

He stated that in his observations he had named the Winner. And so he had.

In the ninth line of his prophecy will be found the word PROMISED. In the fourteenth will be found the word LAND.

"But *Promised Land* did not win," eagerly shouts a well-informed reader.

Hold your tongue, Spooney. Who says he did? In the tenth line of the immortal oracle will be found these words:

"OR SOMETHING ELSE."

Sold again, and bought a Rifle with some of the money.

MR. PUNCH'S OWN RIFLE CORPS.

FEELING deeply conscious that at a crisis like the present, the eyes of all the Continent (as usual) were upon him, *Mr. Punch* convened a meeting at his official residence (called vulgarly his office), with the object of determining what measures he should take for the purpose of increasing our national defences. Keeping punctually the appointment he had made with himself, *Mr. Punch*, having voted himself into the chair, forthwith opened the proceedings by calling for some beer, observing to himself as a pretext for his doing so, that he felt somewhat exhausted by the warmth of the weather, and it was needful that as chairman he should be well supported. This preliminary over, *Mr. Punch* informed himself that the object of the meeting was to determine how he best might serve his QUEEN and Country, and preserve that neutral attitude which he and England had assumed. Having spent many sleepless nights in meditation, *Mr. Punch* remarked that he had come to the conclusion that the best course to pursue was to form a PUNCH'S RIFLE CORPS, and take immediate steps to place himself upon a war footing. *Mr. Punch* declared he had no wish to give offence—in fact his writings proved him quite incapable of doing so; but England was expecting him just now to do his duty, and his duty was to arm, and have a care that no harm came to her. The bare announcement that he (*Mr. Punch*) had formed a Rifle Corps would, he could assure himself, strike terror to the hearts of all the double-headed eagles, and scare them from the nest of the British dove of peace. (*Hear! hear! from Mr. Punch.*) Every man, he thought, who had a stake in the country, must wish as earnestly as he did to keep his hand from foreign broils. But, if he might forgive himself for using a quotation, he thought the maxim "*Si vis pacem para bellum*" ought to guide us (*a cheer from Mr. Punch*); and he for one meant to be ready, if he might use one more quotation, to "Cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war." (*A growl from Toby.*) *Mr. Punch* would not detain himself with further prefatory remarks, but would request himself at once to move the following Resolution:—

"That in the opinion of this Meeting, *Mr. Punch* being entrusted with the national defence, it is expedient for the safety of both Great and Little Britain, that *Mr. Punch* request himself forthwith to form a Rifle Corps, in conformity or not to the rules laid down by Government according as seems meet to his superior sagacity."

Mr. Punch, in rising formally to second the resolution, observed that its last phrase was an addition of his own, made without imputing any censure to the Government, but simply with the view to the assertion of his right to do in this or anything precisely as he pleased. As his "superior sagacity" was a world-admitted fact, he would not be so weak as to shrink from an avowal of it; neither would he condescend to be guided by the Government in points whereon he knew he was more fit to judge than they were. For instance, the authorities approved of dark green uniforms, as being the least visible, and therefore the most fitting dress for a sharpshooter. But he (*Mr. Punch*) could tell them he knew better: that to suppose green was invisible, was an optical delusion, and only those who had that colour in their eye would view it as a safe one for them to wear as riflemen. It might be proper for parade, and would look well enough on field days; but though quite prepared to lay his life down for his country, he (*Mr. Punch*) was not quite such a fool as to sacrifice himself for the mere sake of appearances. *Mr. Punch* felt that his life was far too valuable to risk; and as for wearing visible green when going out a sharp-shooting, he (*Mr. Punch*) might be shot if he would. (*Hear! hear! from Mr. Punch.*) No. The Government were green, and they therefore wore it; but he (*Mr. P.*) must own a preference for Grey, which not only was least visible, but most obviously suitable for our rifle suits just now, as it symbolled our neutrality, being itself a neutral tint. (*Cheers from the Chair.*)

Mr. Punch having held up both his hands in its favour, declared his resolution carried *nemine contradic.* Voting himself his thanks for his conduct in the chair, *Mr. Punch* then brought the business of the Meeting to a close by moving that a full report of the proceedings should be published in his universe-pervading paper, with the view to their obtaining the publicity they merited.

Mr. Punch then proceeded to his practice ground, and having assumed his easy chair, and lit a calumet to prove that his intentions were pacific, he showed with what good aims his Rifle Corps was formed by planting his first shot in the bull's-eye of the butt: a report of which he telegraphed to all the Eagles on the Continent as being a—

"BULLET-IN FROM THE SEAT OF PEACE."

PERSECUTION. A PASTORAL.

TUNE—"*Guy Fawkes.*"

WE, NICHOLAS, to all the Faithful: Benediction, greeting,
And health, whilst you on Fridays fish shall persevere in eating.
The Enemy who hates the Church with constant animosity,
Has lately raged against her with a singular ferocity.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh!
Hi cockalorum, biddy, boh, oh oh!

Under an execrable law, that Evil One's invention,
A holy Priest—oh sacrilege!—has suffered apprehension.
Nay, what will add more fuel to your pious indignation,
This venerable man has undergone incarceration.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

That law against us levelled as a means of persecution
Is a part of the abominable British Constitution,—
I mean the *Habeas Corpus* Act, opposed to monasticity,
And many other beautiful extremes of Catholicity.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

The horrid writ a good Priest bade a small school-girl deliver up
To her apostate father, and the Priest declined to give her up;
At least he swore—and of their oaths what men than priests are tenderer?—
That he didn't know her whereabout, and so could not surrender her.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

Contempt of Court the Judges termed this plain direct assertion,
Because their minds were biassed by heretical perversion.
Confined three days for what the Court called his evasive answer, he
Lay in the Street of Cursitor, that joins the Lane of Chancery.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

Then was the girl delivered up, and he was liberated,
But the malice of his Judges was as yet unsatiated;
They ordered him to pay the costs attending the transaction,
And thus their cruel hearts enjoyed a pleasing satisfaction.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

Now, all you faithful, on your knees! and fast let every tongue go,
Addressing your petitions to adorable SAINT MUNGO,
That Ministers, Conservatives in nothing but profession,
May *Habeas Corpus* sacrifice by way of next concession.
Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

WE always hate those whom we have wronged. This is consolation for those who, having been ill-used by the world, are, like all ill-used people, unpopular.—*Punch's Dew-drops.*

THE ROAD.

Gent (with much pride). "THERE'S ONE THING, 'ARRY, AS ALWAYS STRIKES ME A GOIN' DOWN TO THE DARBY, AND THAT IS HOW THE NUMBER OF SPLENDID EQUIPAGES MUST ASTONISH THE FOREIGNER!"

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DOWNING STREET LETTER-BAG.

GIVE ear to the groans of a Downing Street Letter-bag,
Impressed with VICTORIA'S broadest red-seal,
Than which there was never a kinder, or better, bag,
One stouter to travel, or slower to feel.

When I first came on duty, I might be conceited,
At Post-Office bags apt to turn up my nose;
Had I dreamed in what style I was doomed to be treated,
How small I had sung, not e'en Downing Street knows.

I flattered myself I was meant to be trusted
With weighty despatches—important and grave—
With cipher and signet of office encrusted,
To spin down the rail, and to steam o'er the wave!

State-secrets, I deemed, would be placed in my keeping;
And protocols monarchs were dying to see,
One whisper of which would set Europe's heart leaping,
Methought would be freely entrusted to me.

Nothing less than a Consul I thought e'er would handle
My bright Bramah lock, and my leather so white;
No taper, below an *attaché's* wax-candle,
The wax of my seal be permitted to light.

Bright dreams of my youth, how I laugh to recal you,
Contrasting the facts with the fancies ye wove!
Young bags by my side, I am loth to appal you,
Describing the mean and mixed calling I drove.

There's nought that a Custom-house duty is paid on,
But I have been rudely compelled to convey:
No burden, the basest that bag can be laid on,
But I must find room for it, blush as I may!

No man or no woman that boasts an *attaché*
By way of acquaintance but makes me a fag;
Nought's too hot or too heavy, too trenchant or trashy,
To ask for a place in the Downing Street Bag.

Odder bed-fellows misery ne'er brought together,
Than at times in my bosom have lain side by side;
Till with laughter I oft could have split my own leather,
But that laughter was checked by my sore-wounded pride.

Pork-pies in my depths have with protocols jostled,
Dutch cheese and despatches disputed for space;
A Treaty I've seen in a crinoline nestled,
And a pink *billet-doux*, round a Hampshire hog's face.

I've borne toys and tariffs, ties, trimmings, and treaties,
Pills, pickle-pots, breaches of peace, hunting smalls;
Declarations of war, sugar-candy and sweeties,
Shilling razors, sharp answers, revolvers, recals.

I have ta'en parcels heavy as MALMESBURY'S letters;
Lace light as a PALMERSTON'S touch-and-go style;
Many bales of red-tape, and some slave-trading fetters,
The *Complete Story-Teller* and *Moniteur's* file.

I've carried the news of the exit of BOMBA;
The report of POERIO'S escape from his chain;
CAVOUR'S declaration, and "*Suoni la tromba*,"
And a head of PRINCE PLON-PLON in alicampane.

And wonder of wonders—o'er all I have carried—
A despatch of LORD MALMESBURY'S late I conveyed,
Wherein common sense to good English was married,
And not e'en a blunder in spelling was made!!

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

"BRAVO, MY LITTLE FELLOW! YOU SHALL DO ALL THE FIGHTING, AND WE'LL DIVIDE THE GLORY!"

A DERBY STEREOSCOPE.

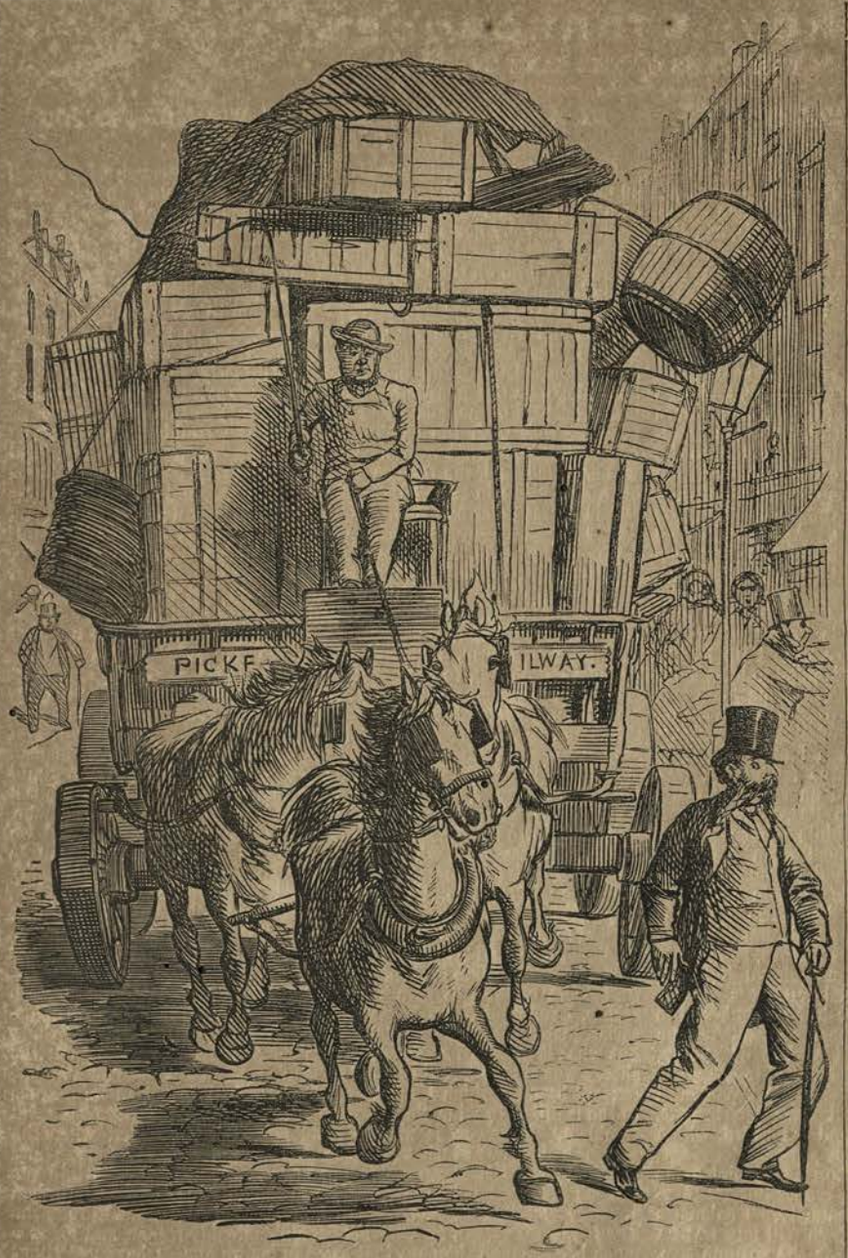
BEING TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME EVENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO PUT HIS MONEY UPON *MUSJID.*

A LOVELY day, with just enough uncertainty about the weather to interest without frightening one. We started at 9·35, which was only five minutes after the appointed time, in a capital trap, with an excellent postilion. Party was to consist of myself, and five friends, namely, BARNACLES, GRACECHURCH, PRETTYBOY, TOM BARNACLES, and CHARLEY VALE, but some humbugging law business kept PRETTYBOY in town, and he joined us on the course, which was for the best, as it materially lightened the vehicle, and moreover, he brought us the latest telegraph of the War. A very pleasant journey down, GRACECHURCH's cigars first class, and I think I never saw so many pretty girls at the doors and windows. The road was exceedingly full, but not inconveniently so; time was no particular object with us, and on a Derby day all wise folks keep their temper. Some of the stoppages were amusing enough, and everybody was in high spirits, from the handsome swells in moustaches and white coats, on their lofty drags, to the merry costermonger with his laughing wife and crowing baby in the little cart. We laughed a great deal, and I said some things which, if not witty, were meant to amuse, and did; and BARNACLES gave some capital good-natured chaff, especially to the girls. At one place we had a great shout, TOM BARNACLES saying that one of LORD MALMESBURY's model *attachés* had been at work, and pointing to a little house on which was written up "TEA MADE HEAR." Afterwards, BARNACLES *père*, shouting in vain to TOM, who was on the box, with some remark, said "I wish *that* T could be made hear," which we agreed was very neat. At the Cock, at Sutton, we pulled up by the roadside, and wetted the horses' mouths, and as it is good to have sympathy with dumb animals, we also wetted our own. Some hock and seltzer, washing down some prime sandwiches of pressed beef, set us up for the rest of the journey. We bought lots of "correct cards," not because we wanted them, but the poor vendors looked so eager, and it is their one day of luck, poor creatures. The fresh wind was delicious as we got on the Downs, and we secured an excellent place for the carriage, opposite the Grand Stand. Here PRETTYBOY joined us, having come down by rail, and gave us some hints about the race, which were invaluable, and which he had obtained from first rate authority. He told us that *Musjid* was to win, and no mistake, and when SIR JOSEPH, WELLS, and a horse like *Musjid* unite in a resolve to win the Derby, it is a very likely thing to be done. So I betted accordingly, in a good many places. We strolled about, met all sorts of people we knew, who all seemed as jolly as sand-boys, relieved a few beggars, knocked down a few pin-cushions and jointed dolls, for the children of such of us as have any, and amused ourselves with a sweepstakes. TOM BARNACLES and I got rather hungry, but as the others preferred waiting longer, we would not hear of touching the hampers, but had another sandwich or two, and a glass of sherry. The first race was really a very good one, and I happened to draw the winner, *Orchehill*, ridden by a jockey in white, whereby I pocketed sundry half-crowns, of which my youngsters will have the benefit. Then came the Derby. The sun shone brightly, and the crowd, which was immense—I never saw so many people—was a stupendous sight. The race was one of the best that ever was run, and at the finish the sight was superb, so close did the splendid animals keep. But PRETTYBOY proved a true prophet, and *Musjid* won famously. I calculate that I have made about three hundred pounds, which will buy LAURA a new piano-forte, and leave a handsome balance for the autumn trip. Then we dined, and admirably well had TOM BARNACLES catered, the meat pie, lobsters, and salad being particularly noteworthy. He had forgotten nothing, a lump of ice as big as a coal-scuttle kept everything deliciously cool, and we mopped up a precious lot of first rate champagne, to say nothing of hock and seltzer, and other neat things in the libation line, as CHARLEY classically called them. A good many good fellows came up and had drinks, and we chaffed like fun, asking TOMKINS, the prosperous Old Bailey barrister, whether he had laid on *Highwayman*, *Ticket-of-Leave*, or *Gallus*, and on SAM BIGGINS saying he had drawn *Polonius*, presenting him with a cold sausage on account. In fact we smoked, drank, and joked till we could get away, which our postilion, who had kept sober, like a good fellow, managed admirably, with the aid of BARNACLES' invaluable servant, HAYDON (who was indefatigable in taking care of us), and we all came off to town, rattling along merrily when we could, and taking it easy when we could not. Of course we had lots of jokes from other vehicles, but all were in good temper, and I was really delighted to see so many thousands, especially of the humbler classes, enjoying themselves. We got to town in extremely good time, and went to PRETTYBOY's house, where we had some anchovy toast and a quiet weed, and home early. My wife was delighted that I had enjoyed myself, and upon my word, I don't know that next year I shan't see whether I can't manage to let her see the race, just for once. A very good night followed a delightful *Derby Day*.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO PUT HIS MONEY UPON *THE PROMISED LAND.*

I SAID I'd never go to the Derby again, but like an ass, I let myself be persuaded by old SYKES, BLOBBER, and MEALYBUGG to join them in a carriage this time. We were to meet at 9, but of course I was kept kicking my heels at the club till near 10, and when BLOBBER came, he had his ass of a brother JIM with him, who, he said, poor fellow, could go on the box,—he seldom got a holiday, poor chap. A seedy looking snob, with black gloves, and a sycophant smirk on his hungry face; I should like to know why I am to pay for taking him to Epsom, and giving him grub, which he ate, too, as though he seldom got a dinner any more than a holiday. We got away at last, and SYKES and MEALYBUGG began smoking directly, though they know I hate smoke in the morning. So I made MASTER JIM BLOBBER get inside, instead of me, and I had the pleasure of seeing that he looked precious sick with the smoke, but BLOBBER could say nothing, as MASTER JIMMY went gratis. Of course, as we were late, the road was crowded, and the fellows in vans and carts were as insolent as ever, delighting in seeing their betters annoyed, and making the same stupid coarse jokes as usual. Some of the women were as bad, but I flatter myself I stopped one woman's impertinence. She had brought a young child (the idiots drag their brats everywhere) and I told her that if any accident happened to it, I should be sorry to be in *her* shoes. Didn't she turn white? MEALYBUGG and the others made a great noise in the carriage, with laughing and joking in their loud way, but I heard nothing that wasn't as old as the hills, or else the most ridiculous nonsense, and SYKES made a downright ass of himself, smiling and bowing to the females as we went by. The women, by the way, get uglier and more foolish every year, and I should like to know what right a person has to speak to me, merely because I am travelling the same road. We got to Sutton after the most dawdling journey I ever knew, and then the other fellows must stop to get beer, instead of waiting till we got to the Downs. Here I gave a beggar, who would not take an answer, in charge to a policeman, but I saw the scoundrel let her go as soon as we were off, and I wish I had taken his number. The delay in town of course got us a bad place by the course, and we were near some chaps whom BLOBBER knew, and took on himself to introduce, and that created more row and affected good fellowship. I did not talk to them, but they seemed to me to be snobs, though SYKES, like a booby, asked some of them to his house. MEALYBUGG wanted to put off dinner till after the Derby, but I was not inclined to be dictated to, and I insisted on having mine after the Bentinck, and those who didn't like it then, could take it when they did. However, they were obliged to give way, and as the first race was not worth seeing, I soon got to work. The other fellows all praised the commissariat, just because SYKES had taken it in hand, but it was anything but what it ought to have been at the price we were to pay, and the sherry was simply beastly. Not a bit of fruit, not a drop of liqueur, (except brandy, which I hate) and the fools had forgotten mint-sauce to the lamb. No wine-glasses, we had to drink out of large or small tumblers. However, it was no good my saying anything when the others had resolved that all was right, so I held my tongue and watched MR. JIM BLOBBER eating at my expense. SYKES told me to back *Musjid*, but he always pretends to know such a deal more than anybody else, and I was disgusted, and besides I had heard that the *Land* was safe. He lost, having been abominably ridden, and being a much better horse than any that came in before him. I have lost about a hundred and thirty pounds, so there will be no parties this year, MRS. GRUNTERBY, and it will be a case of Gravesend instead of Belgium, I can tell you. I wouldn't let the other fellows see I was savage, but I tried to make them come away. Not a bit, they would stay till the last race, and then our chaps were at least an hour before they got the horses to. The road was even more abominable than in the morning, and we were exposed to all the insults of the ruffians in vans and carts and omnibuses, who were perpetually flinging things at us, and annoying us (or at least me, for it just suited the others) with vulgar remarks, coarse laughter, and beastly shouting and yelling all the way up. Some of them came to grief, which I was glad of, as such people have no business aping their betters, and insulting them into the bargain. I believe the postilion was drunk, like everybody else, man, woman, and child; but we got to town with no broken bones. The others wanted to dismiss the man and the horses, and go somewhere for a glass of grog, but no thank you. I'd had enough of my company. I made him take me from the Strand to Haverstock Hill, as being taken home was in my bargain, and I chose to have it. Had a jolly good row with MRS. G., who "thought I might have taken her," and swore I would never go to the Derby again as long as I live. Couldn't get to sleep for indigestion; but at last had a comforting dream that old SYKES had been riding *Musjid*, and was to be hanged for breaking the beast's knees. The only pleasant thing in twenty-four hours!



THE VAN-DEMON.

THE Van, the Van! the hurrying Van!
Terror alike of beast and man;
With awful rush and roaring sound
It thunders merrily over the ground.
It smashes the cabs, it crushes the flies,
Before it in ruin the tax-cart lies.
I'm on the Van, I'm on the Van!
Let people get out of the way who can.

Jolly the day when the Van was born,
In the noddle of PICKFORD, or CHAPLIN and HORNE;
Says they, "The people denounce as slow
The waggons so huge from our yards that go.
We'll build a Van that hath equal space,
And horse it with horses that go the pace;
With a scowling blackguard the box we'll man,
Let people get out of the way who can."

I have lived since then in storm and strife,
The fierce Van Demon's right jovial life.
I drive like mad,—if a cove complains,
He gets an oath or a cut for his pains;
And right and left doth the traffic fly,
When my thundering Juggernaut car comes by.
I scrunch folks' spokes as you'd scrunch a fan—
Let people get out of the way who can.

THE ARTICLE IN DEMAND JUST NOW.—THE Neapolitan Government, it is announced, have prohibited the exportation of sulphur. Can it be that there is an increased demand for the article, down-stairs, since the arrival of the Ghost of KING BOMBA?

THE BALLET OF THE BRAVE.

A LETTER in the *Pays* represents a portion of the French army in Italy as a questionable race of beings. Describing some *amateur* theatricals got up by some of the men, it says that—

"Some of our Zouaves were lodged in a barn which the inhabitants had converted into a theatre for a strolling company, and there still remained a stage, a curtain, scenery and foot-lights. . . . . In the evening the theatre was crowded, and the performances were charmingly varied; namely, a vaudeville, a pantomime, a ballet, and singing. For my own part I laughed till tears fell from my eyes at the ballet, which was executed by a dozen Zouaves who were attired like the dancing-girls of the opera."

On the eve of highly probable battle, and consequent departure from this life, beings capable of dancing with the gaiety evinced by these Frenchmen, must be either much more or much less than common men. Either they must have been endowed with a fortitude and courage capable of contemplating any amount of bodily suffering, and of meeting death with indifference, in addition to enjoying a conscience entirely at ease as to their ultimate destination; or they must have been incapable of forethought, and destitute of rational souls. On the former supposition, they were saints and philosophers: on the latter, apes. Their countryman who witnessed and described the performance was himself clearly a philosopher—a double sage: DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS in one. The sight of it occasioned him both to laugh and weep. He naturally laughed—though he might more naturally have hissed—at seeing the heroes display their *pas*, "attired like the dancing-girls of the opera." He more naturally wept, perhaps, to think how soon shot or shell might shatter the athletic frames enclosed in corset and petticoats, and spoil the manly limbs attired in pink fleshings and decorated with white satin shoes. He deserves credit alike for his laughter and his tears.

VIVE LA LIGNE!

IF the French and Austrians are at open warfare, the same can be said of their telegrams. It would be difficult to say which lines have warred with each other the most, or which side has charged the opposite one with the greatest ferocity? Certainly, the telegraph can boast of a far greater number of killed and wounded. One shock of electricity would seem to destroy more than a whole day's cannonading. The needle picks off more persons than the bayonet. By its irresistible agency, a whole army has been known to be destroyed in a minute. Why don't the French and Austrians fight their murderous engagements in the telegraph office, instead of on the battle-field? It would be a great economy, though we are perfectly aware that no general, when he is drawing up a victorious bulletin, is particular to a few thousands or so.

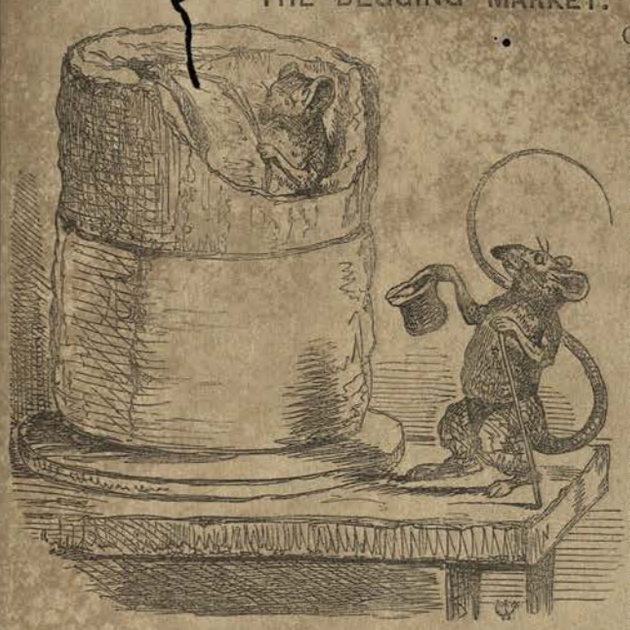
A Fact worth Knowing.

COUNT GYULAI, in one of his reports, writes to say of a splendid infantry regiment, which formerly bore the name of "Wellington:"—

"As a consequence of its heroic conduct at Deutsch-Wagram, in 1809, it has the privilege of beating the '*Grenadier's March*.'"

Which of the Austrian regiments, we should like to know, has the privilege of beating the "*Rogues' March?*" Or, better still, is there any particular corps that can boast of the unusual privilege of beating the enemy? If such a singular regiment does exist, we are afraid it has not yet been seen on the field of battle.

THE BEGGING MARKET.



O, it seems that the different Governments of Europe are at the present moment begging for no less a sum than 230,000,000 dollars,—at least, so says the *United States' Economist*. England is the only country that does not appear in the above beggarly and dollarous attitude. The monster standing armies of the different powers have driven them to the brink of bankruptcy and very verge of desperation; and so desperate have many of them become, that they have gone to war, though they have scarcely a farthing in their pockets to pay their shot with. Every Englishman who gives anything to these begging applications aids and abets the war. No nation can fight long upon credit. Cut off the sinews of war, and the arms on both sides of these belligerent bodies must necessarily drop and fall to the ground. We hope that England will carry its neutrality out so far as to have nothing to do with these loans. Every foreign agent who comes begging here should be instantly handed over to the tender mercies of an officer of the Mendicity Office.

NATURALIST AND PHILOSOPHER.

Dark clouds obscured the orb of day,
And thundery mist oppressed the air,
Throughout the whole last week in May,
And June's first days were not more fair.

Yet still I took my daily stroll,
In old attire that feared no showers,
Full many a storm did o'er me roll,
And I plucked none but withered flowers.

What then? The moist electric air
To fungus growth the soil inclined;
I gathered lots of toadstools rare:
A feast for the contented mind.

Important to Continental Crowned Heads.

The English Government, and no blame to them for the precaution, is displaying great activity in constructing Harbours of Refuge round different parts of the coast. But we would ask, is not the whole of England one vast Harbour of Refuge? a harbour which foreign despots, and crowned knaves and fools, are always too glad to avail themselves of in the hour of adversity. We sometimes fancy that this same Harbour would look all the better without the presence of these suspicious-looking craft, but then the glorious charter for freedom, which it enjoys all over the world, might have its high character somewhat impaired by the absence of them.

AN OUTRAGE IN ESSEX.

The *Exeter Telegraph* publishes a police case, which, if true, ought to have been hushed up, as it is calculated to bring British institutions into contempt abroad. Our imprudent contemporary informs the world that—

"The following is the report of a case adjudicated upon by the County Magistrates at the Town Hall, Colchester, on Saturday last, the 21st inst. The Justices of the Peace present on the occasion were Thomas L'Estrange Ewen, Samuel Green Cooke, William Rawdon Havens, Carlton Smythies, and Levison Gower, Esqrs., and the Rev. W. Walsh, Rector of Great Tey."

Then follows the charge:—

"William Henry French, who was said to be only nine years of age, the son of a coast-guardsman, at Brightlingsea, was charged with stealing half a pound of fresh butter from Geo. Baxter, at Brightlingsea."

Next comes the evidence by which this grave accusation was supported—

"It was proved that on Thursday the child went into the prosecutor's shop for a trifling article, and soon afterwards he was found offering the butter for sale; but not finding a customer, he carried it home; the father instantly started to make inquiries respecting it, but the police-constable had gained information of the robbery, and during the parent's absence, took the child into custody."

The prosecutor then, according to the report, alleged that the child had often entered his shop unperceived, and that his shop and his garden had been frequently pilfered—he could not say by the little prisoner. He also mentioned a rumour that it had been in Portsmouth gaol, which "the father, an honest-looking British tar, indignantly repudiated." The Essex Justices appear to have looked at the half-pound of butter, and the infant, and the whole case, through highly-magnifying spectacles:—

"The Magistrates appeared to have great difficulty in dealing with the case, and cleared the Court for a consultation. Upon the re-admission of the public, the Chairman said the Magistrates felt bound to make an example of the boy, and ordered him to be *imprisoned in Springfield Gaol for fourteen days and to be well whipped!!!*"

They probably argued that a cat-like theft deserved the punishment of the cat. On hearing his sentence—

"The poor child was seized with indescribable terror, and wringing his hands, and crying most bitterly, he besought the Bench not to send him to gaol; but he was removed from the Court by the Police."

It would be leaving one gentleman's name in very unmerited association, if we omitted to add that—

"During the poor child's entreaties, Mr. Havens (who was anxious to prevent the child being sent to gaol) seized his hat, and exclaiming, 'I can stand this no longer,' rushed from the Court."

This is what a man does who has feelings—he gives way to them. On this occasion Mr. Havens became demonstrative: his colleagues were, of course, ashamed of him. But now—to reason coolly—here we have been exhausting the vocabulary of execration in abuse of the Austrian government for whipping women: what will Austria say of us, when Austria comes to learn that there are Magistrates in England capable of so rigorously enforcing the letter of the law as to send a baby to gaol to be lashed by the hangman?

In another part of the *Exeter Telegraph* there is a much too exciting account of the sympathy evinced by the Brightlingsea sailors with the respectable coast-guardsman, father of the little man who had been consigned by their worships of Essex to the whip and a felon's cell. Those violent men, on the Monday evening that followed the child's incarceration, made an effigy of the prosecutor, adorned it with half-a-pound of butter, paraded it through the streets, attended with rough music, and followed by nearly all the people in the town; and finally burnt it on the Green, "amidst the yells and execrations of the large body of spectators." Lynch law in a more serious shape was then inflicted, by some of the more enthusiastic avengers, on poor Mr. Baxter, who was understood to have persisted in his resolve to prosecute little French, notwithstanding that the criminal's father "offered to shut up the boy in No. 1 Tower for a fortnight, and feed him with bread and water, or visit him with any reasonable punishment which Mr. Baxter might suggest." The mob broke merciful Mr. Baxter's windows; and—

"As a further proof of the feeling of the parish, it is said that not one of the tradesmen will accept the work of repairing the broken windows."

Really, this is an unpleasantly practical way of evincing what serene gentlemen of pure, if limited, intellect, ordinarily, with a stereotyped sneer, denominate "virtuous indignation." It is satisfactory to know that popular excess went no farther. The mob paid out the object of their animosity. The Home Office may consider to what extent it will suffer the Great Unpaid of Essex to remain the Great Unpaid.

On behalf of the County Bench in this case, should they be deemed wanting in the milk of human kindness, we may, however, venture to remark, that it is too much to expect Magistrates of Essex to act more wisely than creatures who have never sucked any milk but that of the cow.

Wounded Honour.

The correspondents of the *Siècle* at the seat of War reports that "most of the Austrian wounded have to turn on their faces when their sores are dressed." From this statement it would seem that the gallant defenders of a woman-flogging despotism have themselves received a considerable whipping.

THE ROAD.

Party in the Cart (to Tomkins, who is immensely proud of his Steed). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AV ANOTHER CAMEL AS YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF?"

ORTHOGRAPHY AND SPELLING.

To the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR MALMESBURY,

DID you ever see the little farce called *The Fish out of Water; or, the Cook and the Secretary?*

LISTON, as I have heard old gentlemen say, and as you may recollect, used in this piece to act the part of a cook, who has been engaged to manage an ambassador's kitchen. Circumstances of a farcical nature cause the cook to exchange places with a young swell who has entered the service of the same master in the capacity of secretary. The cook makes a cup of chocolate for the secretary, and the secretary writes an official note for the cook. This kind of arrangement answers beautifully, until the cook has to write a letter from the ambassador's dictation. Even then, so long as the ambassador's language is limited to words of one and two syllables, the cook in the disguise of secretary manages to get on, constructing his terms with an arrangement of letters based upon your optional principle.

Presently, however, arrives the necessity of putting the word "contumacious," or one of similar complexity, into black and white. The culinary amanuensis is here posed—not floored. A *Johnson's Dictionary* stands on a shelf of the library which is the scene of his task; with his employer's back turned, he catches at this straw—so to speak of a folio: it slips through his fingers, and falls—with his last hope—to the ground.

"Why, Sir, you are ignorant of the commonest principles of orthography!" cries the astonished ambassador, as, catching up his secretary's unfinished manuscript, he peruses that specimen of original penmanship.

"'Tis n't the orthography, Sir," LISTON (I am told) used to answer, in a rich and deep-mouthed tone of deprecation;—"'tis n't the orthography, Sir, that I care about,—but 'tis that dashed spelling!"

Now, my dear MALMESBURY, if you had been in LISTON's place, or rather in the place of the character personated by him, although you might not exactly have uttered the words spoken by LISTON, I suppose the tenor of your reply would have involved his distinction between orthography and spelling. You, it seems, would define spelling—regarded as an acquirement demanded by examiners of candidates for diplomatic service, and other employments or honours—as the art of forming words with letters according to fashionable usage. Orthography, on the other hand, according to your definition, would be that peculiar mode of spelling, on the part of everybody, which everybody for his own part thinks right. Accordingly, had you found yourself in the embarrassing situation in which LISTON used to appear as the secretary who could not spell, your reply to the Ambassador would perhaps have been: "Sir, orthography is my graphy, and heterography is another man's graphy."

But, admitting that aphorism to be as true as its famous pre-parallel, still, my dear MALMESBURY, may not the Civil Service Commissioners reasonably regard that same spelling which LISTON qualified with an expletive—that dictionary spelling commonly in use—as a thing of some importance, because of affording some evidence touching literary attainments? You were not taught to spell Greek and Latin; you were not taught to spell French: how is it that you never make mistakes of ignorance in the orthography of dead or living foreign languages? Is it not because you are so well read in them, and have thus picked your classical and foreign spelling up? Just so, if an *attaché* can spell his own language properly, he shows that he has, in so far, read books. Let me recommend you, too, to read your book, which I suppose will be a Blue Book just now, unless an elementary work of MRS. BARBAULD'S, or DR. DILWORTH'S, is more likely to afford you the information which you may be in want of. For amusement, modesty alone prevents me from referring you to the pages of your ever affectionate Brother Statesman,

PUNCH.

P.S. I'll tell you what I think, however, about Civil Service Examinations in spelling. Written exercises are no fair test. The hand of a writer will often run away with him whilst his head is thinking, or from other causes more probable in the cases in question. The examination should be *viva voce*, and the candidates might be arranged in classes, standing upon stools.

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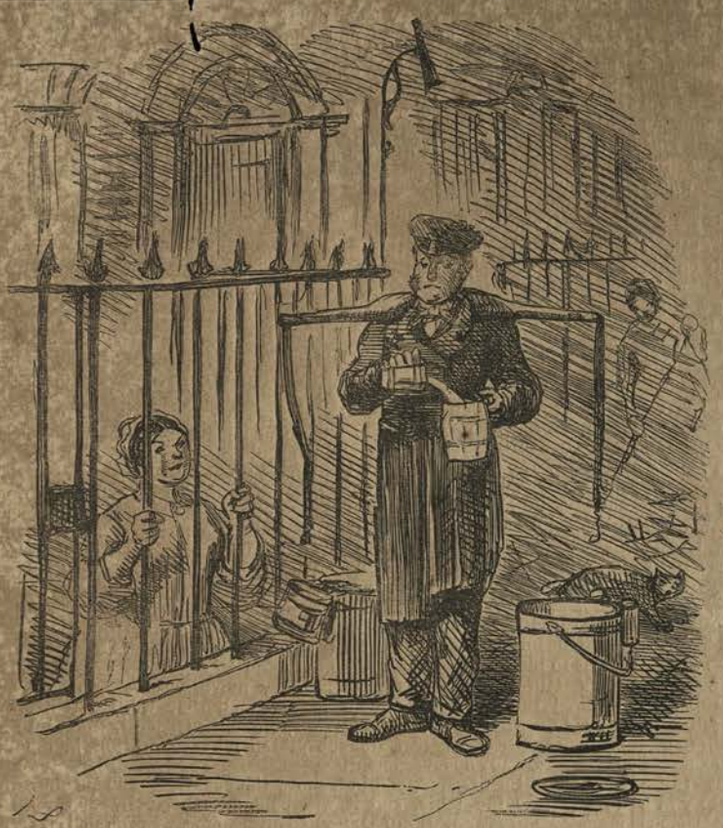

CANDID.

Cook. "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"

Mr. Chalks. "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY; BUT IF WE HAVEN'T SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR MILK!"

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

I SOMETIMES wish I were a King
That Honour's fountain I might be;
And oh how fresh you'd find the spring
If Honour bubbled forth from me!
For rank and title I'd bestow,
By an old rule, on objects new:
Since I should by the maxim go,
Honour to whom the same is due.

My coronets the heads should grace
That held within the highest brain.
Science I'd give at least a place
As good as eminent Chicane;
For I think useful knowledge ought
To hold its head as high as law,
And do suppose that men of thought
Deserve no less than men of jaw.

Brave Soldiers I would still promote,
And Sailors—for they keep the peace;
And for that cause, with equal note
Would I distinguish the Police.
The knife encountered in the slums
Should merit Valour's Cross to show;
Death from a home-born savage comes
As like as from a foreign foe.

What are domestic cut-throats less
Than Sepoys, or than Sepoys more?
What else are slaves, with fell excess
Who burn to ravage England's shore?
From equal blackguards, guards alike,
Policemen act with soldiers' hearts,
And soldiers for BRITANNIA strike,
As Constables for Foreign Parts.

Inspectors I would Captains make,
Superintendents all should be
Colonels; Commissioners should take
A General Officer's degree.
Our heroes, blue and red, should share
An equal glory and renown,
For braving danger here and there,
In putting thieves and ruffians down.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LATEST TELEGRAM.

Saturday Morning, Two a.m.

LOUIS NAPOLEON PALMERSTON and VICTOR EMMANUEL RUSSELL have crossed the Floor, under a tremendous fire from the Austrian invader, DISRAELI, who has been compelled to retire. The slaughter of character on both sides has been awful. London is illuminated, as usual at this time of night.

JUNE 6.—*Monday.* Into the House of Lords came the elegant CHELMSFORD, as Chancellor, not long destined to grace the Woolsack. Probably, as he sat there, and listened to his fellow-peers a swearing, he thought how very much better he must look in his robes than would either of his probable successors—the subtle BETHELL, or the fiery COCKBURN. But he did not give utterance to any such sentiment.

Into the House of Commons came an Austrian nobleman of the name of ROTHSCHILD, and another Austrian nobleman, his brother. Likewise came a City nobleman called SALOMONS. Before which three children of Israel did the frantic NEWDEGATE dash himself on the floor, and wildly seek to trip them up in their way to their seats. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the SPEAKER straightway clapped a strait-waistcoat upon the enthusiast, and the Hebrew noblemen proceeded to their places in peace.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY's Parliament opened.

Her Gracious Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRINA (*Mr. Punch* is on such terms with his Sovereign, that he may call her by any respectful name he chooses, and he chooses to air his Monarch's first name, out of compliment to DR. CROLY, the poet, who has been writing a long letter in the *Morning Advertiser*, abusing the CITY CHAMBERLAIN for scoffing at ALEXANDER THE GREAT) came in state to the New Palace of Westminster, and read the following verses:—

"I am grieved, my dear Lords, and dear Gentlemen too,
To state, as I now most reluctantly do,
That poor MALMESBURY there (though I 'm sure he 's had due rope)
Has failed in suspending the conflict in Europe.

"The French and Sardinians have joined in alliance,
And bid FRANCIS JOSEPH the fiercest defiance;
All parties declare that they 're friendly to me,
So I shall be neutral, till——well, we shall see.

"I have faith in that pledge and that promise of peace,
And, therefore, my navy I 'm begged to increase;
Ready votes of supplies I perceive on your lips,
And I know you will help me in manning my ships.

"KING FRANCIS informs me his father is dead,
And that he is the Sovereign of Naples instead.
I 've renewed the relations (he *may* turn out well)
Which I broke with the wretch who is now—in his shell.

"If you think, while preparing for probable storm,
You have time to attend to the thing called Reform,
Why, do; but if not, make no needless delay:
The affair should be settled and out of the way."

The QUEEN had scarcely withdrawn, looking at the Mistress of the Robes with a compassionate glance (as a kind-hearted lady looks at a lady's-maid who is going to lose her situation for no fault of her own, but on account of the other servants' quarrels), when preparations were made for conflict. This, beginning on the first night of the Session, raged for three days; and rather before dawn on the Saturday morning the banner of LORD DERBY had gone down.

Members of Parliament grew so terribly Cocky at *Mr. Punch* noticing them all in his Report of the Reform Debate, that there has been no bearing them. The complaints which reach him on the subject are constant and piteous. Everybody who was mentioned in that astonishing Homeric Poem is always pulling the Number out of his pocket, and with pretence of not caring about the honour, showing that it has flushed and intoxicated him. This is very natural; and

Mr. Punch, whose pages were justly described by CAPTAIN VERNON (heir to the collector of the VERNON Gallery, in which there is nothing more splendid in art than *Mr. Punch's* gallery,) in Friday's debate, as "immortal"—(the CAPTAIN'S Parliamentary career is promising, for he already knows how to speak the truth)—cannot be angry with the Flies who are so proud of being preserved in his Amber. But he will not squirt too much water from his fountain of honour, and upon the present occasion intends to mention a very few names. This resolve is the more righteous, inasmuch as everybody knew that the debate was mere matter of form, and carried on only that the whips on both sides might have time to bring up their men.

The House of Lords may be briefly dismissed, as the hostile armies did not engage there. LORD GRANVILLE made a gentlemanly attack upon the Ministers, and LORD MALMESBURY made a mild reply on his own behalf. A sort of feature in the debate was the resuscitation of LORD NORMANBY, novelist and diplomatist, who lately wrote a blundering account of the last French Revolution but eight or ten—we forget which—and was remarkably castigated by M. LOUIS BLANC. He made a speech of Austrian tendency, and the *Daily News* rewards him with the title of "a smirking POLONIUS." LORD BROUGHAM, also, assailed Sardinia for causing the war, and recommended us to be on our guard. The PREMIER delivered his last speech in that capacity, and an able and pleasant speech it was. Among other points, LORD DERBY touched upon the ancient ill-feeling between LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL, and rather ridiculed—

[By the way, it is not exactly Parliament, but it is fitting to state here that the day before, between two and three hundred Liberals had met at Willis's Rooms, and LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN having there and then sworn eternal friendship, it was arranged that the DERBY Cabinet should be floored.]

—the new friendship between those great persons. His Lordship remarked that though, as had been stated in debate, MR. FOX had been called an Angel by a colleague, LORD PALMERSTON had hitherto abstained from calling LORD JOHN an Angel. LORD DERBY also denied having spent £20,000 in helping the elections (four election petitions are already presented), but did not deny having done something, as was customary. CLARENDON lifted up his hands in pretended astonishment, whereat DERBY intimated that he was a Muff. The Address was agreed to. There was nothing else in the Lords this week, except a malicious speech of LORD CAMPBELL'S, who hoped that LORD CHELMSFORD would long occupy the Woolsack. There is a story of a respectable female, who, being pestered for alms by a pertinacious mendicant, with "Do, there's a dear lady! do, there's a good lady!" finally and wrathfully responded: "If I wasn't a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth and punch your head for you, you dirty &c., &c., &c." Perhaps LORD CHELMSFORD thought of the anecdote (he tells anecdotes capitally), and had it on his mind to tell CAMPBELL that if he wasn't a Chancellor he'd take a sight at him. If so, it was very vulgar, and we don't believe he thought of anything of the kind.

But in the Commons, as hath been hinted, the deed was done, and the DERBY Cabinet was put to death by the Parliament it had assembled. The manner was thus.

LORD HARTINGTON, son of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, moved, to the motion for the Address, an amendment to the effect that the Ministry had not the confidence of the House of Commons. ROBERT HANBURY, Brewer, seconded, wishing to see all the Ministers Ex, Ex, Ex, Ex, and the administration on its bier.

MR. DISRAELI accepted the challenge, made a slashing speech, defied everybody, specially pitched into SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and asked for the division directly. This was because a good many Members had not been sworn, and Ministers might therefore have had a majority. But it is childish to write as if he had been trying any "trick." He knew perfectly well that LORD PALMERSTON knew all about it, and that no division would be allowed. The defiance was only a Parliamentary flourish. The discussion was prolonged and, after a very good attack by LORD PALMERSTON, the debate was adjourned. Wednesday was *nihil*. Thursday, the debate was renewed, and MR. BRIGHT fired hot shot into Ministers; SIR JAMES GRAHAM made a lumbering and awkward defence of his loose tongue at Carlisle, but was statesmanlike and elegant in calling MR. DISRAELI a Red Indian, who had won his place by tomahawking and kept it by scalping. MR. WHITESIDE availed himself of his last chance of abusing his antagonists, and again the debate was adjourned, to be renewed once, and only once more. On Friday, MILNER GIBSON, SIDNEY HERBERT, and SIR GEORGE LEWIS attacked Government, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON defended it, and modestly took credit to himself for having reconstructed the Navy. Finally, LORD JOHN RUSSELL admitted that a Party move was being made, and declared that the Government deserved all they were getting, and going to get, and SIR HUGH CAIRNS, Solicitor-General, wound up his brilliant ministerial career (for the present) by an oration in defence of LORD DERBY'S Government.

The jury then retired, and in a short time returned. The Four-men advanced to the table, and it was announced that by 323 to 310, majority THIRTEEN, LORD DERBY'S Government was found GUILTY of not being the thing wanted by the people.

GIVING HANDEL A TURN.

THE year we are now living in is fruitful in centenaries. A while ago we had the BURNS Centenary,—the Centenary of Song; and now we have to celebrate the HANDEL Centenary,—the Centenary of Music. Great as was the interest taken in the BURNS Festival, the excitement which is shown as to the HANDEL one exceeds it. This is as it should be: the interest is greater, as the genius was greater. In a pecuniary point, too, this is as it should be. On the attractiveness of festivals depends mainly their success; and to keep up their attractiveness, every centenary should eclipse all those preceding it. Perhaps unreflecting minds may think that there had better be no more centenaries, for the reason that the climax of genius is now reached. But it will surely be enough to silence these unthinking ones, if we point out that within the limits of a century our great-great-grandchildren will celebrate the centenary of *Punch!*

However, it is early yet to speculate on this latter event. When the *Punch* Centenary comes, England will expect herself, of course, to do her duty. At present, England must content herself with going down to Sydenham, and in duty having a hand in the HANDEL celebration. All the world joins in concert to do honour to its HANDEL; and in the concerto England plays first fiddle. Ranking first in music, (as in all the other arts,) England deputes herself to head the show of hands for HANDEL; and as England, like her *Punch*, by no chance ever fails in what she chooses to attempt, there is no handle for the doubt that her show of hands will bear away the palm from other celebrators.

If you question this, O Croaker, down with your half-guinea, and go to the rehearsal. The first beat of the big drum will knock conviction into you. All doubts will be dispelled at the first crash of the chorus. Pay no heed to what you hear about the Crystal Palace not being a place for music, about its "too expanded area," and "known acoustical defects." These are mere spots on the sun. Not one man in a thousand, if unhelped by the critics, would be able to detect them. Not one man in ten thousand, who has any ear for music, would, when he can fill it with such music as HANDEL'S, ever waste a whit of his auricular capacity by taking pains to listen for "acoustical defects."

Besides, be the acoustic imperfections what they may, they cannot interfere with the ocular enjoyment; and everybody knows that the Crystal Palace Music Shows appeal nearly as much to the one sense as the other. A deaf man or a blind one might alike find pleasure in them. Why, the sight of that great Orchestra, full to brimming over with its sea of beaming faces, is a sight quite worth a trip from the Antipodes to see, and those who live at the Land's End merely should certainly not miss it.

Long before, and ever since the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES, there have, in every corner of the universe, been croakers; and although the HANDEL Festival of two years since was a success, and that was merely a rehearsal for the one which now succeeds it;—although the management is trusted now to the same heads, and the performance of the music to the same hands and voices, both powers being strengthened by well-drilled reinforcements;—although we know that every one of the army of Three Thousand, from Conductor-in-Chief COSTA, up to (in position) the blowers of the organ-bellows, has been for months in training for this one grand week, and has scarcely passed a day without taking a turn at HANDEL;—although they have a perfect knowledge of all this,—there are very likely wiseacres still extant who affect to have a doubt if all will go off well, and to fear that the performance will not realise the promise. Now, croaks are at all seasons unpleasant sounds to listen to, and when ears are being sharpened for the notes of a NOVELLO, they naturally become more than usually sensitive. It devolves on *Mr. Punch*, then, in the interests of humanity, to act like a ST. PATRICK, and to crush the croakers. So *Mr. Punch* will not mind risking his prophetic reputa-

tion by predicting that, before he goes to press with his next Number, he will have split above a dozen pairs of best kid gloves, in applauding to the echo the trio of performances; and will have knocked the heels off eleven pairs of boots, in stamping his approval upon all who had a head, or hand, or voice in the matter.

With this prophecy to back them, the Committee may rely that their "Commemoration Festival" will prove a great success. If any lover of good music wilfully absents himself, the fact should be regarded as a proof of his insanity, and his friends should all subscribe to buy him a strait-waistcoat. Tastes, we all know, differ. There are some men, it is true, who have no more love for HANDEL than PRINCE PLON-PLON has for fighting, and whom one no more expects to see at the *Messiah* than one expects to see LORD MALMESBURY presiding at a charity-school for the purpose of distributing the prizes for good spelling. But these are merely the exceptions which serve to prove the rule. The majority of Englishmen love HANDEL as they love their national roast beef. His chorusses are good, substantial mental food, and make a most delicious change from the *toujours-Verdi* diet with which the British Opera-goer is now annually sickened.

"All ye who music love, and would its pleasures prove," go, then, down to Sydenham, and take your places at the HANDEL feast. Mind you, it 's no ordinary annual affair, like the lunch upon the Derby Day, or the LORD MAYOR'S dinner. Go now, or never; there will be no alternative. However well it may go off, you'll not get it *encored* for you. Centenaries come, like aloes bloom, once in a hundred years. Gather then, oh! gather ye, such blossoms while ye may! Unless you hope to live to be a rival of OLD PARR, you cannot hope to live to see another HANDEL Centenary!

MALMESBURY v. MAYOR,
AND
DISRAELI v. DILWORTH.

SUCH is *Mr. Punch's* loyalty, that he is reluctant to criticise the language which issues from the lips of his Gracious Sovereign, even when he knows it has been put into that august mouth by the Ministers for the time being. But in the case of a QUEEN'S Speech proceeding from the present Cabinet, *Mr. Punch* has a special reason for being critical.

If the Ministry include a MALMESBURY, nobly scornful of orthography, who considers PRISCIAN honoured, every time an *attaché* "of tact, temper, good manners, and *savoir faire*," condescends to break the head of the priggish old pedagogue, it contains, also, a DISRAELI, who has wielded the poet's pen as well as the romancer's, and a BULWER, who has won his spurs—(whether golden or pinch-beck is not the question)—in almost every field of literature in which money can be made.

At the threshold of the Royal Speech, *Mr. Punch* breaks his shins over an unlicensed adjective. HER MAJESTY declares that—

"She avails Herself with Satisfaction, in the present anxious State of Public Affairs, of the Advice of Her Parliament, which she has summoned to meet with the least possible Delay."

"An *anxious* state of affairs?" A Minister may be anxious about a place, or about a pension. A Cabinet may be anxious about a division on a motion of no confidence. A "state of affairs" may inspire anxiety. But how a "state of affairs" can be "anxious," *Mr. Punch's* knowledge of his native tongue is not profound enough to inform him. Perhaps the Civil Service Commissioners will propose the question to the next batch of competitors for Clerkships in the Foreign Office.

War, we are informed, has been declared. HER MAJESTY—

"Receiving Assurances of Friendship from both the contending Parties, intends to maintain between them a strict and impartial Neutrality."

Why "strict and impartial?" Can a neutrality be "strict" without being "impartial," or "impartial" without being "strict?"

HER MAJESTY hopes—

"With God's Assistance, to *preserve* to Her People the Blessings of *continued* Peace."

If she hopes to "preserve" peace, *Mr. Punch* would submit that "continued" is impertinent.

HER MAJESTY has thought fit, she tells us,—

"To renew Her diplomatic Intercourse with the Court of *Naples*, which had been suspended during the late Reign."

What has been suspended? The Court of Naples? The law of grammatical antecedents would lead one to conclude so. We regret that the law of political antecedents is not equally strict. The "Court of Naples," whatever it may have deserved, was not "suspended" during the late reign. It was only our intercourse that was suspended—greatly to the disadvantage of the sufferers from Royal misrule in Naples.

These, however, are but a few of the undigested plums of the Cabinet Pudding, selected almost at random. There is one sentence in which blunders occur clustered in a heap, at once so rich and so crude, that we cannot venture to play the part of *Jack Horner* any longer. It is impossible to put one's thumb into this cluster without detaching a whole clot of plums. This is, the sentence by whose lumbering machinery HER MAJESTY is made to flounder into, and out of, the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in a style never surpassed by any master of the slip-slop or higgledypiggledy style, so much in vogue among advertisers, auctioneers, and fashionable novelists:

"I should with Pleasure give My Sanction to any well-considered (*Measure for the*)[1] Amendment of the Laws which regulate the Representation of My People in Parliament; and should you be of opinion that [2]*the Necessity of giving your immediate Attention to Measures of Urgency* relating to the Defence and financial Condition of the Country *will not leave you*[2] sufficient Time for legislating with due Deliberation during the present Session *on a Subject*[3] at once so difficult and so extensive, I trust that at the Commencement of the next Session your earnest Attention will be given to a Question of which an [4]*early and satisfactory* Settlement would be greatly to the Public Advantage."

(1) Words in italics much better omitted.

(2) It is not "the necessity of giving" which "will not leave time," but "the giving." Again, "measures of urgency" is only another phrase for measures to which "immediate attention" must be given.

(3) *Query*, what subject? The defence, or the financial condition of the country. Again, "so difficult" as what?

(4) If an "early" settlement is desirable, why defer it to next Session? Of course a "satisfactory" settlement must be "to the public advantage."

Ministers, we know, are by no means clear in their notions on the subject of a Reform Bill. Probably it is this obscurity which reflects itself in the haze of words we have just quoted.

CHARMING NEWS FOR OLD LADIES.

THE *Morning Herald* is about to open a *Grandma's School for Sucking Politicians*. The opening is expected about Parliament-time, when there will be a grand ovation for the purpose of instructing elderly ladies in the refreshing art of sucking eggs. It is not yet decided whether MR. SPOONER or MR. NEWDEGATE will be appointed to the honourable post of Head Grand Ma'rian.

The Empire Burlesqued.

IT is time that LOUIS NAPOLEON began to burlesque some of the sayings of *le Grand Empereur*. He is not half quick enough with his parodies. However, he has a chance now at Milan, which he is not the clever man we take him to be, if he allows to slip through his fingers. Let LOUIS NAPOLEON ascend the cathedral, and then, bearing in mind what the first Emperor said about the forty centuries contemplating the French soldiers from the top of the Pyramids, address his brave army thus:—"*Soldats! du haut de cette Cathédrale, non quarante siècles, mais Milan vous contemple.*"

"THE ROMANCE OF WAR."—The bulletins published on both sides, in which there is a difference sometimes of only 14,000 and 15,000 killed and wounded, and a like proportion of guns, standards, and prisoners!

IN THE PARK.

THE POOR FLY-DRIVERS ARE UP SO LATE AT NIGHTS, THAT THEY ARE GLAD TO GET A NAP WHEN THEY CAN. THIS IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY TO ADD TO THE REPOSE EITHER OF OLD MRS. DUMBLEDORE OR OF OLD MRS. BLOWHARD, WHO ARE OUT FOR AN AIRING!

THE COMMON LOT AND WIMBLEDON COMMON.

THE *Surrey Comet* has appeared with a tale calculated to excite serious alarm—with fear of change perplexing the inhabitants of the great metropolis and its suburbs. A rumour, inserted by the *Comet*, with some likelihood, has gone forth to the effect that steps have been taken towards the enclosure of Wimbledon Common. This horrid whisper may have intimated the discovery of a mare's nest; but lest it should turn out to be the prediction of a deplorable event, let it be noised abroad, that it may either create a laugh or excite an agitation. The idea of the possible enclosure of Wimbledon Common must make the heart of every Londoner who is not a Cockney sink within him, and affect him with a qualm like that which is the effect of antimony. Wimbledon Common is a part of the respiratory system of London, whereon we depend for a change of the air we breathe, which if we get not we die. When we stamp on Wimbledon Common, our foot is on one of our native heaths,—Hampstead is another,—and our name is BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON.

Wimbledon Common is as fine an expanse of heath and bramble as a pedestrian could perambulate on a summer's day. Botanists find several choice weeds there,—entomologists no end of beetles and butterflies, which juvenile collectors pursue with hats, and the more advanced with hand-nets. Ornithology, also, affords objects of interest to the schoolboy and the elder student: that rare little bird, the Dartford Warbler, occasionally cocks his tail on a briar in the path of the explorer, who may mistake him for a Cock-robin; and the Stonechat, the Winchat, and Wheatear, chit-chatting on bush or hillock, present themselves as marks to the observant eye of mature age, or the projectile pebble of youth.

Enclose Wimbledon Common? Pull down St. Paul's! The only motive for either enormity would be that of slavery to the basest material interests; and there are those who had rather see St. Paul's demolished than Wimbledon Common spoiled. To them, the sight of the Cathedral occupied by warehouses would be a less grievous spectacle than the heather and blackberry bushes of the Common replaced by turnips and mangold wurzel, or, worse still, by eligible residences, principally stuccoed villas.

Utility for ever; but heath, brambles, butterflies, moths, beetles, grasshoppers, cock-robins, and other small birds, in combination with fresh breezes and bright skies, are food for the soul, which is at least as useful as food for the stomach—as turnips and wheat. Without such nourishment, life is not worth living, for any being above a pig or an ass. Let not a brutal utilitarianism convert, as it threatens to do, the whole of beautiful England into a hot-bed whereon to raise crops of human beings! Ere we come to that, who that differs much inwardly from a hog does not wish that his body may form part of the hot-bed, and he himself may be in a nicer place? Commons of England, may it please your honourable House to protect the Common of Wimbledon. Let not that bit of beauty be devoured by unsparing agriculture, or destroyed and defiled by the extension of this great copropolis.

Portrait of the Derby Ministry.

MR. DISRAELI characterised the speech of the young MARQUIS, who opened the indictment against Ministers, as being "flimsy, feeble, and illusive." If a photograph had been taken of the Derby Ministry, we do not think we could have had a more striking likeness than the one that is conveyed in the above three simple words. Is it not emphatically a Ministry that is alike "flimsy, feeble, and illusive?" The "flimsy" applies to MANNERS; the "feeble" takes off MALMESBURY capitally; while the "illusive" is the very picture of DISRAELI *himself*.

The Consciousness of the River.

OLD Father Thames is not a very inviting personage, but if he did invite anybody to take something to drink, his invitation would probably be couched in familiar, not to say vulgar terms. In the language of the lower orders, the nasty old fellow would most likely with propriety, if not with elegance, express the offer by saying, "Have a drain!"

THE LONDON BATHING SEASON.

"COME, MY DEAR!—COME TO ITS OLD THAMES, AND HAVE A NICE BATH!"

IMPÉRATRICE DE LA FRANCE ET DE LA MODE.

IT is to the wife of LOUIS NAPOLEON that the fashionable world is indebted for the elegant invention of crinoline. Again, it is to the same imperial inspiration that the ladies have reason to be grateful for the endowment of that sumptuous and becoming colour, which *modistes* and *Mantallinis* delight in calling *Mauve*. How many more tasteful creations have sprung from that imaginative brain, our milliners and JENKINSES know infinitely better than we can tell; but we think we have said amply sufficient to warrant us in placing the jewelled crown of Fashion on the fair head of the accomplished daughter of the COMTESSE DE MONTIJO, and whom Scotland is not too proud to own as one of her loveliest children. In grace and conception, in beauty and imagination, it must be willingly acknowledged that the real Empress of Fashion is EUGÉNIE. Her power is absolute, for her rule is one of love, expressed in the prettiest forms by all, from the viscountess to the washerwoman. We ask the ladies, the most impartial judges in the difficult art of personal adornment, if they can point their little finger to any other Empress, whose edicts are more cheerfully followed by her millions upon millions of admiring subjects. It is said that there is the love of Fashion in the heart of every woman. Taking this to be truth, and not satire, it is therefore perfectly clear—much clearer than the Koh-i-Noor diamond—that EUGÉNIE, as the undisputed "EMPRESS OF FASHION," must live in the hearts of all those whose greatest happiness it is on this earth to pay loving obedience, even to a matter of slavery, to her.

Companion Heroes.

THE Zouaves have unanimously elected KING VICTOR EMMANUEL as Corporal in their brave regiment. He will be spoken of as *Le Grand Caporal*, and will figure as an historical pendant to the EMPEROR, who was known in the first Italian campaign as *Le Petit Caporal*.

OUR RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

A Peace Song,

COMPOSED AND VOLUNTEERED BY MR. PUNCH.

SOME talk of an invasion
As a thing whereat to sneeze,
And say we have no occasion
To guard our shores and seas:
Now, *Punch* is no alarmist,
Nor is moved by idle fears,
But he sees no harm that we all should arm
As Rifle Volunteers!

Lest sudden foes assail us,
'Tis well we be prepared;
Our Fleet—who knows?—may fail us,
Nor serve our shores to guard.
For self-defence then, purely,
Good reason there appears,
To have, on land, a force at hand
Of Rifle Volunteers!

To show no wish for fighting,
Our forces we'd increase;
But 'tis our foes by frighting
We best may keep at peace.
For who will dare molest us
When, to buzz about their ears,
All along our coast there swarms a host
Of Rifle Volunteers?

Abroad ill winds are blowing,
Abroad war's vermin swarm;
What *may* hap there 's no knowing,
We may not 'scape the storm.
Athirst for blood, the Eagles
May draw our dove's-nest near;
But we 'll scare away all birds of prey
With our Rifle Volunteers!

No menace we 're intending,
Offence to none we mean,
We arm but for defending
Our country and our QUEEN!
To British hearts 'tis loyalty
'Tis love her name endears:
Up! then, and form! shield her from harm!
Ye Rifle Volunteers!

MORE VOLUNTEERS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"YOUR suggestion for the formation of a Ladies' *Corps d'Armée* is delightful! CAROLINE and JULIA and I have been talking it over to-day, and we have determined at the next meeting of the Heartly Ladies' Toxophilite Society, to propose the immediate formation of a Volunteer Corps. We have already seen several of the members who live near us, and they are charmed with the idea! The time has certainly arrived when 'England expects every woman to do her duty,' and all who have a spark of patriotism in their breasts will see the necessity of at once discarding all female restraints and incumbrances—of laying aside the hoop petticoat and getting up a war-whoop instead.

"We have had a little conversation about the uniform. Of course it will be desirable to have 'a swashing and a martial outside,' as *Rosalind* says—and the dress you have sketched seems likely to be serviceable, and by no means unbecoming. In the picture of my Grandfather, which hangs in the hall, he is represented in his uniform as Colonel of the Volunteers, in 1804, and he wears what I believe was then called a *gorget*, a very pretty-looking piece of gold armour for protecting the throat—don't you think we could have something of that sort with advantage? It might be of gold in the form of a heart, and studded with small rubies, emblematic of the drops we are ready to shed in defence of our country. Any suggestions you can send us before the meeting, which will be on the 18th of June (*Waterloo Day*), will be acceptable. Much has been said against our *Hoops*, but they will rise in every one's estimation when applied to the obviously useful and necessary purpose for which they are exactly adapted, I mean, of course, Bell Tents for the Campaign. JULIA and I find we can lie quite comfortably under one.

"I would suggest a design for a silk standard—a burning heart, engraved with the Arms of England, and surrounded with the white and red roses and tulips which we *have*, and branches of the laurels we *mean to reap*. Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours very cordially,

"GEORGINA BOWYER."

"P.S. What were those weapons made of that they called *Matchlocks?* Did they make a bang?"

A MASS OF ERROR.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna, dated June 4, announced that—

"This morning a great religious solemnity, with procession and public prayers, took place here, imploring Heaven to bless our arms with victory. All the Members of the Imperial family and the Ministers were present. The Mass was read by MONSEIGNEUR LUCCA, the Nuncio to the POPE."

Another telegram of the same date from Novara, conveyed the following intelligence:—

"THE EMPEROR TO THE EMPRESS.

"At 11·30 a great victory was won at the bridge of Magenta; 5,000 prisoners are taken, and 15,000 of the enemy are killed or wounded."

Parodying a well-known free translation of a celebrated Latin verse, we may observe that—

"Heaven and the Pontiff did in this divide,
It chose the conquering, he the conquered side."

It is quite clear that papal infallibility does not extend to the knowledge of which is the right side to pray for, or the POPE never would have suffered his Nuncio to say mass for the Austrians at the very time that they were being soundly licked by the French.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The Achilles in Hyde Park, to the "Angelic" Lady in Apsley House Gardens.

The New Italian Rifle-Barrel Organ; and if it prove half as annoying to the enemies of Italy as it is to the people of England, it will be the most formidable weapon of the age.

CHANT OF A CHURCH MILITANT.

AIR—"*Spanish Chant.*"

HARK, how the priests are chanting,
French and Austrian, through the nose;
Either crew thanks Heaven for granting
Their side strength to slay their foes;
Hostile Gregorian notes,
Papists cutting Papists' throats,
Whilst of Love and Union canting,
That 's the way your True Church goes.

Te Deum both are raising
For Destruction's horrid sum,
What Power are those priests praising
With opposed encomium?
In their triumphant pride,
Who is he that 's glorified?
For slain men and cities blazing,
Fiends sing *Te Diabolum*.

A Spirited Composition.

IN Paris "an air has been composed by the soul of MÉHUL, the words by the ghost of ANDRÉ CHÉNIER." The price of this spirited composition—or imposition rather, is omitted. Let us hope that the coin the music-publisher deservedly receives for it is what is familiarly called "the ghost of a shilling." Of course, the song is written in a skeleton-key, and sold in a spirit-vault.

A BEAM TO HANG A JOKE ON.—One of the horses that ran for the Derby was named *Gallus*. Does LORD MALMESBURY consider that the right way to spell the word?

PHYSIOGNOMICAL NOTES ON THE PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE young man who has written the subjoined notes has abstained from making any on those portraits with the originals of which he is personally acquainted. His remarks, therefore, relate only to the pictures, and do not apply to those whom they are supposed to represent, but whom they may not at all resemble. Besides, physiognomy may be all fancy, and phrenology all fudge; and many of us are not such fools as we look. Let no gentleman or lady, therefore, take to themselves observations which at most affect only the likenesses of themselves, which they themselves have allowed or caused to be exposed to public criticism.

To proceed without further ceremony:—

3. *Portrait of a Lady as Sappho.* (A. JOBSON). A plump figure and unintelligent face, in an affected attitude. As much like DIDO as SAPPHO; but more like MISS SMITH.

7. *Captain Boakes*, 100th Dragoon Guards. (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) A fine picture of a bold dragoon, without the "long sword, saddle, and bridle." A florid face, with large, staring, grey eyes, wearing a mingled expression of daring, anger, and disgust.

16. *The Lord Woollenstool.* (E. U. EDWARDS.) A handsome countenance, glowing mildly with intelligence, and intensely with gratified ambition.

19. *Lord Gooseberry.* (W. LOBB.) The imaginative part of the head appears larger than there is any reason to suppose it—except the noble lord's known faith in hŏmœopathy.

23. *The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Stonehenge.* (G. RUGGLES, A.) No want of self esteem in this portrait. The head is drawn back in the direction of the organ, and the under-lip protrudes with its characteristic pout. Acquisitiveness is rather largely developed, indicating an eye to the main chance; and, but for some intellectual light in the eye, this face might be conjectured to be that of a prosperous grocer.

31. *Mrs. Baillie Culpepper.* (F. GHRIMES, R.A.) O, MR. BAILLIE, fortunate MR. BAILLIE! A very handsome head and face; the latter expressing a little pride but no vanity, which is wonderful, considering the beautiful dress which it surmounts; lead-coloured robe, and pink satin petticoat, with bows of the same material on back-hair and bosom. Combination of colour suggests bullfinch. Ideality apparently considerable, and, with self-esteem a little in excess of love-of-approbation, producing original taste: evinced in the peculiar elegance of the costume, and, together with size, in its moderate circumference.

39. *The late Charles Dobbs, Esq., Standcook Hall, Hants.* (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) A fine old English gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and drab trousers. A good high crown and considerable forehead running up a little at what SPURZHEIM used to call Poet's Corner, but the organ of language, small, and the poetry probably of the dumb inarticulate kind, as MR. CARLYLE would say.

43. *Captain Sir Peter Quince, R.N., C.B.* (S. POTTS.) An evidently gallant officer, with a screwed-up face, the expression of which resembles that of a codlin apple.

54. *Archibald R. Pugh, Esq., M.D.* (T. J. HOBBS.) A forehead of some size, which baldness exaggerates. The organ of language large; whence a great talent for small talk may be inferred as probable. The expression, that of sympathetic and respectful attention to a dowager's recital of her ailments.

64. *Thomas Snookes, Esq., late Sheriff for the County of Baconshire.* (H. W. PARTINGTON.) Deficient ideality and reflective organs strongly expressed in the countenance. Being in a Court dress, which looks like a livery, might be taken for an unintelligent footman.

65. *Mrs. Rind.* (H. WIGGINS.) Small forehead, but active temperament; language large; probably a chatterbox. Arch and merry. Smile and posture natural.

69. *The Countess Tilli Valle.* (R. BOBBETTS.) Turn of the figure and carriage of the head apparently meaning, "See, how pretty I look." Does look pretty, too: black eyes and hair; fair complexion; plenty of forehead; a little, on the whole, like one of MURILLO's Madonnas, but coronal region hardly high enough for a saint. Imitation, large; might succeed on the stage.

76. *Richard Shopkins, Esq., a Magistrate of the Borough of Liverpool, and Member of the Town Council.* (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) Acquisitiveness very large. Probably a money-maker. Hope and conscientiousness sloping off on the side of a bald crown. A mean and anxious expression, and a bullet head; but a forehead of some magnitude. Apparently no fool.

81. *H.R.H. the Price Commodore, as Master of the Unity House.* (W. ALLSPICE, A.) Riding the whirlwind and directing the storm, we should say, that his Royal Highness appears,—were it not that he is on foot, and standing screened by some rocks, with a scroll in his hand, in an attitude of ruling the waves, which rage in the background, and are dashing about a lighthouse in the distance. The PRINCE appears to be surveying the storm, or rather, looking through it, with contemptuous and reproachful indignation. Alimentiveness, or the instinct of nutrition, is the most prominent organ; but the figure is not so fat as it ought to be, with that organ so large, and such opportunity as must exist for the cultivation thereof.

106. *The Countess of Belgrave.* (W. GIBBS.) Buxom and comely, with, oh! such a glance from under the eyelid at its outer angle! Under portion of occipital region probably remarkable.

109. *The Abbé Samuelini, Rome.* (R. BOBBINS.) Looks like an old Jew Rabbi converted to Popery. Does know Hebrew, perhaps—large language.

115. *Baroness de Shekelsild.* (R. THOMPSON, R.A.) A form of perfect Mosaic beauty—with a forehead which betokens intellect, and a face that expresses apathy.

133. *Wm. Henry Simpkins, Esq.* (SIR J. W. GOODMAN, R.A.) In the robes of some civic officer. The smirk of love of approbation stamps the features, and a grey lovelock adorns the forehead. On good terms seemingly with his fellow citizens and himself.

153. *The Lord Albert Parsons, M.P.* (F. GRIMMES, R.A.) A swell in a birds'-eye-fogle. Head low and broad, of the pugilistic type. Face expressive principally of ferocity and contempt for others.

Remember that all the above comments concern only paint and canvas.

A LECTURE TO FAST MEN.

BY PROFESSOR PUNCH.

THE other evening a Meeting of Fast Men was convened at *Professor Punch's* residence, for the purpose of attending a lecture by that gentleman, on the subject of their conduct in returning from the Derby, and of their behaviour on race-courses in general.

On getting on his legs, *Professor Punch* was greeted with a burst of approbation, several of the assembly giving vent to their enthusiasm by a series of cat-calls, shrill whistles, and hallooings. Silence having been with some difficulty restored, *Professor Punch* commenced his observations by remarking that, as he meant to lay his truncheon pretty smartly on their shoulders, he would advise his hearers not to holloa till they were quite clear of the wood. (*Clamour: cries of "Oh!" and "I say, Bob, let's hook it."*) If any BOB or BILL liked to "hook" it, they might do so. What he meant to say was intended for their good; and it would be their loss, and not his, if they missed it. (*Hear! hear! and subdued whispers of "We'd better sit it out!"*) Having thus commanded the attention of the Meeting, the learned lecturer proceeded to observe, that business of importance had summoned him to Epsom on the day on which the Derby race had happened to be run; and as, for sanitory reasons, he preferred the open air to the confinement of a railway carriage, he found himself compelled to travel by the road. His summons being sudden,—so sudden, indeed, that he had barely time ere starting to apprise his dear wife of it (*marked sympathy, and cries of "Poor dear! hope she's better!"*),—no measures had been taken to have the road kept clear for him; and the confluence of vehicles occasioned him a loss of valuable time, which, for his country's sake, he deeply had regretted. (*Cheers.*) One advantage had, however, arisen from the circumstance, inasmuch as he enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the behaviour of those persons who styled themselves "fast men," several of whom, no doubt, he had the honour of addressing. (*A voice: "Rayther so, old Cock!" and "I believe you, my Bo-o-o-oy!"*) Now, he (*Professor Punch*) had no wish to be unpleasant,—in fact, he questioned very much if he were capable of being so (*hear I*),—but he felt compelled to say, that the conduct of these persons was extremely reprehensible, and he would even call it blackguardly and brutal. (*Oh! oh! and shouts of "Walker!" "Gammon!" "You don't mean it!"*) Yes, he was grieved to say he *did* mean it. He was perfectly aware that his adjectives were strong ones; but he was pained to say that he had seen enough to justify them. For example, he had seen a drag-load of fast men, who, having exhausted all their minor ammunition, such as pincushions and humming-tops, and lanky-legged Dutch dolls, amused themselves by keeping up a running fire of empty bottles on the unoffending villagers who stood by the road-side; and what had disgusted him much more than even this, he had seen a row of smiling little girls assaulted by a BEAST, whom he wished that he could name, who, as he rattled by, besprinkled them with beer, christening them with names which he (*Professor Punch*) would not venture to repeat. Now, behaviour such as this he (*Professor Punch*) called blackguardly and brutal. Fast fellows perhaps might call it a "good joke;" but he (*Professor Punch*) was a better judge of jokes than any person living, and he begged to say that such a joke was no joke. (*"Question."*) Gents perhaps might differ with him, but he felt quite certain that *gentlemen* would not. (*Cries of "Brayvo, Rouse!" and "I say, 'Arry, that's a Corker!"*) What gents spoke of as "larking," or as a "jolly spree," gentlemen had less slangy and more befitting names for. He (*Professor Punch*) liked to call a spade a spade, and he called such "larks" as these cowardly and brutal. That they were brutal he had shown; and they were cowardly, because they were generally practised upon those who were least able to resist or to resent them. When gents missed the lamb, and chanced to hit the lion, they were snobbishly profuse in their excuses and apologies. Piteously eager to escape having their noses pulled, they would whiningly express the "deepest sorrow" for the "accident." But their apologies were just as vain and empty as their heads; their sorrow was "sorrow for feared suffering, not for sin." In truth, their "deep contrition" was as shallow as their brains. When they said that they felt sorry, it amounted to just this:—"We're sorry, not because we have been doing something blackguardly, but because we've been and done it to one strong enough to thrash us for it." (*Sensation.*)

Professor Punch concluded his lecture by remarking, that he trusted that the Meeting would disperse without disturbance, and would abstain from fumigation until they were off his premises. He thought if they smoked less, they would all be, mentally and bodily, more healthy; and when any of them were, in future, hard-up for tobacco, he begged to recommend them to think of what he had said, and to put it in their pipes, and, medicinally, to smoke it.

WHAT THE OLD SOW SAYS.

PEOPLE talk of the splits in the Liberal camp,
Of the "sectional views," hopes of union that damp:
Of PAM on Reform quite at variance with RUSSELL;
Of BRIGHT, against both game to join in a tussle:
Of the learned HEAD-LAMB of the grim Independents;
Of ROEBUCK, that fiercest of ISHMAEL's descendants—
His hand against ev'ry man: all men's 'gainst him;
MOTHER CARY's own bird, formed in storm-waves to swim:
Of Peelites, high-principled calm and sagacious;
Of GRAHAME, satirical, sly and mendacious;
And lament that such men should in principles differ,
Who might join to make Cabinets stouter and stiffer—
But the Old Sow of Office, that lies in Whitehall,
She heaves her fat sides, sleek and round as a ball—
And she says, with a grumph—
"As for principles—humph!
I 'll stake both my credit, my bacon, and weason,
That for Liberal feuds, there 's one principal reason;
There are so many piglets for office-milk squall,
And I haven't got teats to give suck to 'em all.

"This many a year you 've been stinting my diet,
And chuckling in glee o'er the savings made by it:
You 've been bringing my fat down, and draining my marrow;
And the thinner I grew, still more large grew my farrow.
Till at last, see the dead-lock that matters have got to;
The little pigs *will* fight, whoe'er urge them *not* to;
All squeaking their protests 'gainst each lucky brother,
All with pettitoes striving to trip one another,
And hustling and bustling about their old mother,
Each doing his best neighbour pigling to smother,
And to thrust his own snout in the Treasury tub,
And to feed his own fill of its quarterly grub;
Trust the old Sow of Office that lies in Whitehall,
Watching litter on litter of pigs rise and fall,
That whatever their figure,
Ears smaller or bigger,
Shape to please FISHER HOBBS, or make HUXTABLE snigger,
They have one trait in common—for milk they *will* squall—
And she ne'er can find teats to give suck to 'em all!"

Halting Half-way.

MR. DISRAELI tells us now, that the Derby Reform Bill, if adopted, "would have increased the constituent body by not less than 500,000." But that increase, acceptable as it would have been, would not have gone half far enough. Surely it is the duty of a Prime Minister to legislate, not for the few, but rather for *the Million?* Now, an increase of 500,000 would only have met that necessity half-way. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is condemned by his own figures.

THE THAMES PIERAGE.—HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to confer on Old Father Thames the Order of the Bath.

Old Streckie, R.A., thought it very hard that he could not run down to the Sea-side for a week, after the opening of the Academy, without meeting "that pre-Raphaelite fellow Cleevidge loafing about there, the first time he walks out."

ACTS OF THE COUNCIL OF YORK.

A SOLEMN and imposing scene took place the other day in the ancient and venerable Cathedral City of York. The clergy of the Province of which that Capital is the Metropolitan See, assembled themselves thereat in High Council of Convocation. The Archbishop presided in the person of his representative, the Dean. The highest—the only important—interests of man were contemplated as the end of their momentous deliberations.

This fact being borne in mind, the commencement of the proceedings of the reverend meeting, described in the following extract from the report of them, must appear invested with a peculiar significance.

"After HER MAJESTY'S writ, &c., had been read, several protests were handed in by the proctors, and rejected as frivolous."

What a very proper ground of rejection! *Procul, o, procul este, profani!* No nonsense in the congregation of divines, met to discuss the things of eternity. Away with frivolity! There is a time to laugh, but not now—a place in which it is pleasant to play the fool, but that is not this! Be serious here and at present.

And then, the report proceeds to say:—

"The REV. J. THWAYTES, one of the proctors for the Archdeaconry of Carlisle, prayed that they might be allowed to elect a prolocutor, for which he said he had the sanction of the highest legal authority."

It is a pity that the latter part of the above paragraph was recorded. Had nothing been said about the reverend gentleman's reference to the highest legal authority, or had the word legal only been omitted, the statement that he prayed that they might be allowed to elect a prolocutor would simply imply that he performed a suitable act of devotion.

The following debate, the gravity of whose bearing on the concerns of immortality cannot be estimated, then ensued:—

"MR. HUDSON, Deputy Registrar, in reply to the Dean, said that no licence had been received from the Crown to proceed to business.

"The REV. R. GREENHALL, proctor for the Archdeaconry of Chester, wished to present a memorial to the Archbishop, numerously signed by the clergy.

"The Dean said he would receive it, and give it due consideration.

"One of the proctors said he had come from a remote part of the province.

"The Dean said he could not allow of any discussion."

The remark of the Very Reverend the DEAN OF YORK was a just rebuke to his unthinking brother the proctor. Suppose he had come from a remote part of the province—what then? Was that so great a labour to endure in the exercise of apostleship? To business—to the all-important question before the clerical House! And so—

"The REV. J. THWAYTES moved that ARCHDEACON THORP, of Durham, be the prolocutor.

"The Hon. and REV. F. R. GREY seconded the motion.

"The REV. W. HORNBY. We have moved and carried a prolocutor.

"The Dean. No.

"Loud cries of 'Yes.'

"The Venerable ARCHDEACON THORP thanked the proctors for his election as prolocutor."

This matter, so fraught with consequences affecting the spiritual welfare of millions, having been settled,—

"The REV. W. DODD, from the Archdeaconry of Landisfarne, wished to present a petition, signed by the Archdeacon and fourteen of the clergy, in favour of proceeding to business."

That is, of course, to business of a still more serious and solemn nature than what had been previously transacted. Accordingly—

"The Dean said MR. DODD must not discuss it.

"The REV. W. DODD proposed to read it.

"The Dean said he could not allow it to be read.

"The REV. W. DODD. Reading is not discussion.

"The Dean. There is no precedent.

"The REV. W. DODD. I am advised by the highest legal authority.

"The Dean said, on his own responsibility he would not allow it to be read.

"The REV. W. DODD. I mean no personal disrespect to the Dean, but on my own responsibility I will read it.

"The Dean and MR. DODD then commenced reading simultaneously, the former the writ of prorogation, and the latter the petition he held in his hand."

This separate reading of two different documents, with which mystical act the proceedings terminated, must have had a fine ecclesiastical effect; superior even in grandeur to the "glorious mutter of the Mass." Coming directly after the liturgical altercation consisting of assertions and responses, between the DEAN OF YORK and the REV. MR. DODD, the duet, especially if it was intoned, must have been awful.

This is the way to make the Church respected.

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NOT A BAD NOTION.

Whipper. *"Hallo! Fwed. By Jove, are you practising for Post-boy?"*

Snapper. *"Aw,—no; not exactly. Fact is, my dear Fellah, I've got to do the dutiful, and take my Sistaws to a Flower-show. So—aw—you see, I've just been twying to invent a sawt of Leg-guard, to—aw—act as a pwotection of one's Twousaws from the Hoops!"*

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

THE "Apposition" of St. Paul's School (whatever it may be) was this year "honoured," we are told, "by the attendance of an audience at once highly classical, clerical, and select." Among the guests of the Head Master* were no less than five Bishops, and we have no time to count how many minor Reverends, two of whom, we know not why, are called irreverently "posers." For the amusement of these dignitaries, or it may have been the reverse, certain "*excerpta*" were recited from old and modern writers; including a scene from *Love's Labour Lost*, in which we are told—

"MR. HOWARD was a droll *Dull*, MR. GARDINER a comical *Costard*, and MR. BENNETT a good *Sir Nathaniel* (Curates, by the way, are not knighted in these degenerate days)."

After this, for the further delectation of the Reverends, came a specimen—

"Of the turgid declamation of that stilted declamation of grief, the tragedy of the *Phœnissæ*, doubtless dear to the ranters, if not the Roscii, of antiquity."

And to wind up the amusements, there was given a scene from the *Persa* of PLAUTUS; in which we are told that—

"When *Dordalus* the pimp was beaten by the boy (*Paguium*) with a hearty 'take that' kind of verberation, every one laughed aloud, perforce: the doleful '*peredit me prope*' of MR. HOWARD was irresistible, and the boys in the rear of the room appeared highly delighted at this practical mode of conjugating the verb τύπτω."

At the close of the speeches, we are told that the Head Master, at the request of the Bishops, announced the addition of an extra week's holiday, which gratifying statement was "received with the vociferous cheers of the boys present." After this announcement, which concluded the business that was done *rotundo ore*, the guests, we learn, retired to the house of the Head Master, where, the reporter states, "an elegant refection was prepared for their refreshment."

This is very obviously the language of the schoolmaster. In the language of the school, they had "a jolly good blow-out."

* In the report of the proceedings he is called the "high-master," but we see no cause for his being thus decapitated.

POLITICAL LOGIC.—Household Suffrage is a conclusion which follows from almost any premises.

FOOD WITHOUT FILTH.

THE Court of Probate and Divorce affords a deliverance to injured husbands; but as yet there exists no remedy against a wrong of a nature analogous to theirs, affecting the single as well as the married, and both sexes alike. Paterfamilias, therefore, will have been delighted at reading the following announcement in the *Times*:—

"ADULTERATION OF FOOD.—MR. SCHOLEFIELD, M.P., has revived his bill for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink. Analysts will be appointed by vestries, district boards, and town councils; and tradesmen, duly convicted of the crime of corrupting the food of their fellow men, will be heavily fined, and branded as adulterators, at their own expense, in the public newspapers. Scotland and Ireland are not to enjoy the advantage of this beneficent law."

We hope that, having revived his Bill, the Hon. Member will be enabled to maintain its vitality, so that, arriving at adult life, it shall not, as an immature and infant measure, be included in the annual Massacre of the Innocents, which, this Session, may be expected to be unusually severe. If the provisions of this contemplated measure are carried out, those which we are in the habit of consuming will be divested of much that is prejudicial, and of not a little that is poisonous. The rum of the British Public has been too long and too extensively watered; its brown sugar has been sanded to excess; its tobacco has been wetted without measure, and not without a vast increase of weight; and the humbugs by whose orders these iniquities have been perpetrated have gone on summoning their instruments to "come up to prayers." Moral Scotland and Catholic Ireland are exempt from the operation of MR. SCHOLEFIELD'S Bill; as though its author considered that the limit of possibility would be reached by the enforcement of common honesty in England.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF LONDON.

Q. When in London, what do you call "Rotten Row?"

A. Having a row on the Thames.

A MANDAMUS TO MANAGERS.

MR. PUNCH has been often displeased by the omission, at the foot of advertisements of plays, particularly operas, of a statement of the time at which the performances commence. Many of *Mr. Punch's* readers are country gentlemen and ladies, to whom this deficiency is a vexatious nuisance. They are not, and do not know, and have no sympathies with, habitual listeners to the *Traviata* and things of that stamp, who know Opera hours better than Church hours; but they go to hear music, when there is occasionally any to be heard, and desire to make such dinner arrangements as will enable them to be in time to hear the overture. This they, of course cannot do, if they do not know when the performance begins. The assumption that everybody does know this is simply false, and the neglect based upon it, is a piece of affected flunkeyism. *Mr. Punch* must insist on the discontinuance of the snobbish reticence on which he has felt called upon to make the foregoing observations.

WIDE AWAKE AT WINCHESTER.

COMMENTING on a Report by the Inspector of Prisons for the Southern District, the *Morning Post* says:—

"Another species of punishment inflicted in the County Gaol at Winchester is certainly illegal; namely, that of depriving the prisoners of their sleep by keeping them awake for several hours after their companions have retired to rest."

The *Post* detracts somewhat from the originality of this mode of ingeniously tormenting, by observing that it was one of the varieties of torture which used to be practised by the Inquisition. There certainly seems a rather ecclesiastical character about the barbarity in use at Winchester Gaol, and there is no lack of clergymen in the ancient and venerable city, to which that establishment appears to be a disgrace, but, as sound Protestants, they all of course abhor the Popish cruelty which forms part of Winchester prison discipline probably because there are no Hampshire parsons among the Visiting Justices.

THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT.

OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET!

Yes, on some people.—PUNCH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

For the Week ending with the Anniversary of Waterloo.—The Government of LORD DERBY having been demolished at two in the morning of Saturday, June 11th, LORD DERBY himself went to the Palace about half-past ten, to mention the fact to his Sovereign. It is due to the respected EARL to say, that he resigned without any show of wrath, and the sharpness with which he spoke to his valet, and the row that he made because his second-best hat was given him instead of his Sunday one, were entirely attributable to his dislike at having to get up at nine, when he had got to bed at three only. The QUEEN received him with her usual kindness, and in the course of the interview, during which she was, as usual, at work, she snipped off a tiny bit of blue ribbon from a cap HER MAJESTY was making for a squeaking-doll of PRINCESS BEATRICE'S, and presented the scrap to the EARL, saying with a smile: "There is more, my Lord Earl, where that comes from." This HER MAJESTY herself was graciously pleased to narrate to *Mr. Punch*, and therefore no Ministerial Peer can retort upon the EARL the charge he made on the following Friday against LORD GRANVILLE, of indiscreetly reporting what was said in the Palace.

The QUEEN then, of course, sent for *Mr. Punch*, who, expecting the summons, sat ready dressed, and was with his Sovereign in a few minutes. What passed, *Mr. Punch* has obtained his QUEEN'S permission to divulge, without which, sooner than let a syllable escape him, he would have been talked to death by wild URQUHARTS.

The Queen. What *is* to be done, *Mr. Punch?* You know, as well as I do, that those two old gentlemen will quarrel again in six months. Upon my word, the trouble they give is quite aggravating. BEATRICE, my love, Papa won't like your poking the scissors through his pictures in the album.

Mr. Punch (*going to the rescue*). Here, your Royal Highness, take this book instead; you may prick that with advantage, because you will be putting a point into it. (*Gives H.R.H. a splendidly bound copy of* * * * * *.)

The Queen. Oh, that is too bad,—and yet you are quite right. Well, now, what do you say about a Ministry? Shall we deprive LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL of any pretext for quarrelling, by appointing a Premier over them?

Mr. Punch. The idea is an admirable one, Madam. But I do not think that their Lordships will like to be deprived of that pretext; and as for LORD JOHN, who is one of your Majesty's most cantankerous subjects, I doubt whether he will consent to have his friend, the Viscount, placed out of harm's way.

The Queen. It will be very peevish of him to resist. But I have a good mind to try. The arrangement would be so much better; for it is too bad to have my people disturbed with incessant changes. I suppose that it is of no use asking you to be Premier?

Mr. Punch. The faintest expression of your Majesty's remotest wish is a command to me, Madam; but I feel that I can serve your Grace much better in Fleet Street than in Downing Street.

The Queen. You can do anything admirably, anywhere and everywhere; but be it as you wish. Name somebody most like yourself.

Mr. Punch. That is to say, your Majesty wants a puppet. I would name LORD GRANVILLE.

The Queen (*touches a table-bell, and the Lord Steward of the Household enters and prostrates himself*). EXETER, send for LORD GRANVILLE.

After some further conversation, which *Mr. Punch* is not disposed to reveal, he took his leave; not without difficulty, for the PRINCESS BEATRICE, who is a very affectionate little thing, insisted upon going with him, and was diverted from her purpose only by *Toby* being left for H.R.H. to play with.

LORD GRANVILLE came, and was ordered to make a Ministry. Of course he went dancing off in high glee, telling everybody he was Prime Minister of England, and pretending to walk statelily, for he is capital fun (in his place). Of course he went to PALMERSTON, and unfolded his views:—

Lord Palmerston. Well, I *am* blowed!

Lord Granville. But will you?

Lord Palmerston. Been to JACKY?

Lord Granville. You first, in course.

Lord Palmerston. If he will, I will! By Jove! You! Ha! ha! ha!

The Earl went off, and the good-natured Viscount whistled (he is a great whistler) about thirty-six airs before he had got rid of his amusement; and at last LADY PALMERSTON sent in to know whether he had been, by any accident, turned into a musical box. Meantime, GRANVILLE went to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and propounded.

Lord John. Shan't! (*Resumes* CUMMING *on the Apocalypse.*)

Of course, LORD GRANVILLE had nothing else to do but to announce at the Palace that *Mr. Punch's* prophecy was more correct than DR. CUMMING'S; and LORD PALMERSTON was sent for.

The VISCOUNT spent the week in going to people, or having them to see him; and, in the end a Cabinet was formed. LORD JOHN RUSSELL is Foreign Minister; but his Chief could not help sending him, with the Portfolio (there is no such thing), a little book called, "*How to Speak French like a Native*," which nearly broke up the new Ministry. However, all went pretty well: three Dukes, SOMERSET, NEWCASTLE, and ARGYLL, were secured, to make the thing respectable; and a couple of Earls, GRANVILLE and ELGIN, were also enlisted. BETHELL ought to have been made Lord Chancellor; but the fact is, that in the House of Commons there is a sad want of oratorical brains combined with sound law, on the Liberal side; and the Solicitor-General, KEATING, is no great shakes; besides which, there is something about the limitation of a Peerage to a second son. So SIR RICHARD was induced to wait a little longer, and LORD CAMPBELL was made Chancellor. And, O ye bucolic Squires, a place, yea, the Presidency of the Board of Trade, was reserved for the man, even RICHARD COBDEN, and the world has not dropped to pieces. Homeric GLADSTONE is once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has mentioned confidentially that he already sees three ways of increasing our taxation, and will probably adopt them all. Of smaller men, *Mr. Punch* demeans not himself to speak; let them appear in their Parliamentary places.

The Whitsun holidays were on, and the Houses did not meet till Friday. Then LORD DERBY mentioned that he had retired, and blew up LORD GRANVILLE for going about talking of his interview with the QUEEN. LORD GRANVILLE admitted that he had done wrong, but pleaded that he had felt so uncommon cocky that he could not help crowing. LORD BROUGHAM intimated that he had called upon the QUEEN to give her advice, but should not say what it was. This is Brag. What passed was this:

Lord Brougham. In the formation of a new Ministry, Madam, your Majesty will no doubt—

EXETER *enters.*

Exeter. Lunch is ready, your Majesty.

The Queen. Now, my Lord, shall we——(*Rises*).

Lord Brougham. I never eat lunch, Madam. (*Leaves the Palace.*)

It is of no use for noblemen to talk large, while *Mr. Punch* has his Sovereign's confidence, which will be always. In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Ex-chequer, also said a few words of leave-taking, and Parliament rose until the following Tuesday.

Taking the Estimates.

IN estimating any one, it is certainly better to overrate than underrate, excepting with the tax-gatherer and Income-Tax commissioner, and men of the like calling, with whom one would decidedly prefer being underrated.

THE VESSEL OF THE STATE.

THERE is one reason why we may venture to compare LORD PALMERSTON to a pot-boy, which is that we have now at last got a Minister who is likely to carry measures.

EATEN UP WITH VERMIN;

OR, MR. JONES ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

HERE's somethink to destroy them nasty flies,
Ah, drat 'em! and the fleas and bobs to rout:
There's stuff to pison rats, and mice likewise,
And serve blackbeetles and cockroaches out.
Thank goodness, we can kill sich varmint cheap,
And make a riddance of their nits and eggs;
But ha! we han't a got no means to sweep
Away them other varmint on two legs.

Them foreign rebels, which occasions war;
Them there 's the reptiles, if I had my will,
Which, for there is none that I do more abhor,
Like wopses, ants, or earwigs, I would kill.
I wish they could be hunted down with dogs,
Like foxes, which is kings to sitch a crew;
I hate 'em wuss than spiders, toads, or frogs:
I loathe the good-for-nothing brutes, I do.

'Tis all along of them we have to pay
The dreadful taxes which we feel so sore,
Because they shan't come over here some day,
Thievin' and murderin' on our native shore.
More ships—more sojers—is the constant cry,
And which it costs us millions to maintain,
And that 's the way the money goes—whereby
Up goes the blessed Income-Tax again.

It do seem hard—at peace when we would live
With all the world—to be so heavy prest,
And not have no nux womiter to give,
And rid ourselves of sitch an ojus pest.
With all your chemistry one would suppose
Some sort of comphysician you could find
To make short work of what I call the foes,
Like evil beasts, you may say, of mankind.

SLANG OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

IN a list of Fashionable Arrangements for the Week, there was announced the other day by the *Post*,

"HON. AUGUSTUS and MISS MACDONALD MORETON'S '*danse*.'"

Here again we have a questionable word between Fashion's favourite inverted commas. In what does a danse differ from a *dance*, except in being spelt wrong, (eh, MALMESBURY?) if meant for an English substantive? May the inverted commas be taken to express an editorial disclaimer of responsibility for the peculiar orthography of the word? If the word is to be taken for French, why was the French term used in preference to the English one? Is the Frenchification of the name of the thing signified intended to answer the same purpose as the substitution of Latin in certain cases for the vulgar tongue? Is it designed to disguise the coarseness or indelicacy of the thing? Its effect, on the contrary, is rather to suggest somewhat of that sort; and the "*danse*" of those stylish persons, the HON. AUGUSTUS and his fair relative, seems to bear an analogy to what would be described, in a list of "Unfashionable Arrangements" which might be published in a journal consecrated to the inferior classes, as a "hop."

"They Love, and They Ride Away."

APROPOS of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's acceptance of the Foreign Office, the *Globe* says he has recently been travelling in Italy, "for the purpose of studying the Italian question *in situ*."

There is, then, this difference between LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the Austrians: LORD JOHN attempts to study the Italians *in situ*! whereas, the Austrians content themselves with studying them *in tran-situ*.

THE CROWNING OF KING HANDEL.

WHEN these words are made public the crowning of KING HANDEL will be but half complete, and there will still remain a chance for those who wish to witness it. To the Crystal Palace Courts there is this week added the Royal HANDEL Court. Enthroned in the great Transept, King HANDEL "holds fit audience," and not "few" of his admirers. Long before we write, the *Coronation March* of loyal subjects has commenced. For months past there has mentally been heard, by the quick-eared of us, a concerted pedal movement of all music-loving people, assembling to do homage to the king of all composers. From Paris and from Pimlico, from New York and from Newminster, from Berlin and from Birmingham, from Clapton and from Canada, crowds have eagerly been flocking from all points of the compass, zealous to take part in the Sydenham celebration. The monarch of music is there throned in kingly state, receiving at their hands the laurel crown which is his due. From the top of the great organ a century of homage and gratitude looks down on him. Mingled with all reverence and homage for his genius, vent is given to the gratitude which is fitly felt for it. If ever monarch "gave good gifts to men," King HANDEL did. Thousands dead, and thousands living yet, and thousands yet unborn, have been and (let us hope it) will be bettered by his works. For goodness, as for greatness, his works stand alone, and are not to be compared to those of common potentates. Far more enduring are his works than other king's works. The kings who built the Pyramids could not construct such lasting monuments as King HANDEL's *Messiah*, or *Judas Maccabæus*. The works of Cherbourg are accounted the Pyramids of France, and from their massiveness of masonry are looked upon as lasting; but who for durability will venture to compare them with the gigantic construction of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, or with the massive harmonies of *Israel in Egypt*? Such stupendous works as these, in grandeur, far surpass the Pyramids. There is by far more genius evolved in their construction than in the erection of a myriad of Cherbourgs. King HANDEL's works have their foundations deeply laid in human hearts, and will long outlive mere stones and bricks and mortar.

It takes a century, at least, to produce a man like HANDEL, and it is but due that we keep fitly his centenary. With this intent, King *Punch* has wreathed a crown of laurels, and intends with his own hands to place it in all reverence upon his brother HANDEL's bust. The ceremony will take place at the close of the performance; and England expects that the cheers will blow the crystal roof off on Friday.

EUCLID MADE EASY.

IN a *Times* report of a Mathematical Lecture lately delivered at King's College, by PROFESSOR SYLVESTER, occurs the following passage of interest to the sportive world:—

"We are told by those who recollect him, that MONGE could, by the turn of the wrist, and by the shrug of the shoulders peculiar to his nation, render the most complex geometrical figure intelligible to his hearers."

Mathematics are a dry study; but the above information suggests a method by which they might be rendered a very amusing one. Imagine the sort of face that a man would have to make in order to express a complex geometrical figure. Nothing perhaps can be well conceived more calculated to excite violent laughter. Why should not the talent of a MONGE be combined with that of a GRIMALDI? Why should not Cambridge Professors demonstrate the most complex mathematical problems by making faces in which the lines of the countenance would correspond to the diagrams? What fun it would be if EUCLID could be made easy through the horse-collar!

A DISCORD IN PSYCHOLOGY.

AT the City Sessions, the other day, a young gentleman named JOHN GROVES, seventeen years of age, a clerk in the National Provincial Bank of England, pleaded guilty to an indictment for forging and uttering an order for the payment of £1000 with intent to defraud; and, according to the statement of his counsel:—

"It appeared from a letter which the prisoner had written to his father, that he (the prisoner) who had a passion almost amounting to madness for music, committed the forgery to enable him to proceed to Italy and study music."

We should like to know how far this young gentleman's excuse of a violent passion for music is true. If he could counterfeit an order for money, he could also tell a lie, and an extreme passion for an art so intimately associated with the higher regions of the human mind as that of music is, does not seem quite compatible with deliberate fraud. It appears to us that a youth who really had any music in his soul would be incapable of either penning or uttering any false notes whatever.

THE OLD FOXHUNTER.

Flora. "WELL, RONALD! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE ROTTEN ROW?"

Ronald. "OH, PRETTY WELL; BUT IT'S RATHER SLOW WORK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY, AS I HAVE ALL MY LIFE!"

TARPEIA.—A WARNING.

As one *Re Galantuomo* should write to another,
This letter, beneath his own broad British seal,
King Punch sends KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, his brother;
With best wishes for his, and Sardinia's weal.

With int'rest, dear brother, right honest and hearty,
We have watch'd the past progress of you and your state;
Seen Patriotism still vanquishing Party,
And teaching how e'en a small power may be great.

Each stout-hearted protest 'gainst Austrian pretension,
In our brotherly heart a quick echo has found;
Each effort to solder Italian dissension,
Us to you, heart and hope, still more closely has bound.

From the foot of your Alps, Freedom's chosen dominion,
Shone your light—joy to friend, rage and envy to foe;
While the black Austrian Vulture expanded her pinion,
Like a death-shade o'er Lombardy, crouching in woe.

We trusted, we loved you; we shared in your gladness,
As Italy, state after state, own'd you friend;
And tyranny, stung by that joy into madness,
Bade whet claw and talon, the victim to rend.

Had the vulture made swoop—'ere the summons was spoken,
Shield to shield, sword by sword, we had stood, close allied,
Vulture-wings, vulture-talons, our onset had broken,
While Red Cross and Tricolor waved side by side.

But you waxed hot and hasty; you bent to impatience,
You bade to your borders the might of the Gaul:
He needed no challenge: asked no provocations:
So eager to come, he scarce waited a call.

Shall Eagle be trusted to war upon Vulture?
Bird of rapine against bird of rapine array?
As well Light wed Darkness, Brute Force embrace Culture,
As Absolute Will second Freedom's essay.

Shall grapes grow on thorns; or shall figs spring on thistles?
Blame not those who ne'er look such strange fruitage to see:
What kin owns the wind, round your snow-peaks that whistles,
With the breath courtiers utter, bow'd head and bent knee?

Be our wish what it may, 'twill not chase evil omen;
We think of the legend of Rome's early day;
Of Tarpeia, who opened the gate to the foemen,
Nor dream'd her that opened they first would betray.

She had seen the gold gleam—by the well as she tarried—
Of their bracelets; to womanish longing she yields:
She would ope, for the gauds on their arms that they carried:
They promised; they entered; she died 'neath *their shields*.

May the lot of Tarpeia from you be averted!
For your too easy faith may you ne'er have to blush:
When by these, your defenders, betrayed and deserted,
You find that the shields which should shelter, can crush.

Lord Derby's Garter.

ON the out-going Minister's step, some
Have made a ridiculous din, Sir;
If you can't get blue ribbon at *Epsom*,
Why shouldn't you get it at Windsor.

TOXOPHOLITE.

THE EARLY RISING ASSOCIATION.—The foreign funds must get up precious early in the morning to get the start of the British Consols.

BALM FOR THE WOUNDED.

H—R M—J—STY. "POOR LITTLE MAN. DID HE HAVE A NASTY TUMBLE? HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM ALL RIGHT AGAIN!"

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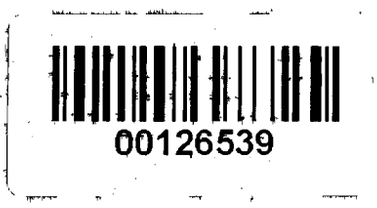
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